

THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.
IN A
SERIES OF LETTERS.
BY MR SAMUEL RICHARDSON,
AUTHOR OF PAMELA AND CLARISSA.
IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

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Y H O T S I H

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MR. CHARLES GRADNEY

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SERIES of LETTERS

1970



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

МОДЕЛИ

THE
HISTORY
OF
Sir Charles Grandison, Bart.

LETTER I.*

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.

Bologna, July 7-18.

NOW, my dear friend, are matters here drawing to a crisis. I was conducted, as soon as I entered this palace, to the presence of the Marquis and Marchioness. The Marquis arose, and took my hand with great but solemn kindness, and led me to a chair placed between theirs. The bishop, the count, and father Marefcotti, entered; and took their places.

My dear, said the Marquis, referring to his lady—

After some little hesitation—We have no hope, Sir, said she, of our child's perfect restoration, but from—She stooped—

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A 2

Ay,

* *Being Sir Charles's third letter, mentioned in that of Lady G. to Lady L. vol. v. page 292.*

Our compliance with every wish of her heart, said the bishop.

Ay, do you proceed, said the Marchioness to the Prelate.

It would be to no purpose, Chevalier, questioned the bishop, to urge to you the topic so near to all our hearts?

I bowed my assent to what he said.

I am sorry for it, replied the bishop.

I am *very* sorry for it, said the count.

What security can we ask of you, Sir, said the Marquis, that our child shall not be perverted? —

O Chevalier! It is a hard, hard trial!

Father Marescotti, answered I, shall prescribe the terms.

I cannot, in conscience, said the father, consent to this marriage: Yet the merits of the Chevalier Grandison have taken from me the power of opposing it. Permit me to be silent.

Father Marescotti and I, said the bishop, are in one situation, as to scruples of conscience. But I will forget the prelate for the brother. Dear Grandison, will you permit us to say to enquirers, that we *look* upon you as one of our church; and that prudential reasons, with regard to your country, and friends in it, deter you at present from declaring yourself?

Let not terms be proposed, my good lord, that would lessen your opinion of me, should I comply with them. If I am to be honoured with an admission into this noble family, let me not in my own eyes appear unworthy of the honour. Were I to find myself capable of prevaricating in an article so important as religion, no one could hate me so much as I should hate myself, were even an imperial diadem with your Clementina, the noblest of women, to be the consideration.

You

You have the example of great princes, Chevalier, said father Marefcotti, Henry the fourth of France, Augustus of Poland——

True, father—But great princes are not always, and in every action of their lives, great men. *They* might make the less scruple of changing their religion, as they were neither of them strict in the practice of it. *They* who can allow themselves in *some* deviations, may in *others*. I boast not of my own virtue; but it has been my aim to be uniform. I am too well satisfied with my own religion to doubt: If I were not, it would be impossible but I must be influenced by the wishes of friends so dear to me; whose motives are the result of their own piety, and of the regard they have for my everlasting welfare.

The Chevalier and I, rejoined the bishop, have carried this argument to its full extent before. My honoured lord's question recurs: What security can we have, that my sister shall not be perverted? The Chevalier refers to father Marefcotti to propose it. The father excuses himself. I, as the brother of Clementina, ask you, Chevalier, will you promise never by yourself, or your English divines, to attempt to pervert her?—A confessor you *have* allowed her. Shall father Marefcotti be the man?

And will father Marefcotti——

I will, for the sake of preserving to Lady Clementina her faith; that faith, by which only she can be saved; and, perhaps, in hope of converting the man who then will be dear to the whole family.

I not only comply with the proposal, but shall think father Marefcotti will do me a favour, in putting it into my power to shew him the regard I have for him. One request I have only to make; That father Marefcotti will prescribe his own conditions to me. And I assure you all, that they

shall be exceeded, as to the consideration, be they ever so high.

You and I, Chevalier, replied the father, shall have no difficulty as to the terms.

None you can have, said the Marquis, as to those. Father Marescotti will be still *our* spiritual director.

Only one condition I will beg leave to make with father Marescotti; that he will confine his pious cares to those only who are already of his own persuasion; and that no disputable points may ever be touched upon to servants, tenants, or neighbours, in a country where a different religion from that to which he is a credit, is established. I might, perhaps, have safely left this to his own moderation and honour; yet without such a previous engagement, his conscience might have been embarrassed; and had I not insisted on it, I should have behaved towards my country in a manner for which I could not answer to my own heart.

Your countrymen, Chevalier, said the count, complain loudly of persecution from our church: Yet what disqualifications do Catholics lie under in England?

A great deal, my lord, may be said on this subject. I think it sufficient to answer for myself, and my own conduct.

As to our child's servants, said the Marchioness, methinks I should hope, that father Marescotti might have a small congregation about him, to keep their lady in countenance, in a country where her religion will subject her to inconveniencies, perhaps to *more* than inconveniencies.

Her woman, and those servants, replied I, who will immediately attend her person, shall always be chosen by herself. If they behave well, I will consider them as *my* servants for their benefit. If they misbehave, I must be allowed to consider them

them also as my servants, as well as their lady's. I must not be subject to the dominion of servants, the most intolerable of all dominion. Were they to know that they are independent of me, I should be disobeyed, perhaps insulted; and my resentment of their insolence would be thought a persecution on account of their religion.

This article bore some canvassing. If Camilla, at last, I said, were the woman; on her discretion I should have great dependence.

—And on father Marefcotti's you also may, Chevalier, said the bishop. I should hope, that when my sister and you are in England together, you would not *scruple* to consult *him* on the misbehaviour of any of my sister's Catholic servants.

Indeed, my lord, I *would*. I will myself be judge in my own house of the conduct and behaviour of all my servants. From the independence of such people upon me, disputes or uneasinesses might arise, that otherwise would never happen between their lady and me. The power of dismissal, on any flagrant misbehaviour, must be in me. My temper is not capricious: My charity is not confined: My consideration for people in a foreign country, and wholly in my power, will, I hope, be even generous. I perhaps may bear with them the more for having them in my power. But my wife's servants, were she a sovereign, must be mine.

Unhappy! said father Marefcotti, that you cannot be of one faith! But, Sir, you will allow, I hope, if the case will bear it, of expostulation from me?

Yes, father: And should *generally*, I believe, be determined by your advice and mediation: But I would not *condition* to make the greatest saint, and the wisest man on earth, to judge in my own family over me.

There is reason in this, rejoined the bishop:

You

You, perhaps, would not scruple, Sir, to consult the Marchioness, before you dismissed such a considerable servant as her woman, if my sister did not agree to it?

The Marquis and Marchioness will be judges of my conduct, when I am in Italy: I should despise myself, were it not to be the same in England as at Bologna. I have in my travels been attended by Catholic servants. They never had reason to complain of want of kindness, even to indulgence, from me. We Protestants confine not salvation within the pale of our own church: Catholics do; and have therefore an argument for their zeal, in endeavouring to make proselytes, that we have not. Hence, generally speaking, may a Catholic servant live more happily with a Protestant master, than a Protestant servant with a Catholic master. Let my servants but live up to their own professions, and they shall be indulged with all reasonable opportunities of pursuing the dictates of their own consciences. A truly religious servant, of whatever persuasion, cannot be a bad one.

Well, as to this article, we must leave it, acquiesced the bishop, to occasions as they may arise. Nine months in the year, I think, you propose to reside in Italy——

That, my lord, was on a supposition that Lady Clementina would not oblige me with her company to my native country any part of the year; in that case, I proposed to pass but three months in every year in England: Otherwise, I hoped that year and year, in turn, would be allowed me.

We can have no wish to separate man and wife, said the Marquis. Clementina will, no doubt, accompany her husband. We will stipulate only for year and year: But let ours be the first year; And we cannot doubt but the dear child will meet with all reasonable indulgence, for the sake of her tender health.

Not one request that you, my lord, and you,
madam,

madam, shall think reasonable, shall be denied to the dear lady.

Let *me* propose one thing, Chevalier, said the Marchioness; that in the first year, which is to be ours, you endeavour to prevail upon your sisters, amiable women, as we have heard they are, to come over, and be of our acquaintance: Your ward also, who may be looked upon as a little Italian. You love your sisters; and I shall be glad (so would Clementina, I make no doubt) to be familiarized to the ladies of your family before she goes to England.

My sisters, madam, are the most obliging of women, as their lords are of men. I have no doubt of prevailing upon them, to attend you and Lady Clementina here. And as it will give them time to prepare for the visit, I believe, if it be made in the latter part of the first year, it will be most acceptable to them, and to you; since then they will not only have commenced a friendship with Lady Clementina, and obtained the honour of your good opinion, but will attend the dear lady in her voyage to England.

They all approved of this. I added, that I hoped, when the second year arrived, I should have the honour of finding in the party some of this noble family (looking round me), which could not fail of giving delight, as well as affiance, to the tender heart of their beloved Clementina.

My lord and I, said the Marchioness, will probably, if well, be of the party. We shall not know how to part with a child so dear to us—
But these seas—

Well, well, said the bishop, this is a contingency, and must be left to time, and to the Chevalier and my sister, when they are one. As his is the strongest mind, it will, in all reasonable matters, yield to the weaker—Now, as to my sister's fortune—

It is a large one, said the count. We shall all take pleasure in adding to it.

Should there be more sons than one by the marriage, rejoined the bishop, as the estate of her two grandfathers will be an ample provision for one of them, and your English estate for another, I hope we may expect that the education of one of them may be left to us.

Every one said, this was a very reasonable expectation.

I cannot condition for this, my lord. The education of the sons was to be left to me; that of the daughters to the mother. I will consent, that the Italian estate shall be tied up for daughters' portions; and that *they* shall be brought up under your own eyes Italians. The sons shall have no benefit by the Italian estate——

Except they become Catholics, Chevalier, added the bishop.

No, my lord, replied I: That might be a temptation—Though I would leave posterity as free as I myself am left in the article of religion, yet would I not lay any snares for them. I am for having them absolutely secluded from any possibility of enjoying that estate, as they will be Englishmen. Cannot this be done by the laws of your country, and the tenure by which these estates are held?

If Clementina marry, said the Marquis, whether there be issue or not, Laurana's claim ceases. But, Chevalier, can you think it just to deprive children unborn of their natural right?

I have a very good estate: It is improving. I have considerable expectations besides. That is not mine which I do not possess, and shall have no right to, but by marriage; and which, therefore, must and ought to be subject to marriage-articles. Riches never made men happy. If my descendants will not be so with a competence, they will
not

not with a redundance. I hope Signor Jeronymo may recover, and marry: Let the estate here, from the hour that I shall be honoured with the hand of your dear Clementina, be Jeronymo's and his posterity's for ever. If it shall be thought proper for him, on taking possession, to make his sister any brotherly acknowledgment, it shall be to her sole and separate use, and not subject to any controul of mine. If Signor Jeronymo marry not, or if he do, and die without issue, let the estate in question be the general's. He and his lady deserve every thing. The estate shall not, by my consent, go out of the name.

They looked upon each other—Brother, said the count, I see not, but we may leave every thing to the generosity of such a young man as this. He quite overcomes me.

A disinterested and generous man, rejoined the bishop, is born a ruler; and he is, at the same time, the greatest of politicians, were policy only to be considered.

The most equitable medium, I think, resumed the Marchioness, is what the Chevalier hinted at—and most answerable to the intention of the dear child's grandfather: It is, that the estate in question be secured to the daughters of the marriage. Our sons will be greatly provided for: And it will be rewarding, in some measure, the Chevalier for his generosity, that the sons of the marriage shall not have their patrimony lessened, by the provision to be made for daughters.

They all generously applauded the Marchioness; and proposing this expedient to me, I bowed my grateful assent——See, Chevalier, said father Marefcotti, what a generous family you are likely to be allied with! O that you could be subdued by a goodness so much like your own, and declare yourself a Catholic: His holiness himself (my lord the bishop could engage) would receive you with blessings, at the footstool of his throne. You
allow,

allow, Sir, that salvation may be obtained in our church: Out of it, ~~we~~ think it cannot. Rejoice us all. Rejoice Lady Clementina—and let us know no bound in our joy.

What opinion, my dear father Marefcotti, would you all have of the man who could give up his conscience, though for the highest consideration on earth?—Did you, could you, think the better of the two princes mentioned to me, for the change of their religion? One of them was assassinated in the streets of his metropolis, by an ecclesiastic, who questioned the sincerity of his change. Could the matter be of *indifference* to me—But, my dear father Marefcotti, let us leave this to be debated hereafter between you and me, as father and son. Your piety shall command my reverence: But pain not my heart, by putting me on denial of any thing that shall be asked of me, by such respectable and generous persons as those I am before; and when we are talking on a subject so delicate, and so important.

Father Marefcotti, we must give up this point, said the bishop. The Chevalier and I have discussed it heretofore. He is a determined man. If you hereafter can gain upon him, you will make us all happy. But now, my lord, to the Marquis, let the Chevalier know what he will have with my sister, besides the bequests of her grandfather, from *your* bounty; and from *your's*, madam, to his mother, as a daughter of your house.

I beg, my lord, one word, said I to the Marquis, before you speak. Let not a syllable of this be mentioned to me now. Whatever you shall be pleased to do of this nature, let it be done annually, as my behaviour to your daughter may deserve. Do I not know the generosity of every one of this noble family? Let me be in your power. I have enough for her, and for me, or I do not know the noble Clementina. Whatever you

do, for the sake of your own magnificence, that do:
But let us leave particulars unmentioned.

What would Lady Sforza say, were she present?
rejoined the count. Averse as she is to the alliance, she would admire the man.

Are you earnest in your request, Chevalier,
asked the bishop, that particulars shall not be mentioned?

I *beg* they may not. I *earnestly* beg it.

Pray let the Chevalier be obliged, returned the prelate—Sir, said he, and snatched my hand, brother, friend, what shall I call you?—We *will* oblige you; but not in doubt of your kind treatment of Clementina. She must, she *will*, deserve it; but that we may have it in our power to be revenged of you. Sir, we will take great revenge of you. And now let us rejoice Jeronymo's heart with an account of all that was passed. We might have held this conference before him. All that is further necessary to be said may be said in his presence.

Who, said father Marefcotti, can hold out against the Chevalier Grandison? I will tell every one who shall question me on this alliance, zealous Catholics, with a Protestant so determined, what a man he is: and then they will allow of this one particular exception to a general rule.

All we have now to do, said the Marquis, is to gain his Holiness's permission. That has not been refused in such cases, where either the sons or daughters of the marriage are to be brought up Catholics.

The count then took the marchioness's hand, and we all entered Jeronymo's chamber together.

I stepped into Mr Lowther's apartment, while they related to him all that had passed. He was impatient to see me. The bishop led me in to him. He embraced me as his brother. Now, my dear Grandison, said he, I am indeed happy. This is the point to which I have long directed all my wishes.

God grant that our dear Clementina's malady may be no draw-back upon your felicities ; and you must both then be happy.

I was sensible of a little abatement, on the bishop's saying to his mother, not knowing I heard him, Ah, madam ! the poor Count of Belvedere—How will *he* be affected !—But he will go to Madrid : and I hope make himself happy there with some Spanish lady. The poor Count of Belvedere ! returned the marchioness, with a sigh—But he will not know how to blame us——

To-morrow morning I am to drink chocolate with Lady Clementina. We shall be left together, perhaps, or only with her mother or Camilla.

“ What, my dear Dr Bartlett, would I give to
“ be assured, that the most excellent of English-
“ women could think herself happy with the Earl
“ of D. the only man of all her admirers who is,
“ in any manner, worthy of calling so bright a
“ jewel his ? Should Miss Byron be unhappy, and
“ through my means, the remembrance of my own
“ caution and self-restraint could not appease the
“ grief of my heart.

“ But so prudent a woman as she is, and as the
“ Countess of D. is.—What are these suggestions
“ of tenderness—Are they not suggestions of *vanity*
“ *nity* and *presumption* ? They are. They *must* be
“ so. I will banish them from my thoughts as
“ such. Ever-amiable Miss Byron ! friend of my
“ soul ! forgive me for them !—Yet if the noble
“ Clementina is to be mine, my heart will be greatly
“ gratified, if, before she receive my vows, I
“ could know that Miss Byron had given her hand,
“ in compliance with the entreaties of all her
“ friends, to the deserving Earl of D.”

Having an opportunity, I dispatch this, and my two former. In you I include remembrances to all my beloved friends.—Adieu, my dear Dr Bartlett. “ In the highest of our pleasures, the sighing
“ heart

"heart will remind us of our imperfection." It is fit it should be so—Adieu, my dear friend!

CHARLES GRANDISON.

Continuation of Lady G's letter to Lady L. No. XLII.

Begun Vol. V. p. 292. and dated July 24.

WELL, my dear sister!—And what say you to the contents of the three inclosed letters? I wish I had been with you and Lord L. at the time you read them, that I might have mingled my tears with yours, for the sweet Harriet! Why would my brother dispatch these letters, without staying till, at least, he could have informed us of the result of the next day's meeting with Clementina? *What* was the opportunity that he had to send away these letters, which he must be assured would keep us in strange suspense! *Hang* the opportunity that so officiously offered!—But, perhaps, in the tenderness of his nature, he thought that this dispatch was necessary, to prepare us for what was to follow, lest, were he to acquaint us with the event as decided, our emotion would be too great to be supported.—We sisters, to go over to attend Lady CLEMENTINA GRANDISON, a twelvemonth hence!—Ah the poor Harriet! and will she give us leave? But it surely must not, cannot be!—And yet—Hush, hush, hush, Charlotte!—And proceed to facts.

Dr Bartlett, when these letters were brought him post from London, was with us at table. We had but just dined. He arose, and retired to his own apartment with them. We were all impatient to know the contents. When I thought he had withdrawn long enough to read dispatches of a mile long, and yet found that he returned not, my impa-

tience was heightened; and the dear Harriet said, Bad news, I fear! I hope Sir Charles is well! I hope Lady Clementina is not relapsed! The good Jeronymo! I fear for him.

I then stepped up to the doctor's room. He was sitting with his back towards the door in a pensive mood; and when, hearing somebody enter, he turned about, I saw he had been deeply affected—

My dear Dr Bartlett!—For God's sake!—How is my brother?—

Don't be affrighted, madam! All are well in Italy—In a way to be well—But, alas! (tears started afresh) I am grieved for Miss Byron!

How, how, Doctor! is my brother married?—It cannot, it shall not be!—Is my brother married?

O no, not married, by these letters! But all is concluded upon! Sweet, sweet Miss Byron! Now, indeed, will her magnanimity be put to the test!—Yet Lady Clementina is a most excellent woman!—*You*, madam, may read these letters: Miss Byron, I believe, must not. You will see, by the concluding part of the last, how greatly embarrassed my patron must be between his honour to one lady, and his tenderness for the other: Which-soever shall be his, how much will the other be to be pitied!

I ran over, with a weeping eye, as the paragraphs struck me, the passages most affecting. O Dr Bartlett, said I, when I had done, how shall we break this news to Mr. Selby, to Mrs. Shirley, to my Harriet!—A trial, indeed, of her magnanimity!—Yet, to have received letters from my brother, and to delay going down, will be as alarming as to tell it. Let us go down.

Do you, madam, take the letters. You have tenderness: Your prudence cannot be doubted—I will attend you by and by. His eyes were ready to run over.

I went

I went down. I met *my* lord at the stairs foot. How, how, madam, does Sir Charles?—O my Lord! we are all undone. My brother, by this time, is the husband of Lady Clementina.

He was struck, as with a thunderbolt: God forbid! were all the words he could speak; and turned as pale as death.

I love him, for his sincere love to my Harriet.—I wrung his hand—The letters do not say it. But every-body is consenting; and if it be not already so, it soon will—Step, my lord, to Mrs Selby, and tell her that I wish to see her in the flower-garden.

Miss Byron and Nancy, said he, are gone to walk in the garden. She was so apprehensive, on your staying above, and the doctor not coming down, that she was forced to walk into the air. I left Mr Selby, his lady, Emily, and Lucy, in the dining-parlour, to find you, and let you know how every-body was affected. Tears dropt on his cheeks.

I gave him my hand in love.. I was pleased with him. I called him my dear lord.

I think our sweet friend once said, that fear made us loving. Ill-news will oblige us to look around us for consolation.

I found the persons named just rising from their seats to walk into the garden—O my dear Mrs Selby, said I, every thing is agreed upon in Italy.

They were all dumb-but Emily. Her sorrow was audible: She wrung her hands; she was ready to faint; her Anne was called to take care of her; and she retired.

I then told Mr and Mrs Selby what were the contents of the last letter of the three. Mr Selby broke out into passionate grief—I know not what the honour *is*, said he, that could oblige Sir Charles, treated as he had been by the proud Italians, to go over at the first invitation. One might have guessed that it would have come to this—Oh! the poor

Harriet! flower of the world! She deserved not to be made a second woman to the stateliest minx in Italy: But this is my comfort, she is superior to them both. Upon my soul, madam, she is. The man, were he a king, that could prefer another woman to our Harriet, does not deserve her.

He then arose from his seat, and walked up and down the room in anger; and afterwards sitting down, My dear Mrs Selby, said he, we shall now see what the so often pleaded-for dignity of your sex, in the noblest minded, will enable you to do. But, O the dear soul! She will find a difference between theory and practice!

Lucy wept. Her grief was silent. Mrs Selby dried her eyes several times. My dear Lady G. said she, at last, how shall we break this to Harriet? *You* must do it; and she will apply to me for comfort—Pray, Mr Selby, be patient. You must not reflect upon Sir Charles Grandison.

Indeed you should not, Sir, said I. He is to be pitied. I will read you the concluding part of his last letter.

I did.

But Mr Selby would not be pacified. He tried to blame my brother.

After all, my dear, these lords of the creation are more violent, more unreasonable, and of consequence more silly and perverse, more babies, if you please, than we women, when they are disappointed in any thing they set their hearts upon. But in every case, I believe, one extreme borders on another. What a fool has Otway made of Castalio, raving against the whole sex, by a common-place invective, on a mere temporary disappointment; when the fault, and all the dreadful consequences that attended it, were owing to his own baseness of heart, in being ashamed to acquaint his brother, that he meant honourable love to the unhappy orphan, who was intitled to inviolable protection!

Whenever

Whenever I saw this play, I pitied the impetuous Polydore more than I did the blubbering great boy Castalio ; though I thought both brothers deserved to be hanged.

As we were meditating how to break this matter to our lovely friend, Mrs Shirley came to Selby-house in her chariot. We immediately acquainted her with it. No surprizes affect her steady soul. This can't be helped, said she. Our dear girl herself expects it. May I read the letter that contains the affecting tidings ?

She took it. She run it over slightly, to enable herself to speak to the contents—Excellent man !—How happy should we have been, blessed with the enjoyment of our wishes ! But you, Mrs Selby, and I, have always pitied Lady Clementina. His generous regard for our child is too apparent for his own tranquillity. God comfort him, and our Harriet ! O the dear creature ! Her fading cheeks have shewn the struggles of her heart, in such an expectation—Where is my child ?

I was running out to see for her ; and met her just ascending the steps that lead from the garden into the house. Your grandmamma, my love, said I—

I hear she is come, answered she. I am hastening to pay my duty to her.

But how do you, Harriet ?

A little better for the air ! I sent up to Dr Bartlett, and he has let me know, that Sir Charles is well, and every-body better : And I am easy.

She hurried in to her grandmother, rejoicing, as she always does, to see her. She kneeled ; received her tender blessing. And what brings my grandmamma to her girl ?

The day is fine ; the air, and the sight of my Harriet, I thought, would do me good—You have letters, I find, from Italy, my love ?

I, madam,

I, madam, have not : Dr Bartlett has : But I am not to know the contents, I suppose. Something, I doubt not, that will be thought unwelcome to me, by their not being communicated. But as long as every-body there is well, I *can* have patience. Time will reveal all things.

Dr Bartlett, who admires the old lady, and is as much admired by her, came down, and paid his respects to her. Mrs Shirley had returned me the letters. I slid them into the doctor's hand, unperceived by Miss Byron.

I am told, said she, that my Emily is not well ; I will just ask how she does—And was going from us—No, don't, my love, said her aunt, taking her hand ; Emily shall come down to us.

I see, said she, by the compassionate looks of every one, that something is the matter. If it be any thing that most concerns me to know, don't, through a mistaken tenderness, let me be the last to whom it is communicated. But I *guess*—with a forced smile.

What does my Harriet guess ? said her aunt.

Dr Bartlett, replied she, has acquainted me that Sir Charles Grandison is well ; and that his friends are on the recovery : Is it not then easy to guess, by every one's silence on the contents of the letters brought to Dr Bartlett, that Sir Charles is either married, or near being so ? What say you, my good Dr Bartlett ?

He was silent, but tears were in his eyes. She turned round, and saw us with our handkerchiefs at ours. Her uncle, rising from his seat, stood with his back to us at one of the windows.

Well, my dear friends, you are all grieved for me. It is kind, and I can thank you for your *concern* for me, because the man is Sir Charles Grandison—And so, doctor, laying her hands upon his, he is actually married ? God Almighty, piously bending one knee, make him and his Clementina

mentina happy!—Well, my dearest friends, and what is there in this more than I expected?

Her aunt embraced her.

Her uncle ran to her, and clasped his arms about her: Now, now, said he, have you overcome me, my niece: For the future I never will dispute with you on some of the arguments I have heretofore held against your sex. Were all women like you—

Her grandmother, as she sat, held out her open arms: My own Harriet! child of my heart! let me fold you to it!—She ran to her, and clasped her knees, as the old lady threw her arms about her neck—Pray for me, however, my grandinamma—that I may act up to my judgment, and as your child, and my aunt Selby's!—*It is* a trial—I own it—But permit me to withdraw for a few moments.

She arose, and was hastening out of the room; but her aunt took her hand: My dearest love, said she, Sir Charles Grandison is not married—But—

Why, why, interrupted she, if it *must* be so, is it *not* so?

At that moment came in Emily. She had been trying to suppress her concern, and fancied, it seems, that she had recovered her presence of mind: But the moment she saw her beloved Miss Byron, her fortitude forsook her. She gushed into tears, and, sobbing, would have quitted the room; but Miss Byron, stepping after her, caught her arm; my Emily, my love, my friend, my sister! fly me not: Let me give you an example, my dear!—I am not ashamed to own myself affected: But I have fortitude, I hope!—Sir Charles Grandison, when he could not be happy from his own affairs, made himself a partaker in the happiness of others; and shall not you and I, after so great an example, rejoice in *his*?

I am,

I am, I am—grieved, replied the sobbing girl, for my Miss Byron. I don't love Italian ladies! Were you, madam, turning to her, Lady Grandison, I should be the happiest creature in the world.

But, Dr Bartlett, said I, may we not, now that Miss Byron knows the worst, communicate to her the contents of these letters?

I hope you will, Sir, said Mrs Shirley. You see that my Harriet is a noble girl.

I rely upon your judgments, ladies, answered the doctor, and put the letters into Mrs Shirley's hands.

I have read them, said I. We will leave Mrs. Shirley, Mrs Selby, and Miss Byron together. We, Lucy, Nancy, Emily, will take a walk in the garden. Shall we have *your* company, Dr Bartlett? I saw he was *desirous* to withdraw. Lucy *desired* to stay behind. Harriet looked as if she wished Lucy to stay: and I led the other two into the garden; Dr Bartlett leaving us at the entrance into it; and I told them the contents of the letters as we walked.

They were greatly affected, as I thought they would be, which made me lead them out. Lord G. joined us in our walk, as well as in our concern; so that the dear Harriet had none but comforters left about her, who enabled her to support her spirits; for Mrs Shirley and Mrs Selby had always applauded the preference their beloved child was so ready to give to Clementina, because of her malady, though it is evident against their wishes. There were never three nobler women related to each other than Mrs Shirley, Mrs Selby, and Miss Byron. But Mr Selby is by no means satisfied, that my brother, loving Harriet, as he *evidently* does, should be so ready to leave her and go to Italy. *His* censure arises from his love to my brother and to his niece: But I need not tell you, that, though a *man*, he has not a soul half so capacious

acious as that of either of the three ladies I have named.

At our return from our little walk, it was lovely to see Harriet take her Emily aside to comfort her, and to plead with her in favour of my brother's obligations, as afterwards she did against her uncle. How the generous creature shone in my eyes, and in those of every one present?

When she and I were alone, she took grateful notice of the concluding part of the third letter, where she is mentioned with so much tenderness, and in a manner so truly worthy of the character of the politest of men, as well respecting herself as her sex, charging himself with vanity and presumption, but to suppose to himself, that Miss Byron wanted his compassion, or had the tender regard for *him* that he avows for *her*. She pleased herself that he had not *seen* the very great esteem she had for him, as you and I had done: And how *could* he, you know? said she; for he and I were not often together; and I was under obligation enough to him to make him attribute my regard to gratitude: But it is plain, proceeded she, that he *loves* the poor Harriet—Don't you think so? and perhaps would have given her a preference to all other women, had he not been circumstanced as he was. Well, God bless him, added she; he was my first love; and I never will have any other—Don't blame me for this declaration, my dear Lady G. My grandmamma, as well as you, once chid me for saying so, and called me *romancer*—But is not the man Sir Charles Grandison?

But, alas! with all these appearances, it is easy to see, that this amiable creature's solitary hours are heavy ones. She has got a habit of sighing. She rises with swelled eyes: Sleep forsakes her: Her appetite fails: And she is very sensible of all this, as she shews by the pains she takes to conceal the alteration.

And

And must Harriet Byron, blessed with beauty so unequalled, health so blooming, a temper so even, passions so governable, generous and grateful, even to heroism,—superior to every woman in frankness of heart, in true delicacy, and in an understanding and judgment beyond her years—Must *she* be offered up as a victim on the altar of hopeless love!—I deprecate such a fate;—I cannot allow the other sex such a triumph, though the man be my brother. It is, however, none; on the contrary, it is apparently a grief to his noble and truly manly heart, that so excellent a creature cannot be the sole mistress of it.

Mr Deane came hither this morning. He is a valuable man. He opened his heart to me about an hour ago. He always, he says, designed Miss Byron for the heiress of the principal part of his possessions; and he let me know his circumstances, which are great. It is, I am convinced, true policy to be good. Young and old, rich and poor, dote upon Miss Byron. You remember what her uncle says in his ludicrous letter to her, covertly praising her, by pretending to find fault with her, that he is more noted for being the uncle of Miss Byron, than she is for being his niece, though of so long standing in the county: And I assure you he is much respected too. But such beauty, such affability, a character so benevolent, so frank, so pious, yet so chearful and unaffected as hers is, must command the veneration and love of every one.

Mr Deane is extremely apprehensive of her declining health. He believes her in a consumption, and has brought a physician of his intimate acquaintance to visit her: But she and we all are convinced, that medicine will not reach her case: And she affected to be startled at his supposing she was in so bad a way, on purpose, as she owned, to avoid his kind importunity to take advice in a malady that nothing but time and patience can cure.

A charming correspondence is carried on between Harriet and the Countess of D. Harriet is all frankness in it; so is Lady D. One day I hope to procure you a sight of their letters. I am allowed to inclose a copy of the Countess's last. You will see the force of the reasoning on Harriet's declaration, that she will never think of a *second* lover. Her grandmother is entirely with the Countess. So am I—Though the *first* was Sir Charles Grandison.

What will become of Lady Olivia, if the alliance between my brother and the Bologna family take effect?—She has her emissaries, who I suppose will soon apprise her of it. How will she flame out! I suppose you, who correspond with her, will soon be troubled with her invectives on this subject.

All here wish for you and Lord L. For my part, I long to see you both, and to be seen by you. You never could see me more to my advantage than now. We have nothing between us but—"What your lordship pleases." "My dearest life, you have *no* choice." "You *prevent* me, my lord, in all my wishes."

I have told him, in love, of some of his foibles: And he thanks me for my instruction, and is resolved to be all I wish him to be.

I have made discoveries in his favour—More wit, more humour, more good sense, more learning, than I had ever, till now that I was willing to enquire after those qualities in him, imagined he had. He allows me to have a vast share of good understanding; and so he ought, when I have made such discoveries to his advantage.

In short, we so monstrously improve upon each other, that if we go on thus, we shall hardly know ourselves to be the same man and woman that made such awkward figures in the eyes of all beholders a few months ago at St George's church; and must be married over again, to be sure of each other;

for you must believe, that we would not be the same odd souls we then were, on any account.

What raises him with me is the good opinion every body here has of him. *They* also have found him out to be a man of sense, a good-natured man; nay, (would you believe it?) a handsome man; and all these people having deservedly the reputation of good sense, penetration, and so forth, I cannot contradict them with credit to myself. When we married folks have made a silly choice, we should in policy, you know, for the credit of our judgment, try to make the best of it. I could name you half a score people who are continually praising, the man his wife, the woman her husband, who, were they at liberty to chuse again, would be hanged before they would renew their bargain.

Let me tell you, that Emily will make an excellent wife, and mistress of a family. Miss Byron is one of the best economists, and yet one of the finest ladies in the county. As soon as she came down, she resumed the family direction, in case of her aunt, which was her province before she came to London. I thought *my-self* a tolerable manager: But she has for ever stopt *my* mouth on this subject. Such a *succession* of *orderliness*, if I may so call it! One right thing is an introduction to another; and all is in such a method, that it seems impossible for the meanest servants to mistake their duty. Such harmony, such observance, yet such pleasure in every countenance!—But she is mistress of so much ease, so much dignity, and so much condescension, that she is worshipped by all the servants; and, it is observable, hardly ever was heard to direct twice the same thing to be done, or remembered.

The servants have generally time for themselves, an hour or two in a day. Her orders are given over night; and as the family live in a genteel manner,

manner, they are never surpris'd, or put out of course by company. The poor only have the less of the remnants, if visitors or guests come in unexpectedly; and in such case, she says, they shall fare better another day. Emily is taking minutes of all her management: She is resolv'd to imitate her in every thing. Hence it is that I say, the girl will make one of the best wives in England: Yet, how the dear Harriet manages it I cannot tell; for we hardly ever miss her. But early hours, and method, and ease, without hurry, will do every thing.

POSTSCRIPT.

LORD bless me, my dear Lady L. ! I have been frightened out of my wits. This Lord G.—What do we do by marriage but double our cares?—He was taken very ill two hours ago; a kind of fit. The first reflexion that cross'd me, when he was at worst, was this—What a wretch was I, to vex this poor man as I have done!—Happy, happy is the wife, in the depth of her affliction, on the loss of a worthy husband; happy the husband, if he *must* be separated from a good wife; who has no material cause for self-reproach to embitter reflexion, as to his or her conduct to the departed. Ah, Caroline, how little do we know of ourselves till the hour of trial comes! I find I have more love for Lord G. than I thought I had, or could have for any man!

How have I *exposed* myself!—But they none of them upbraid me with my apprehensions for the honest man. He did fright me!—A wretch!—In his childhood he was troubled with these oddities, it seems!—He is so well, that I had a good mind to quarrel with him for terrifying me as he did. *For better and for worse!*—A cheat!—He should have told me that he had been subject to such an infirmity—And then, from his apprehend-

ed fits, though involuntary, I should have claimed allowance for my zeal, tho' wilful ones. In which, however, I cheated not *him*. He saw me in them many and many a good time before marriage.

I have this moment yours. I thought what would be the case with Olivia. She has certainly heard of the happy turn at Bologna, as they there must think it; or she would not resolve to leave England so soon, when she had determined to stay here till my brother's return. Unhappy woman! Harriet pities her!—But she has pity for every one that wants it.

Repeatedly all here are earnest to get you and your lord with us. Do, come if you can—Were it but one week; and perhaps we will go up together. If you don't come soon, your people will not suffer you to come one while. After all, my dear, these men are, as aunt Nell would say, odious creatures. You are a good forgiving soul; but that am not I. In a few months time I shall be as grave as a cat, I suppose: But the sorry fellow knows nothing of the matter yet.

Adieu, Lady L.

LETTER II.

From the Countess of D. To Miss BYRON.

[Inclosed in the preceding.]

July 1.

MY dear Harriet has allowed me to write to her with the affectionate freedom of a mother: As such, I may go on to urge a subject disagreeable to her, when not only the welfare of *both* my children is concerned in it, but when her own honour,

honour, her own delicacy of sentiment, is peculiarly interested.

Pure and noble as your heart is, it is misleading you, my love; Oh, my Harriet, into what a labyrinth!—Have you kept a copy, my dear, of your last letter to me? It is all amiable, all yourself—But it is Harriet Byron again, in need of a rescuer—Shall I, my child, save you from being run away with by these tyrannous over-refinements? Yes, you will say, could I do it *disinterestedly*. Well, I will, *if I can*, imagine myself quite disinterested; suppose my son out of the case. And since I have told you, more than once, that I cannot allow the sacredness young people are apt to imagine in a first love; I must, you know, take it for granted, that even *his* to *you* is not absolutely unconquerable.

Let us then consider a little the bright fairy schemes, for so I must call them, which you have formed in the letter that lies before me *. Do not your excellent grandmamma and aunt see them in the same light? I dare say they do: But to one I love so dearly, how can I omit to offer my hand to extricate her out of a maze of bewildering fancy, in which she may else tread many a weary step that ought to be advancing forward in the paths of happiness and duty!

Think but, my dear child, what fortitude of soul, what strength even of constitution, you answer for, when you talk of living happy in a friendship with two persons, when they are united by indissoluble ties, the very thought of whose union makes your cheek fade, and your health languish. Ah, my beloved Harriet! is not this a fairy scheme?

Mistake me not, my love; I suspect not that your sentiments would want any thing of the purity, the generosity, the true heroism required in

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* This letter appears not.

the.

the idea of a friendship like that you talk of. I suspect not in the *noble pair* [Does that phrase hurt you, my Miss Byron? Think then how your heart would suffer in the lasting conflict that must accompany the situation which you have proposed to yourself] I suspect not, in either of them, sentiments or behaviour unsuitable to your excellence: Yet let me ask you one thing: Would not the example of such an attachment subsisting between persons known to have once had different views and tenderer affections, mislead less delicate and less guarded minds into allowances dangerous to them, and subject souls, less great than Clementina, to jealousies, whether warrantable or not, of friendships that should plead yours for a precedent?

Do not be impatient, my dear; I have a great deal more to say. This *friendship*, what is it to be? Not *more* than friendship, disguised under the name of it: For how can that consist with your peace of mind, your submission to the dictates of reason, your resignation to the will of Providence? If then it be *only* friendship, how is it inconsistent with your forming an attachment of a *nearer kind* with a person of merit, who approves of, and will join in it? What think you, my dear, is that love which we vow at the altar? Surely not adoration: not a preference of that object *absolutely*, as in excellence superior to every other imaginable being. No more, surely, in most cases, than such a *preferable choice* (all circumstances considered) as shall make us with satisfaction of mind, and with an affectionate and faithful heart, unite ourselves for life with a man whom we esteem; who we think is no disagreeable companion, but deserves our grateful regard: that his interest from henceforth should be our own, and his happiness our study. And is not this very consistent, my dear, with admiring and loving the excellence of angels; and even with seeing and pitying, in this partner of
our

our lives, such imperfections as make him evidently their inferior? Inferior even to such human angels as you and I have in our heads at this moment.

Observe, my dear, I say only that such friendship is very consistent with being more nearly united to one who *knows* and *approves* it: For concealment of any thought that much affects the heart, is, I think, in such a case (with very few exceptions from very particular circumstances) utterly unallowable, and blameably indelicate.

You are, my dear, (I will not offend you, by saying to what *degree*,) a reasonable and prudent young woman, pious, dutiful, and benevolent. Consider then how much better you would account for the talents committed to you; how much more joy you would give to the best of friends; how much more good you would do to your fellow-creatures, by permitting yourself to be called out into active life, with all its variety of relations, than you can while you continue obstinately in a single state, on purpose to indulge a remediless sorrow. The domestic connexions would engage you in a thousand not unpleasing new cares and attentions, that must inevitably wear out in time impressions which you would feel it unfit to indulge. All that is generous, grateful, reasonable, in your very just attachment would remain; every thing that passion and imagination have added, every unreasonable, every painful emotion would be banished; and the friendship between the two families become a source of lasting happiness to both.

Adieu, my Harriet! I am afraid of being tedious on an unpleasing subject. If I have omitted any thing material in this argument, the excellent parents you are with can abundantly supply it from their own reason and experience of the world. Assure them of my unfeigned regard; and believe me,

me, my dear child, with a degree of esteem that no young creature ever merited half so well,

Your truly-affectionate

M. D.

Pinned on by Lady G.

“ Don’t you think, Lady L. that the contents of this letter ought to have the more weight with Harriet, as, were she to be Lady Grandison, they would suit her own case and Emily’s, were Emily to make the same pretensions to a perpetual single life, on the improbability of marrying her first love? I shall freely speak my mind upon this subject, when Harriet can better bear the argument.”

LETTER III.

From the Earl of G. To Lady G.

My dear Daughter,

Tuesday, Aug. 1.

LET me be excused for asking you a question by pen and ink: When do you think of returning from Northamptonshire? Lady Gertrude and I are out of all patience with you; not with Lord G. We know, that where-ever you are, there will he wish to be: His treasure and his heart *must* be together. But to me, who always loved my son; to Lady Gertrude, who always loved her nephew; and who equally rejoiced in the happy event that gave *me* a daughter and *her* a niece; what can you say in excuse for robbing us of both? It is true Miss Byron is a lady that ought to be half the world to you: But must the other half have no manner of regard paid to it? I have enquired of Lord and Lady L. but they say you are so far from setting your time for return, that you are pressing them to go down to you.

What

What can my daughter mean by this? Have you taken a house in Northamptonshire? Have you forgot that you have taken one in Grosvenor-square? Every thing is done there that you had ordered to be done; and all are at a stand for further directions. Let me tell you, Lady G. that my sister and I love you *both* too well, to bear to be thus slighted. Love us but half as well, and you will tell us the day of your return. You don't consider that we are both in years; and that, in all probability, you may often rejoice in the company you are with, when you cannot have ours. Excuse this serious conclusion. I *am* serious upon the subject—And why? Because I love you with a tenderness truly paternal. Pray make mine and my sister's compliments acceptable to the loveliest woman in England, and to every one whom she loves, who are now in Northamptonshire. I am, my dearest daughter,

Your ever-affectionate

G.

LETTER IV.

Lady G. To the Right Honourable the Earl of G.

Selby-house, Aug. 4.

O My dear lord! what do you mean? Are you and Lady Gertrude really angry with me? I cannot bear the serious conclusion of your letter. May you both live long, and be happy! If my affectionate duty to you both will contribute to your felicity, it shall not be wanting. I was so happy here, that I know not when I should have returned to town, had you not, so kindly as to your intention, yet so severely in your expressions, admonished me. I will soon throw myself at your feet;

feet; and by the next post will fix the day on which I hope to be forgiven by you both. Let Lord G. answer for himself. Upon my word he is as much to be blamed as I am; nay, more; for he dotes upon Miss Byron.

Duty I avow: Pardon I beg: Never more, my dear and honoured lord, shall you have like reason to chide

*Your ever-dutiful Daughter,
Nor you, my dear Lady Gertrude,
Your most obedient Kinswoman,*
CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER V.

Lady G. To Miss BYRON.

London, Sat. Aug. 5.

THANK you, my reverend and dear Mrs Shirley, Mrs Selby, and Harriet the lovely and beloved. Thank you, my dear Lucy and Nancy Selby, and Kitty and Patty Holles; and good Miss Orme; and you, my dear disputatious uncle Selby, and honest cousin James, and all the rest of you; for your particular graces, favours, civilities, and goodness super-abundant, to my bustling lord, and his lively dame. Let the good doctor and Emily thank you for themselves.

And who do you think met us at St Alban's—Why, Beauchamp, Sir Harry and my lady, and Mr and Mrs Reeves!

Poor Sir Harry! He is in a very bad way; and Lady Beauchamp and his son (who peradventure had a reason he gave not) prevailed upon him to make this little excursion, in hopes it would divert him. They had not for some weeks past seen him so chearful as we made him.

Aunt

Aunt Nell met us at Barnet, with Cicely Badger, her still older woman, whom she keeps about her to make herself look young, on comparison— But a piece of bad news, Harriet: Our aunt Nell has lost two more of her upper fore-teeth. A vile bit of bone (O how she execrates it!) which lurked in a fricasee, did the irreparable mischief: And the good old soul is teaching her upper-lip, when she speaks, to resign all motion to the under one, that it may as little as possible make the defect visible. What poor wretches are we, Harriet, men, as *well* as women! We pray for long life; and what is the issue of our prayers, but leave to outlive our teeth and our friends; to stand in the way of our elbowing relations; and to change our swan-skins for skins of buff; which nevertheless will keep out neither cold nor infirmity? But I shall be serious by and by. And what is the design of my *pen-prattle*, but to make my sweet Harriet smile?

The Earl and Lady Gertrude made up differences with me at first sight. The lady is a little upon the *fallal*; a little aunt *Nellish*; but I protest I love *her*, and reverence her *brother*.

Beauchamp is certainly in love with Emily. When he first addressed her at St Alban's, his hands trembled, his cheeks glowed, his tongue faltered—So young a gypsey to make a conquest of such importance! We women are powerful creatures, Harriet. As they say of horses, If we knew our own strength, and could have a little more patience than we generally have, we might do what we would with the powerless lords of the creation. In my conscience, Harriet, look all *my* acquaintance through, of both sexes, I think there are three silly fellows to one silly woman: Don't you think so in *yours*?—Are your Grevilles, your Fenwicks, your Fowlers, your Pollexfens, your Bagenhalls, and half a score more I could name, to be put into competition

tition with Mrs Shirley, Mrs Selby, Lady D. our Lucy, Nancy, Miss Orme, the two Miss Holles's ? — Let uncle Selby and cousin James determine in the question.

I am half in hopes that the little rogue Emily will draw herself in. Beauchamp is modest, yet not sheepish ; he is prudent, manly, lively ; has address : He will certainly draw her in, before she knows where she is : And how ? Why by praising sincerely, and loving cordially, the man at *present* most dear to her. When he first addressed her at St Alban's, O Mr Beauchamp, said she, with an innocent freedom, not regarding his tremblings, his glow and his falterings, I am glad to see you : I long to have you entertain me with stories of my guardian. But, ah ! Sir, speaking lower, and with a fallen countenance, tears ready to start, Whose is he by this time ? Yet, if you *know* it, don't tell me : It must not, must not be.

The praises given to those we really love, I believe, are more grateful to us than those conferred on ourselves. I will tell you how I account for this, in general cases, my brother out of the question. — We doubt not our *own* merits ; but may be afraid, that the favoured object will not be considered by others as we are willing to consider him : But if he is, we take the praise given him as a compliment to our own judgment. Self-love, self-love, at the bottom of all we say and do : I am convinced it is, notwithstanding all you have urged to the contrary. *Generally*, you know, I said. Do you think I will allow you to judge of the generality of the world by what you find in one of the best hearts in it ?

An instance in point — I remember a Miss Hurste, a sweet pretty creature, and very sensible : She had from her chamber-window been shot through the heart by the blind archer, who took his stand on the feather of a military man, marching at the head of
his

his company through the market-town in which she lived. Yet was her susceptibility her *only* inducement; for the man was neither handsome in his person, nor genteel in his appearance: Nor could she be in love with the *sense* of a man, had he been a Solomon, whose mouth she had then never seen opened, and to whose character she was as much a stranger, as *he* was to *hers*, or her person, till she contrived to have him made acquainted with his good fortune. Constant, however, to her first foolish impression, she, in opposition to all advice, and the expostulations of a tender and indulgent mother, married him. A Solomon he was *not*. And when he at any time, by virtue of his relation to her, was introduced into her family, how would she blush whenever he opened his mouth! And how did her eyes sparkle with gratitude upon any one who took the least respectful notice of him! Compliments to herself were unheeded; but she seemed ready to throw herself at the feet of those who smiled upon, and directed themselves to, her captain. Poor girl! she wanted to give credit to the *motive* by which she had been actuated.

Now, Harriet, I charge you, that you think not that this man's name was Anderson. Somebody met with an escape! Yet now and then I blush for somebody. Yet between this somebody and Miss Hurste's cases there was this difference—A father's apprehended—*Tyranny*—(shall I call it?) impressing the one; a tindery fit the other. In the one a timely recovery; in the other, the first folly deliberately confirmed.

Dear, dear Harriet! let me make you smile!—I protest, if you won't, I will talk of Lord D. and then I know you will frown.

The excellent lady of that name has already been to welcome us to town. She absolutely doats upon you; so, she says, does the young Earl. She prays day and night, she tells me, that my brother may

soon come to England, his Italian bride in his hand. She expects every post to hear from Sir Arthur Brandon; who has carried a letter from her, and another from the Earl of N. recommending that promising young gentleman to my brother's favour, on his visiting Italy. She hopes my brother will not take amiss her freedom, at so short an acquaintance. If Sir Arthur sends her such news as *she* wishes, and *we* dread to hear, away drives she to Northamptonshire—And should she, I don't know who will scruple to wish her success; for her young man rises every day in his character. My dear creature, you must, you shall, be in our row; and Lady D.'s last letter to you is unanswerable. Forgive me for touching upon this subject: But we have no hopes. You have nothing to fear; since you *expect* what the next mails will bring. And *who* of us, after all, have our first love? Aunt Nell would not have descended *sola* into her greys, nor Cicely Badger neither, if they might have obtained the men of their choice—Poor Aunt Nell! she has been telling me (her taken-off spectacles in her fingers) of a disappointment of this kind in her youth, with such woeful earnestness, that it made me ready to cry for her. She lays it at the door of her brother, my poor father; and now will you wonder, that, to this hour, she cannot speak of him with patience?—Poor Aunt Nell!

Well, but how do you, my love? For heaven's sake, be well. Could I make you speak out, could I make you complain, I should have some hope of you: But so sorrowful when alone, as we plainly see, yet aiming to be so chearful in company--O my dear! you must be gluttonous of grief in your solitary hours. But what tho' the man *be* Sir Charles Grandison; Is not the woman Harriet Byron?

Lady L. tells me, that Olivia behaved like a distracted woman, when she took leave of her on her setting out to return to Italy. She sometimes wept, sometimes

sometimes raved, and threatened. Wretched woman! Surely she will not attempt the life of the man she so ungovernedly loves! *Our* case, Harriet, is not so hard as hers: But she will sooner get over her talkative, than you will your silent love. When a person can rave, the passion is not dangerous. If the head be safe, pride and supposed slight will in time harden the heart of such a one; and her love will be swallowed up by resentment.

You complimented me on my *civility* to my good man, all the time we were with you. Indeed I was *very* civil to him. It is now become a habit, and I verily think that it looks well in man and wife to behave prettily to each other before company. I now-and-then, however, sit down with a full design to make him look about him; but he is so obliging, that I am constrained, against my intention, to let the fit go off without making him very serious.

Am I conceited, Harriet? Which of the two silly folks, do you think, has most (not wit—wit is a foolish thing, but) understanding? I *think* the woman has it, all to nothing—Now don't mortify me. If you pretend to *doubt*, I will be *sure*. Upon my word, my dear, I am an excellent creature, *so* thinking, *so* assured, to behave so obligingly as I do to Lord G. Never, unless a woman has as much prudence as your Charlotte, let her wed a man who has less understanding than herself. But women marry not so much now-a-days for love, or fitness of tempers, as for the liberty of gadding abroad with less censure, and less controul—And yet, now I think of it, we need only take a survey of the flocks of single women which croud to Ranelagh and Vauxhall markets, dressed out to be *cheapened* not *purchased*, to be convinced that the maids are as much above either shame or controul as the wives. But were not *fathers* desirous to get the *drugs* off their hands (to express myself in young Danby's faucy stile), these freedoms would not be permitted. As

for *mothers*, many of them are for escorting their daughters to public places, because they themselves like racketing.

But how, Charlotte, methinks you ask, do these reflections on your own sex square with what you said above of the preference of women to men?—How! I'll tell you. The men who frequent those places are still more silly than we. Is it their interest to join in this almost universal dissipation? And would the women croud to market, if there were not men.

We are entered into our new house. It is furnished in taste. Lord G. has wanted but very little of my correction, I do assure you, in the disposition of every-thing: He begins to want employment. Have you, Harriet, any-thing to busy him in?—I am not willing to teach him to knot. Poor man! He has *already* knit one that he cannot untie.

God bless the honest soul! He came to me, just now, so prim, and so pleased—A parrot and parrotet—The parrot is the finest talker! He had great difficulty, he said, in getting them. He had observed, that I was much taken with Lady Finlay's parrot. Lady Finlay had a marmouset too. I wonder the poor man did not bring me a monkey. O! but you'll say, That was needless—You are very smart, Harriet, upon my man. I won't allow anybody but myself to abuse him.

Intolerable levity, Charlotte!—And so it is. But to whom? Only to you. I love the man better every day than the former. When I write of him thus sincerely, it is in the gaiety of my heart: But if, instead of a froile, I have drawn upon myself your contempt, what a mortification, however deserved, will that be to

Your CHARLOTTE G.!

LETTER

LETTER VI.

*Miss BYRON, To Lady G.**Selby-house, July 24.*

YOU write, my dear Lady G. with intent to make me smile. I thank you for your intention: It is not wholly lost. My friends and I are one; and my uncle and *Cousin James* laughed out at several places in your lively letter. Lucy smiled: But shall I tell you what my grandmamma and aunt said?

I will not. Now will your curiosity be excited.

To say the truth, they spoke not; they only shook their heads. I saw, my dear, greatly as they love and admire you, that if they had smiled, it would have been *at*, not *with*, the poor Charlotte (Let me pity you, my dear!) who, in some places of her letter, could support with the infirmities of age, to which we are all advancing, and even wish to arrive at; and in others treat lightly a man, to whom she owes respect, and has vowed duty, and who almost adores her.

You ask, my dear, which of a certain pair has most understanding? And you bid me not mortify you with giving it on the man's side. I will not. Lord G. is far from being wanting in understanding; but Lady G. has undoubtedly more than thousands, even of *sensible* women: But in her treatment of certain subjects, she by no means shews it. There's for you, my dear! I hope you will not be displeased with your Harriet. You ought to take one of us to task. Methinks I would not have you be angry with yourself.

But, my dear, I am not well: This therefore may make me the less capable of relishing your raillery. These men vex me. Greville's obdinate perseverance, and so near a neighbour, that I cannot avoid

seeing him often: Poor Mr Orme's ill health: Those things afflict me.—Lady D. urging me, with such strength of reason (I am afraid I must say), and with an affection so truly maternal, that I know not how to answer her: And just now I have received a letter, unknown to that good lady, from the Earl of D.—laying in a claim, on a certain supposition, that—O my dear! how cruel is all this to your Harriet? My grandmamma by her eyes, I see, wishes me to think of marriage, and with Lord D.—as all thoughts—I need not say of what—are over—My aunt Selby's eyes are ready to second my grandmamma's—My uncle speaks out on the same side of the question: So do you: So does Lucy. Nancy is silent: She sees my disturbance when I am looked at, and talked to, on this subject—So ought Lucy, I think.—My soul, my dear, is fretted: I have begged leave to pass a fortnight or three weeks with my good Mr Deane, who rejoiced at the motion; but my grandmamma heard my request with tears: She could not spare her Harriet, she told me. My aunt also dried *her* eyes—How, my Charlotte, could I think of leaving them?—Yet could they have parted with me, I should surely have been more composed with Mr Deane than at present I can be any-where else. He is more delicate (shall I be excused to say?) than my uncle.

Were but the news come that the solemnity is over—I am greatly mistaken in myself, if I should not be more easy than I am at present—But then I should be more teased, more importuned, than before. You tell me, the Countess of D. would come down: The very thought of that visit hurts me.

I have no doubt but by this time the knot is tied. God Almighty shower on the heads of both the choicest of his blessings! I should be quite out of humour with myself, if I were not able to offer up this prayer as often as I pray for myself.

I beg

I beg of you, my dear, to speed to me the next letters from Italy, be the contents what they will. You know I am armed. Shall the event I wish to be over, either surprise or grieve me?—I hope not.

I will not pity Lady Olivia, because she threatened and raved. True love rages not; threatens not. Yet a disappointment in love is a dreadful thing; and may operate in different minds different ways; as I have read somewhere.

I shall write to all my friends in town, and at Colnebrook: I trouble you not, therefore, with particular compliments to them.

How could you mention the names of Mr and Mrs Reeves, and say no more of them? I thought you loved them both. They are deserving of your love, and love you.

Never, I believe, did any young creature suffer in her mind by suspense as I have done for some months past. In the present situation of things I know not what further to write. What *can* I, my Charlotte?—Conjectural topics are reserved for my closet and pillow.

Adieu, and adieu, my beloved friend, my dear Lady G. Be good, and be happy! What a blessing, that both are in your power! May they ever be so! And may you make a good use of that power, prays

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.

Bologna, July 8-19.

MY heart is unusually sad. How imperfect is that happiness which we cannot enjoy without giving pain to another!

The

The Count of Belvedere has been made acquainted with the hopeful turn in the mind of Clementina ; and that, in all probability, she will be given as a reward to the man to whose friendly cares for her, and her brother, the whole family attribute the happy alteration ; and late last night he gave me notice of his arrival in this city, and of his intention to pay me an early visit this morning.

I have just now had a message from Clementina by Camilla, with a request, that I will suspend my intended visit till the afternoon.

I asked Camilla, If she knew the reason of this ; and of her being so early dispatched with it ? She said, It was her young lady's own order, without consulting any body. The marchioness, she said, told her yesterday in the afternoon, that every-thing was now absolutely determined upon between them and me ; and she would be mistress of her own wishes ; and that I should be allowed to attend her in the morning at breakfast, to know what those were. Her young lady, on this happy communication (so Camilla called it), threw herself at her mother's feet, and in a very graceful manner acknowledged her father's and her indulgence to her : and from that hour her temper took a turn different from what it had been before. For, ever since, said Camilla, she has been silent, solemn, and reserved ; yet busy at her pen, transcribing fair from her pocket-book what she had written in it. To-morrow, Camilla !—To-morrow ! said she, breaking once her solemn silence, her complexion varying, will be a day indeed ! O that it were come ! and yet I dread it. How shall I, face to face, converse with this exalted man ! What shall I do to appear as great as he ? His goodness fires me with emulation !—O that to-morrow were come, and gone !

This was over night. I believe, proceeded Camilla, that the dear lady is drawing up some conditions

ditions of her own for you to sign: But, Sir, I dare say, by the hint she has thrown out, they will be generous ones, and what will have more of fancy than hardship in them.

I had much ado to prevail upon her, continued her faithful woman, to go to rest at midnight: Yet at four in the morning she arose, and went to her pen and ink; and about six commanded me to call Laura to attend her, while I went to you with the message I have brought. I expostulated with her, and begged she would delay it till the Marchioness arose; but she began to be impatient: I have *reason* in my request, Camilla, said she. I must not be contradicted, or expostulated with: My head will not bear opposition at this time. It is a slight thing for such a poor creature as I have been, and am, to be put out of her course? Am I not to have a meeting with the Chevalier Grandison, on the most important act of my life? My mamma tells me, that I am to be now mistress of my own will; don't *you*, Camilla, seek to controul me. I shall not be prepared enough for the subject he will possibly talk to me upon, till the afternoon: And if I know he is in the house with an expectation of seeing me, I shall want the presence of mind I am struggling to obtain.

So, Sir, concluded Camilla, I have performed my duty. The dear lady, I see, will be in too much confusion, if the important subject be not begun with precaution: But who shall instruct you in such delicate points as these? One thing, however, permit me, Sir, to observe: I have often known young ladies go on courageously with a lover, while the end in view has been distant, or there have been difficulties to encounter with; but when these difficulties are overcome, and they have ascended the hill they toiled up, they have turned round, and looked about them, with fear as strong as their hope.

What

What the conditions may be——

But the Count of Belvedere is come.

Ten o'clock.

THE Count accosted me, in return for the kindest reception I could give him, with an air of coldness and displeasure. I was surprised at a behaviour so different from his usual politeness, and the kindness he had ever shewn me. I took notice to him of it. He asked me, if I would tell him faithfully what my present situation was with Lady Clementina?

I will, my lord, if I tell you any thing of it: But the temper of mind you seem to be in may not, perhaps, for your own sake, any more than mine, make it prudent for me to comply with your expectations.

You need not give me any other answer, replied he. You seem to be sure of the lady: But she must not, *shall* not be yours while I am living.

It is not for me, my lord, who have met with many amazing turns and incidents which I have not either invited or provoked, to be surprised at *any* thing: But if your lordship has any expectations, any demands, to make on this subject, it must be from the family of the Marchese della Porretta, and not from me.

Do you think, Sir, that I feel not the sting of this reference? And yet all the family, but one, are in my interest in their hearts; every consideration is on my side; not one, but the plausibility of your generosity, and the speciousness of your person and manners on yours.

A man, my lord, should not be reproached for qualities, upon which, whether he has them or not, he values not himself. But let me ask you, Were my pretensions out of the question, has your lordship any hope of an interest in the affections of Lady Clementina?

While

While she is unmarried, I *may* hope. Had you not come over to us, I make no doubt but I might, in time, have called her mine. You cannot but know that her absence of mind was no obstacle with me.

I am wholly satisfied in my own conduct, replied I: That, my lord, is a great point with me: I am not accountable for it to any man on earth. Yet, if you have any doubts about it, propose them. I have a high opinion of the Count of Belvedere, and wish to have him think well of me.

Tell me, Chevalier, what your present situation is with Lady Clementina? What is concluded upon between the family and you? And whether Clementina herself has declared for you?

She has not yet declared herself *to me*. I repeat, that I have a value for the Count of Belvedere, and will therefore acquaint him with more than he has reason to expect, from the humour which seems to have governed him in this visit.—I am to attend her this afternoon, by appointment: Her family and I understand one another. I have been willing to consider the natural impulses of a spirit so pure, though disturbed, as the finger of Providence. I have hitherto been absolutely passive: In honour I cannot now be so. This afternoon, my lord—

“This afternoon!” trembling; What! this afternoon!—

Will my destiny, as to Lady Clementina, be determined.

I am distracted. If her *friends* are determined in your favour, it is from necessity rather than choice: But if the lady is left to *her own* determination, I am a lost man.

You have given a reason, my lord, for your acquiescence, *should* Lady Clementina determine in my favour—But it cannot be a happy circumstance for

for me, if, as you hint, I am to enter into the family of Porretta as an unwelcome relation to any of them; and still less, if my good fortune shall make a man justly valued by all who know him unhappy.

And are you, this afternoon, Chevalier, to see Clementina for the purpose you intimate? This *very* afternoon?—And are you then to change your passive conduct towards her? And will you court, will you urge her to consent to be yours? Religion, country—Let me tell you, Sir—I must take resolutions. With infinite regret I tell you that I must. You will not refuse to meet me. The consent is not *yet* given: You shall not rob Italy of such a prize. Favour me, Sir, this moment, without the city gates.

Unhappy man! How much I pity you! You know my principles. It is hard, acting as I have done, to be thus invited. Acquaint yourself with my whole conduct in this affair from the bishop, from father Marefcotti, from the general himself, so much *always* your friend, and *once* so little mine. What has influenced them (so much as you seem to think against their inclinations) cannot want its influence upon a mind so noble as that of the Count of Belvedere. But whatever be your resolutions upon the enquiries I wish you to make, I tell you before-hand, that I never will meet you but as my friend.

He turned from me with emotion: He walked about the room as a man irresolute; and at last, with a wildness in his air, approached me—I will go this instant, said he, to the family: I will see father Marefcotti and the bishop; and I will let them know my despair. And if I cannot have hope given me—O Chevalier! once more I say, that Lady Clementina shall not be yours while I live.

||

He

He looked round him, as if he would not have any body hear what he was going to say but me, though no one was near; and whispering, It is better, said he, to die by your hand, than—He stopt; and in disorder hurried from me; and was out of sight when I got down to the door.

The Count, when he came up to me, left his valet below, who told Saunders, that Lady Sforza had made his lord a *visit* at Parma; and, by something she related to him, had stimulated him to make *this* to me. He added, that he was very apprehensive of the humour he came in, and which he had held ever since he saw Lady Sforza.

How, my dear Dr Bartlett, do the *raff* escape as they do, when I, who endeavour to *avoid* embarrassments, and am not ready either to give or take offence, am hardly able to extricate myself from one difficulty, but I find myself involved in another? What cannot a woman do, when she resolves to make mischief among friends? Lady Sforza is a high-spirited and contriving woman. It is not for her interest that Clementina should marry at all: But yet, as the Count of Belvedere is a cool, a dispassionate man, and knows the views of that lady, I cannot but wonder what those arts must be by which she has been able to excite, in so calm a breast, a flame so vehement.

I am now hastening to the palace of Porretta; my heart not a little affected with the apprehensions given me by Camilla's account of her young lady's solemn, yet active turn, on the expected visit. For does it not indicate an imagination too much raised for the occasion (important as that is); and that her disorder is far from subsiding?

LETTER VIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.

Bologna, Sat. Evening.

I SIT down now, my dear and reverend friend, to write to you particulars which will surprise you. Clementina is the noblest woman on earth. What at last—But I find I must have a quieter heart, and fingers too, before I can proceed.

I THINK I am a little less agitated than I was. The above few lines shall go; for they will express to you the emotions of my mind, when I attempted to write an account of what had then so newly passed.

As soon as I entered the palace, Camilla met me, and conducted me to the Marchioness. The Marquis and the bishop were with her. O Chevalier! said she, we have been greatly disturbed by a visit from the Count of Belvedere. Poor man!—He says he waited on you at your lodgings.

He did. I then, at the bishop's request, told them all that had passed between us, except his last words, which implied, that it was better to die by the hand of another man than by his own.

They expressed their concern for him, and their apprehensions for me; but I found that his unexpected visit had not altered their purpose in my favour. They were convinced, they told him, that the restoration of their daughter's tranquillity of mind depended upon giving her intirely her own way; and not one word more of opposition or contradiction should she meet with from them.

I have been hindered, said the Marchioness, by this unhappy man's visit, and his vehemence, which moved me to pity him (for I am afraid that he will

will be in our daughter's unhappy way) from watching in person the humour of my child; which, two hours ago, Camilla told me, was very particular. I was going to her when you came; but I will fend for Camilla.—She did.

As soon as she saw me in the morning, continued the Marchioness, she apologized to me for sending Camilla to you, to suspend your visit till the afternoon. She was not, she said, *prepared* to see you.—I asked her, continued she, what preparation was wanted to see a man esteemed by us all, and who had given such instances of his regard to her?

Madam, answered she, and seemed as if gasping for breath, am I not now to see him in a light in which hitherto I never beheld him? I have a thousand things to say to him, none of which perhaps I shall be able to say, except he draws them from me. He hinted once, very lately, that he could only be rewarded by a *family act*. We *cannot* reward him; that is my grief; I must see him with a heart overwhelmed with obligation. He will appear as a prince to me: I must to myself as his vassal. I have been putting down in writing what I should say to him; but I cannot please myself. O madam! he is great in my eyes, because I am unable to reward him as he deserves. I told her, that her fortune, her quality, the sacrifice she would make of her country (though never, I hoped, of her religion), ought to give her a higher opinion of herself; though all these were far from cancelling the obligation we all were under to him, on our Jeronymo's account as well as on hers.

Well, madam, replied she, heaven only knows how I shall be able to behave to him, now you have left every thing to myself; and now he will talk to me, by permission, on a subject so new, yet so very interesting. O that this day were over!

I asked her, proceeded the Marchioness, if she would yet take further time?—A week, or more?

O no, said she: That must not be. I shall be prepared to see him, I hope, by the afternoon. Pray let him come then. I am very clear now, putting her hand to her forehead: I may not be so a week, nor a day hence.

Camilla then entered the room. Camilla, said the Marchioness, in what way is the dear creature now?

Ever since your ladyship left her, she has been more reserved and thoughtful; yet her spirits are high: Her mind seems full of the Chevalier's next visit; and twice, within this half-hour, she asked if he were come? She reads over and over something she has written; lays it down, takes it up: walks about the room, sometimes with an air of dignity, at others hanging down her head. I don't like her frequent startings. Within this hour she has several times shed tears. She sighs often. She was not to be pleased with her dress. Once she would be in black, then in colours, then her white and silver was taken out: But that, she said, would give her a bridal appearance: She at last chose her plain white sattin. She looks like an angel. But O that her eyes and her motions shewed greater composure!

You have a task before you, Chevalier, said the bishop. What tokens are these of a disordered, yet a raised mind! We may see from these extraordinary agitations, on the expectation of a conversation that is to end in her consent to crown our wishes, how much her heart has been in that event: May it be happy to you both!

I fear nothing, said the Marchioness, as to the happiness of my child, that lies within the power of the Chevalier: I am sure of his tenderness to her.

I think,

I think, said the Marquis, we will allow the Chevalier to carry his bride over to England for the *first* six months, and return with her to us in the *second*: It may give a new turn to the course of her ideas. The same places, the same persons, always in view, may sadden her reflecting heart. And, besides, the mind of the poor Count of Belvedere may be strengthened by this absence.

The bishop applauded this thought. The Marchioness said, *Reason* may approve the motion; but can the *mother* so soon part with her child?—Yet, for her happiness, I must submit.

Let us, said the Marquis, leave this to her choice as the rest. Camilla, let my daughter know that the Chevalier attends her pleasure. You would have it so, Chevalier?

I bowed my assent.

Camilla returned not presently: When she did, I could not come sooner, said she. My young lady is strangely fluttered. I have been reasoning with her.—Madam, turning to the Marchioness, will you be pleased to walk up to her?

Had this been the *first* interview, said the bishop, I should not have wondered at her discomposure.—But this disorder shews itself in a strange variety of shapes.

The Marchioness, attended by Camilla, went up. I was soon sent for. The Marchioness met me at the entrance of the young lady's dressing-room—and retiring, whispered, I believe she had rather be alone with you. Dear creature! I do not know what to make of her. She has, I fancy, something to propose to you. Camilla, come with me. We will be but in the next room, Chevalier.

When I entered the room, the young lady was sitting in a pensive mood at her toilette, her hand supporting her head. A fine glow overspread her cheeks as soon as she saw me: She arose, and, courtesying low, advanced a few steps towards me;

but trembled, and looked now down, now aside, and now consciously glancing towards me.

I approached her, and, with profound respect, took her hand with both mine, and pressed it with my lips. I address not myself now to Lady Clementina as my pupil: I have leave given me to look upon her in a nearer light; and she will have the goodness to pardon the freedom of this address.

Ah, Chevalier! said she, turning her face from me, but not withdrawing her hand—and hesitating, as if not knowing how to speak her mind, sighed, and was silent.

I led her to her chair. She sat down, still trembling. God be praised, said I, bowing my face on both her hands, as I held them in mine, for the amended health of the lady so dear to all who have the happiness of knowing her! May her recovery, and that of our dear Jeronymo, be perfected!

Happy man! said she, happy in the power given you to oblige as you have done!—But how, how shall I—O, Sir! you know not the conflict that has rent my heart in pieces, ever since—I forgot when—O Chevalier! I have not power—She stooped, wept, and remained silent.

It is in your power, madam, to make happy the man to whom you own obligations which are already overpaid.

I took my seat by her, at her silent motion to a chair.

Speak on, Sir: My soul is labouring with great purposes. Tell me, tell me, all you have to say to me. My heart is too big for its prison, putting her hand to it: It wants room, methinks; yet utterance is denied me—Speak, and let me be silent—

Your father, mother, brothers, uncle, are all of one mind. I am permitted to open my heart to
their

their Clementina ; and I promise myself a gracious audience. Father Marescotti befriends me.—The terms, madam, are those I offered when I was last in Italy.

She hung down her head in listening silence—

Every other year I am to be happy with my Clementina in England—

Your Clementina, Sir!—Ah, Chevalier!—She blushed, and turned away her face—*Your* Clementina, Sir, repeated she—and looked pleased, yet a tear stole down on her glowing cheek.

Yes, madam, I am encouraged to hope you will be mine.—You are to have your confessor, madam. Father Marescotti will do me the honour of attending you in that function. His piety, his zeal, my own charity for all those who differ from me in opinion, my honour so solemnly engaged to the family who condescend to intrust me with their dearest pledge, will be your security.

Ah, Sir! interrupted she, and are not you then to be a Catholic?

You *consented*, madam, when I was last in Italy, that I should pursue the dictates of my conscience.

Did I? said she, and sighed!—Well, Sir—

Your father or mother, madam, will acquaint you with every other particular in which you shall want to be satisfied.

Tears stood in her eyes; she seemed in great perplexity. She would twice or thrice have spoken, but speech was denied her: At last she gave me her hand, and directed her steps, trembling, to her closet. She entered it. Leave me, leave me, said she; and putting a paper in my hand, and shutting to the door, instantly, as I saw, fell on her knees; and I, to avoid hearing sobs which pierced my heart, went into the next apartment, where were her mother and Camilla, who had heard part of what had passed between us. The

Marchioness

Marchioness went to her; but presently returning, The dear creature, said she, is quite sensible, thank God, though in grief. She besought me to leave her to her own struggles. If she could but be assured that you, Chevalier, would forgive her, she should be better. She had given you a paper. Let him read it, said she; and let me stay here till he sends for me, if he can bear in his sight, *after* he has read it, a creature unworthy of his goodness.—What, said the Marchioness, can be the meaning of all this?

I was as much surprized as she. I had not opened the paper, and offered to read it in her presence; but she desired to hear it read in her lord's, if it were proper; and precipitately withdrew, leaving me in the young lady's dressing-room, Camilla attending in the next apartment, to wait her commands. I was astonished at the contents. These are they*.

O THOU whom my heart best loveth, forgive me!—Forgive me, said I, for what?—For acting, if I am enabled to act, greatly? The example is from thee, who, in my eyes, art the greatest of human creatures. My duty calls upon me one way: My heart resists my duty, and tempts me not to perform it: Do thou, O God, support me in the arduous struggle! Let it not, as once before, overthrow my reason, my but just-returning reason!—O God! do thou support me, and strengthen my reason. My effort is great! It is worthy of the creature, which thou, Clementina, didst always aspire to be.

My tutor, my brother, my friend! O most beloved and best of men! seek me not in marriage! I am unworthy of thee. Thy SOUL was ever most dear to Clementina: Whenever I meditated the gracefulness of thy person, I restrained my eye, I

checked

* Translated by Dr Bartlett.

checked my fancy: And how? Why, by meditating the superior graces of thy mind. And is not that SOUL, thought I, to be saved? Dear obstinate, and perverse! And shall I bind my soul to a soul allied to perdition? That so dearly loves that soul, as hardly to wish to be separated from it in its future lot.—O thou most amiable of men! How can I be sure, that, were I thine, thou wouldst not draw me after thee by love, by sweetness of manners, by condescending goodness? I, who once thought a heretic the worst of beings, have been already led, by the amiableness of thy piety, by the universality of thy charity to all thy fellow-creatures, to think more favourably of all heretics for thy sake? Of what force would be the admonitions of the most pious confessor, were thy condescending goodness and sweet persuasion to be exerted to melt a heart wholly thine? I know that I should not forbear arguing with thee, in hopes to convince thee: Yet, sensible of thy superior powers, and of my duty, might I not be entangled? My confessor would, in that case, grow uneasy with me. Women love not to be suspected. Opposition arises from suspicion and contradiction; thy love, thy gentleness, thrown in the other scale, should I not be lost?

And what have my father, my mother, my brothers done, that I should shew myself willing to leave them, and a beloved country, for a country but lately hated too, as well as the religion? But now, that that hatred is gone-off, and so soon, gives another instance of my weakness, and thy strength. O most amiable of men!—O thou whom my soul loveth, seek not to entangle me by thy love! Were I to be thine, my duty to thee would mislead me from that I owe to my God, and make me more than temporarily unhappy: Since, wert thou to convince me at the *time*, my doubts would return; and, whenever thou wert absent, I should be doubly miserable.

miserable. For canst thou, can I be indifferent in these high matters? Hast thou not shewn me that *thou* canst not? And shall I not be benefited by thy example? Shall a wrong religion have a force, an efficacy upon *thee*, which a right one cannot have upon *me*?—O thou most amiable of men! seek not to entangle me by thy love!

But dost thou *indeed* love me? Or is it owing to thy generosity, thy compassion, thy nobleness, for a creature, who, aiming to be great like thee, could not sustain the effort? I call upon thee, blessed virgin, to witness how I *formerly* struggled with myself! How much I endeavoured to subdue that affection which I ever must bear to him!—*Permit* me, most generous of men, to subdue it! It is in thy power to hold me fast, or to set me free. I know thou lovest Clementina: It is her pride to think that thou dost. But she is not worthy of thee. Yet let thy heart own, that thou lovest her soul, her immortal soul, and her future peace. In *that* wilt thou show thy love, as she has endeavoured to shew hers. *Thou* art all magnanimity: *Thou* canst sustain the effort which *she* was unequal to. Make some other woman happy!—But I cannot bear that it shall be an Italian. If it *must* be an Italian, not Florence, but Bologna, shall give an Italian to thee!

But can I shew thee this paper, which has cost me so many tears, so much study, so much blotting-out, and revising, and transcribing, and which yet I drew up with an *intent* to shew thee? I verily think I cannot: Nor *will* I, till I can see, by conversing with thee face to face, what I shall be enabled to do, in answer to prayers to heaven, that it would enable me!—O how faint, at times, have been those prayers!

You, my father, my mother, my brothers, and you, my spiritual father, pious and good man! have helped to subdue me, by your generous goodness.

You

You have all yielded up your own judgments to mine. You have told me, that if the choice of my heart can make me happy, happy I shall be. But do I not know that you have complied with me, for *my* sake only?—Shall I not, if it please God to restore my memory, be continually recollecting the arguments which you, Father Marefcott, in particular, formerly urged against an alliance with this noblest of men, because he was of a religion so contrary to my own, and so pertinacious in it? And will those *recollections* make me happy? O permit, permit me, my dearest friends, still to be God's child, the spouse of my Redeemer only! Let me, let me yet take the veil!—And let me, in a place consecrated to his glory, pass the remainder of my life (It may not be a long one) in prayers for you all, and in prayers for the conversion and happiness of the man, whose soul my soul loveth, and ever must love. What is the portion of this world, which my grandfathers have bequeathed to me, weighed against this motive, and my soul's everlasting welfare? Let me take a great revenge of my cruel cousin Laurana. Let hers be the estate so truly despised, and so voluntarily forfeited, by the happier Clementina!—Are we not all of us rich and noble? Shall I not have a great revenge, if I can be enabled to take it in this way?

O thou whom my soul loveth, let me try the greatness of thy love, and the greatness of thy soul, by thy endeavours to strengthen, and not impair, a resolution, which, after all, it will be in thy power to make me break or keep: For God only knoweth what this struggle from the first hath cost me; and what it will still further cost me! But, my brain wounded, my health impaired, can I expect a long life? And shall I not endeavour to make the *close* of it happy? Let me be great, my Chevalier! how fondly can I nevertheless call thee *my* Chevalier!

Thou

Thou canst make the unhappy Clementina what thou plearest.

But, O my friends, what can we do for this great and good man, in return for the obligations he hath heaped upon us all? In return for his goodness to two of your children? These obligations lie heavy upon my heart. Yet who knows not *his* magnanimity? Who, that knows him, knows not that he can enjoy the reward in the action? Divine, *almost* divine Philanthropist, can'st thou forgive me?—But I know thou can'st. Thou hast the same notions that I have of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come! And can I have the presumption to imagine, that the giving thee in marriage so wounded a frame, would be making thee happy? Once more, if I have the courage, the resolution, to shew thee this paper, do thou enable me, by thy great example, to complete the conquest of myself; and do not put me upon taking advantage of my honoured friends generosity: But do God and thou enable me to say, Not my will, but his and theirs, be done!—Yet, after all, it must be, let me own, in thy choice (for I cannot bear to be thought ungrateful to such exalted merit) to add what name thou plearest, to that of

CLEMENTINA ———

Never was man more astonished, perplexed, confounded. For a few moments I forgot that the angel was in her closet, expecting the issue of my contemplations; and walking out of her dressing-room, I threw myself on a sofa in the next room, not heeding Camilla, who sat in the window; my mind tortured; how greatly tortured! Yet filled with admiration of the angelic qualities of Clementina, I tried to look again into the paper; but the contents were all in my mind, and filled it.

She rang. Camilla hastened to her. I started as she passed me. I arose; yet trembled; and for a

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moment

(moment sat down to re-assure my feet. But Camilla coming to me, roused me out of the stupidity that had seized me. Never was I so little present to myself, as on this occasion—A woman so superior to all her own sex, and to all that I had read of, of ours.—O Sir, said Camilla, my lady dreads your anger. She dreads to see you: Yet hopes it—Hasten, hasten, and save her from fainting—O how she loves you! How she fears your displeasure!—

Hers indeed is *true love*!—She said this as she conducted me in, as I now recollect: for then all my faculties were too much engaged to attend to her. I hastened in. The admirable lady met me half-way, and throwing herself at my feet—Forgive me, forgive the creature, who must be miserable, if you are offended with her.

I would have raised her; but she would not be raised, she said, till I had forgiven her. I knelt to her; as she knelt; and clasping her in my arms, Forgive you, madam! Inimitable woman! More than woman!—Can you forgive me for having presumed, and for still presuming, to hope to call such an angel mine?

She was ready to faint; and cast her arms about me to support herself. Camilla held to her, her salts;—I myself, for the first time, was sensible of benefit from them, as my cheek was joined to hers, and bathed with her tears.

Am I, am I forgiven?—Say that I am!—Forgiven! madam! You have done nothing that requires forgiveness. I adore your greatness of mind!—What you wish, bid me be, and that I will be. Rise, most excellent of human creatures! I raised her; and leading her to a chair, involuntarily knelt on one knee to her; holding both her hands in mine as she sat, and looking up to her with eyes that spoke not my heart, if they were not full of love and reverence.

Camilla had run down to the marchioness—O madam! it seems, she said—*Such a scene! Hasten, hasten up. They will faint in each other's arms. Virtuous love! how great is thy glory!*

The Marchioness hastened after Camilla, and found me in this kneeling posture, her daughter's hands both in mine—Dear Chevalier, said she, restrain your *grateful rapture!* For the sake of the sweet child's head, grateful as I see by her eyes it must be to her—restrain it.

O madam, quitting Clementina's hands, and rising, and taking one of hers—Glory in your daughter: You always loved and admired her; but you will now *glory* in her. She is an angel!—Give me leave, madam (to Clementina), to present this paper to the Marchioness.

I gave it to her—Read it, madam—Let your lord, let the bishop, let Father Marescotti read it—But read it with compassion for me: and then direct me what to say, what to do! I resign myself wholly to your direction, and theirs; and to yours, my dear Lady Clementina.

You say you forgive me, Chevalier:—Now shall I forgive myself. God's goodness and yours will, I hope, perfectly restore me. This is my direction, Chevalier—Love my *Mind*, as *yours* ever was the principal object of my love!

What, my dear, can be in this paper? said the Marchioness, holding it in her hand, trembling, and afraid to open it.

Pardon me, madam, answered Clementina—I could not shew it to you first. I could not reveal my purpose to Camilla neither. How could I, when I knew not whether I could or could not maintain it, or even mention it?—But now, best of men, and, rising, laid her hand on my arm, leave me for a few moments. My heart is disturbed. Be so good as to excuse me, madam.

She again retired to her closet. We heard her

sob :

job: And Camilla hastening to her—O these hysterical disorders! said she—They tear her tender constitution in pieces.

The Marchioness left her to Camilla; and offered me her hand.

Surprising! said she, as we went. Where will all this end? What can be in this paper?

I was unable to answer. And coming to the passage that led to her drawing-room, where she had left the gentlemen, I bowed on her hand; and, the same passage leading to the back-stairs, took that way into the garden, in order to try to recover and compose my spirits.

Who, my dear friend, could have expected such a turn as this?

I had not walked long, before Mr Lowther came to me—Signor Jeronymo, Sir, said he, is greatly disturbed on reading a paper that has been put into his hands. He begs to see you instantly.

Mr Lowther left me at Jeronymo's chamber-door.

He was on his couch. O my Grandison, said he, as I approached him with a thoughtful air, how much am I concerned for you! I cannot bear that such a spirit as yours should be subjected to the petulance of a brain-sick girl!

Hush, my Jeronymo! Let not the friend forget the brother. Clementina is the noblest of women. It is true, I was not prepared for this blow: but I reverence her for her greatness of mind—You have read her paper?

I have, and am astonished at its contents.

The Marquis, the Count, the bishop, and Eather Marescotti, entered. The bishop embraced me. He disclaimed, in the name of every one, the knowledge of her intentions: He expected, he said, that she would have received my address with raptures of joy. But she *must*, she *will*, be yours, Chevalier; we are all engaged in honour to you. This is only

a start of female delicacy, operating on a raised imagination. She leaves it to you, after all, to call her by what name you please.

May it be so! But ah, my lords? you see not the force of her arguments. With a lady so zealous in her religion, and so justly fond of her relations and country, they *must* have weight.—Instruct me, tell me, however, my lords: Be pleased, madam [The Marchioness joined us just before] to advise me what to do?—I am yours.—I will withdraw. Consult together; and let me know what I am to be.

I withdrew, and walked again into the garden.

Camilla came to me. O Chevalier! What strange things are these? My lady has taken a resolution she never will be able to support. She commanded me to find you out, and to watch your looks, your behaviour, your temper. She cannot live, she says, if you are displeased with her.—I see that your mind is greatly disturbed. Must I report it so?

Tell her, Camilla, that I am all resignation to her will. Disturbed as she has been, tell her, that her peace of mind is dear to me as my own life. That I can have no anger, no resentment; and that I admire her more than I can express.

Camilla left me. Father Marsedotti came to me presently after, with a request, that I would attend the family in Jeronimo's chamber.

We went up together. All that the good father said, as we walked in, was, that God knew what was best for us. For *his* part, he could only wonder and adore in silence.

When we were all seated, the bishop said, my dear Chevalier, you have intitled yourself to our utmost gratitude. It is confirmed that Clementina shall be yours. Jeronimo will have it so. We are all of his mind. His mother will enter into conversation with her in your favour.

I am equally obliged and honoured by this goodness. But should she persist, what can I say, when she calls upon me in the most solemn manner to support her in her resolution, and not to put her upon taking advantage of the generosity of her friends?

She will be easily persuaded, no doubt, Chevalier, answered the bishop. She loves you. Does she not say in this very paper, "that it is in your power to make her break or keep her resolution?" and to add what name you please to her Christian name?"

Nor can I, said the Marquis, bear that flight in Laurana's favour. If her mind were sound, her duty would not permit her to think of it.

It is our unanimous opinion, resumed the bishop, that she will not be able to support her resolution. You see she is obliged to court your assistance, to enable her to keep it. Father Marefcootti, it is true, has laid a stress upon some passages, in which she shews a doubt of her own strength, and dreads yours in a certain article nearest our hearts: But she must be cautioned to leave all arguments of that kind to her confessor and you; and to content herself to be an auditor, not an arguer; and we doubt not your honour. The marriage articles will bind you, as they shall us.—And now allow me to be before-hand with your Jeronymo, and ours, in saluting you our brother.

He took my hand; and, embracing me as such, You deal nobly with me, my lord, said I. I resign myself to your direction.

Jeronymo affectionately held out his arms, and joyfully saluted me as his brother. The Marquis, the Count, each took my hand: And, the Marchioness offering hers, I pressed it with my lips; and, withdrawing, hastened to my lodgings; with a heart, O, Dr Bartlett, how penetrated by a suspense so strange and unexpected!

But when they attributed to flight and soundness of mind, that glorious passage, in which she proposes to take a revenge so noble on the cruel Laura, they seem unable to comprehend, as I can easily do, the greatness of mind of this admirable woman.

~~She will be easily persuaded, no doubt, to live, and to be the mistress of the Duke of Bracciano. The Duke is a very good man, and the Duke's wife is a very good woman. The Duke is a very good man, and the Duke's wife is a very good woman.~~

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Bologna, Monday July 30-21.

I HAD no call for rest last night, but only reposed myself in a chair for about an hour. I sent early in the morning a note to enquire, with the tenderest solicitude, after all their healths, and particularly Clementina's and Jeronymo's. A written answer was returned by Jeronymo, that his sister had rested so very ill, that it was thought advisable to keep her quiet all day; unless she should be particularly earnest to see me; and in that case, they would send me word.

I was myself very much indisposed, yet could scarce deny myself, though uninvited, to attend them at dinner. My own disorder, however, determined me not to go, unless sent for. It would, I thought, be too visible to them all; and might raise a suspicion that I wanted to move compassion: A meanness of which I am not capable. Yet, indisposed as I was still more in the afternoon, I hoped to have an invitation for half an hour. But, not being sent to, I repeated my inquiries in another billet. No invitation followed. On the contrary, Jeronymo wrote one line, wishing to see me in the morning. I had as little rest last night as the night before. My patience carried me to the palace of Porretta sooner than usual this morning. Signor

Signer Jeronymo rejoiced to see me. He hoped I did not take it amiss that they invited me not the day before. To say the truth, said he, the day's rest was judged intirely necessary for you both: For my sister particularly: And she was so uneasy and displeased at your going away on Saturday, without taking leave of her, that she was the more easily persuaded not to see you yesterday. But already this morning, I understand, she asks after you with impatience. You are angry at her she supposes, and will never see her more. You had but just left us on Saturday night, when Camilla came down, with her request to see you. For my part, proceeded he, my thoughts are so much carried out of myself, by the extraordinary turn she has taken, that at times I forget I am any thing.

He then asked, if I could forgive his sister; and reflected on the sex on her account, as never knowing their own minds, but when they meet with obstacles to their wills. But she must, she will, be yours, my Grandison, said he; and if it please God to restore her, she will make you rich amends.

The bishop and father Marescotti came in, to make their morning compliments to Jeronymo. The Marquis and Count entered soon after to salute me.

The Marchioness followed them. Clementina was so uneasy on Saturday night, said she to me, on finding you gone without taking leave of her, and so much discomposed all day yesterday, that I chose not to say any thing to her on the great article. I am glad you are come.

Somebody just then tapping at the door, come in, Camilla, said the Marchioness.

It is not Camilla; it is I, said Lady Clementina, entering. I am told the Chevalier—O there

he is—Favour me, Sir, with a few words—walk-
ing to a window at the other end of the room.

I followed her: Tears were in her eyes. She
looked earnestly at me: When turning her face
from me—Why, madam, said I, taking her hand,
why this emotion? I have not, I hope offended
you.

O Chevalier, I cannot bear to be slighted, and
least of all by you; though, I must own, that I
deserve it most from you. A slight from you is a
charge of ingratitude upon me, that my heart
cannot bear.

Slight you, madam!—I revere you, as the most
excellent of women. You have, indeed, filled my
heart with anguish: But I admire you more for
the cause of that anguish than it is possible for me
to express.

Don't, don't say so. You will ruin me by your
generosity. I think you *must* be angry with me:
I think you *must* treat me ill, or how shall I keep
my purpose?

Your purpose, dearest madam!—Your purpose!
My purpose! Yes, Sir. Will it afflict you, if I
do?

Is it possible, madam, but it must? What would
you think—

Hush, hush, my good Chevalier. I am afraid
it will: But don't tell me it will. I cannot bear
to afflict you.

When I had the honour of every one's consent,
madam—

That was in compassion to me, Sir.

My dearest love, said the Marquis, coming to
us, that was at first our motive: But now an al-
liance with the Chevalier Grandison, in justice to
his merits, is become our choice.

I bowed to the generous nobleman. She knelt-
ed. Best and most indulgent of fathers! taking
his hand, and kissing it, let me thank you for bear-
ing

ing with me as you have done. What trouble have I given you!—All the business of my future life shall be to shew my gratitude, and my obedience to your will.

The Marchioness then tenderly raising her, took her to the farther end of the room. They talked low; but we heard all they said. You were so very indifferent all day yesterday, and last night, said the Marchioness, that I would not disturb you, love, for fear of breaking your rest; else I would have told you, how desirous now we all are of an alliance with the Chevalier Grandison. No other way can he be rewarded for his goodness to us all.

Permit me, madam, answered Clementina, to give you the motives of my present conduct; of my *self-denial*; such is my value for the Chevalier, I will call it so: If I thought I could make the generous man happy; if I thought I should not rather punish than reward him; if I thought I should be happy in myself, and my soul would not be endangered; if I thought I could make you and my papa happy, by giving my hand to him; God knows that my heart would not make the least scruple. But, madam, the Almighty has laid his hand upon me. My head is not yet as it should be; and, before I took my resolution, I considered every thing, as much as my poor shattered reason would permit me to consider it. This was the way I took—I prayed that God would direct me. I put myself in the situation of another person, who, circumstanced as I was, I supposed, came to me for advice. I saw plainly, that I could not deserve the Chevalier, because I could not think as he thought in the most important of all articles; and there was no likelihood of his thinking as I thought. I prayed for fortitude. I doubted myself. I altered and altered what I had written: But still all my alterations ran one way. It was against my own
wishes

wishes. So this I took for an answer to my prayers. I transcribed it fair; but still I doubted myself. I would not consult you, madam: You had declared for the Chevalier. That would not have been to do justice to the question before me, and to the divine impulse by which I was determined to be governed, if my prayers for it should be answered. I let not Camilla know my struggles. I besought the assistance of the Blessed Virgin to favour an unhappy maid, whose heart was in her duty, but whose head was disturbed. It was suggested to me what to do: Yet I would not send to the Chevalier what I had written. I still doubted my heart; and thought I never should be able to give him the paper. At last I resolved. But when he came, my heart recoiled. He could not but see the distress I was in. I am sure I met with his pity. Could I but give him the paper, thought I, my difficulty would be over; for then I am sure, almost sure, that, seeing my scruples, and the rectitude of my purpose, he will himself generously support me in my resolution. At last I gave the paper to him. And now let me say, that I verily think I shall be easier in my mind, if I can be allowed to adhere to the contents, yet not be thought ungrateful. Dear blessed Grandison, turning to me, read once more that paper: And then if you will not, if you cannot, set me free; I will obey my friends, and make you as happy as I can.

She turned from every one, and clasping her hands, Great God, I thank thee, said she, for this serene moment!

Serene as the noble enthusiast thought her mind, I saw it was too high set. From the turn of her eyes I feared a relapse. It was owing to her greatness of mind, her reason and her love combating with each other, that she *ever* was disordered. I approached her.—Admirable lady, said I, be you free! Whatever be my destiny, be you, for me, what

you

you wish to be. If *you* are well and happy, I will, if possible, make *myself* so.

Dear Grandison, said the bishop, coming up to me, and taking my hand, how do I admire you! But *can* you be thus great?

Shall I not emulate, my lord, such an example set by a woman?—I came over without any interested views. I considered myself, indeed, as *bound* by the conditions to which I had formerly yielded, but lady Clementina and our family as *free*. When I was encouraged to hope, I *did* hope. I will now, though with deep regret, go back to my former situation. If Lady Clementina persists in her present resolution, I will endeavour to acquiesce with it. If she should change her mind, I will hold myself in readiness to receive her hand, as the greatest blessing that can be conferred upon me. Only let me add, that, in the first case, the difficulty upon me will be greatly increased by the exalted contents of the paper she put into my hands on Saturday.

The Marchioness taking her daughter's hand and mine—O why, said she, should minds thus paired be sundered?—And will you, Chevalier, wait with patience the result of my sweet child's—*caprice*—shall I call it?

Detain not my hand, my dear mamma, withdrawing it a little wildly—Let me go up, and pray, that my fortitude of mind, after the pain it has cost me to obtain it, may not forsake me. Adieu! Adieu, Chevalier! I will pray for you as well as for myself. Never, never, in my devotions, will we be separated.

Away flew the angel.

She met Camilla in the passage—Dear Camilla! I have had an escape, as far as I know. My hand and the Chevalier's hand, each in one of my mamma's!—My resolution was in danger. My mamma might have joined them, you know; and then I must have been his.

Jeronymo

Jeronymo in silence, but tears in his eyes, attended to the scene between his sister and me. He embraced me—Dearest of men, let me repeat my mother's question: Can you with patience wait the result of this dear girl's caprice?

I can; I will.

But I will talk to her myself, said he.

So, said the marquis, will we all.

It will be right to do so, added the Count, lest she should repent when it is too late.

But I believe, said Father Marefcoffi, the Chevalier himself would not wish that Lady Clementina should be ^{too} vehemently urged. She pleads her soul: A strong plea: A plea that should not be over-ruled. I myself doubt very much, whether she will be able to adhere to her resolution: If she be she will merit beatification. But let her not be over-persuaded. Once more I should be glad to read the paper, the contents of which have so much surprised us all.

I had it in my pocket; and he asked permission to read it aloud. Jeronymo opposed his motion: But the bishop approving it, he read it. He laid great emphasis upon *particular* words, and repeated several of the passages in it: You will easily guess *which*, my dear friend; and all were as much affected, they owned, as when they heard it first read: Yet they joined in one doubt, notwithstanding what she had so lately said of the deliberation she had given her purpose, that she would not be able to adhere to her resolution; and made me many compliments on the occasion.

But, my dear friend, if she can continue to interest her glory in the adherence, and they are not very urgent with her in my favour, I am inclined to believe, that she has greatness of mind sufficient to enable her to carry her resolution into effect. Where piety, my dear friend, engages the heart to give its first fervors to its superior duties, is it not

only not

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probable

probable that all temporal impulses should receive abatement, and become but *secondary* ones? And now will not Father Marefcotti once more try to revive his influences over her mind?—Is it not his *duty* to do so, zealous Catholic as he is? Can the bishop refuse, good man as he is, and as steady in his principles, to second the father?

But what trials are these, my dear Dr Bartlett, to an expecting heart!—Will they not serve to convince us of the vanity of all human reliance for happiness? I am in a very serious humour. But what can I say to *you* on such subjects, that you knew not much better before than I? “Let us, I remember “you once said, when we are called upon to act “a great or manly part, preach by action. Words “then will be needless.” God only knows whether the ardent heart would be punished or rewarded by the completion of its wishes: But this I know, that were Clementina to give me both her hand and her heart, and could not, by reason of her religious doubts, be happy with me, I should myself be extremely miserable, especially if I had been earnest to prevail upon her to favour me against her judgment.

LETTER X.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In continuation.*

I WAS obliged to lay down my pen. My mind was too much disturbed to write on.

We had a great deal of discourse, before we quitted Jeronymo's chamber, on this extraordinary subject. They all, as I told you, expressed their doubts, whether the lady would be able to persist in her new resolution. The Marquis and Marchioness gave their opinion, that she should be left en-

tirely to the workings of her own will: And the Count proposed, by way of enforcing their opinions, that neither the Bishop and Father Marescotti on one hand (though religion was in the question), nor Jeronymo and myself on the other, should endeavour to prevail upon her either to *alter*, or *persevere* in, her way of thinking. Jeronymo said, he desired only one conversation with his sister alone, before he complied with his proposal.

They put it to me. I said, That several passages in her paper were of too solemn a nature for me to refuse my consent to their proposal: But, however, if I should observe, in future conversations between her and me, that she was inclined to alter her mind, and *seemed* to wish to be encouraged to declare the alteration, they must allow me, for the sake of my own honour, as a *man*, and of her delicacy, as a *woman*, to shew the ardour of my attachment to her, by my *preventing* declaration, and even intreaty.

The Marchioness bowed to me with a grateful smile of approbation.

Father Marescotti hesitated, as if he had something of an objection to make; but he was silenced by the Marquis's saying, On *your* honour, on *your* delicacy, I am sure, Chevalier, we may rely.

I am absolutely of opinion that we may, said the Count. The Chevalier can put himself in every one's situation, and can forget his own interest, when a right and just measure is to be taken.

This is true, said Jeronymo—But let it be *our* part to shew the Chevalier, that he is not the *only* man in the world who can do so.

You must remember, my dear Jeronymo, said the Bishop, that religion is a consideration superior to all others. Shall our sister, who follows the example set her by the Chevalier, be discouraged in an effort so noble? But I am willing to subscribe to the proposal, as an equal one.

Father.

Father Marescotti, said I, you must return me the paper. I must often have recourse to it, to strengthen my own mind, in order to enable myself to answer your expectations.

The father desired leave to take a copy of it in short hand, and retired for that purpose.

I have no doubt but he will make great use of it with the family, and perhaps with the lady, should there be occasion hereafter. For my own part, if the noble enthusiast, when the heat of her imagination is gone off, shall persist in believing that she has a divine impulse in favour of her resolution, and *that* given in answer to her prayers, I will endeavour to shew her, that her call upon me to support her in it, though against myself, shall be answered, whatever it cost me.

They prevailed on me to stay dinner. She excused herself from being present; but desired to see me when it was over.

Camilla *then* led me to her. I found her in tears. She was afraid, she said, that I would not forgive her: Yet I *would*, she was sure, if I knew the conflicts with which her soul laboured.

I soothed her disturbed mind. I told her, that I desired her direction; and was resolved to pursue it. Her paper should be one of my constant lessons; and *her* conscience the rule of my conduct, with regard to my expectations of her favour.

O Sir, said she! how good you are! It is from your generosity, next to the divine assistance, that I expect support in my resolution. I but imperfectly remember what I would have done, and what I consented to, when you were last among us—But when I *best* knew myself, I was more inclined to support my parents and brothers in their expectations, with regard to the two great articles of religion and residence, than to comply with yours. My fortune, my rank, merited your consideration; and my pride was sometimes piqued. “But it was the regard I

“ had to the welfare of your immortal soul, That
“ weighed *most* with me. O Sir! could you have
“ been a Catholic!—

She then wrung her clasped hands, and tears
trickled down her cheeks. God Almighty convert
you, Chevalier!—But you must leave me. I am
beginning to be again happy!—Leave me, Sir.
But let me see you to-morrow. I will pray for a
composure of mind in the mean time. Do you
pray for me too. “ And pray for yourself, Cheva-
lier! The welfare of your soul, your immortal soul,
“ was *ever* my principal concern.”

She began to ramble. Her looks were a little
wild. I took leave of her; and going hastily from
her, in order to hide my own emotion, I surprised Fa-
ther Marefcotti, who, as it was at first sight evident
to me, from the confusion I found him in, and the
attempts he hesitatingly made to excuse himself, had
been listening to what passed between the lady and
me. Pity! that a well-intended zeal should make
a good man do mean things!

No apologies, my dear father, said I. If you
doubted my honour, I can think myself, in some
measure, obliged to your *condescension*, for taking this
method to prove me. Allow me, my dear, Sir, to
say (It is to Father Marefcotti) that the man who,
in the great actions of his life, thinks himself un-
der the All-seeing eye, will not be afraid of a fellow-
creature's ear.

I beg a thousand pardons, said he, hesitating, and
in confusion. But I will confess the truth; I be-
lieved it was next to impossible, that a young man,
whose love to one of the most excellent women is
not to be questioned, should be able to keep the
conditions prescribed to him, and forbear to make
use of the power she acknowledges he has over her
affections——But forgive me, Chevalier.

Forgive *yourself*, my dear father; I do most hear-
tily forgive you.

I led

I led him down to Jeronymo's chamber, begging of him not to say a syllable more of this matter, and not let me suffer in his esteem by this accident: I have more than once, Dr Bartlett, experienced the irreconcilable enmity of a man whom I have forgiven for a meanness; and who was less able to forgive me my forgiveness, than I was him his fault. But Father Marefcotti cannot be such a man. He is capable of generous shame. He could hardly hold up his head all the time I staid.

I related to the family, in the presence of the father, the substance of what passed between the lady and me. They seemed surprised at her steadfastness. The Bishop told me, that he had dispatched a messenger post to the general, with a letter, in which he had written a faithful account of their present situation. He would shew me a copy of it, if I pleased. I was sure, I said, I could depend upon his generosity and honour; and should be glad to know the sentiments of the general and his lady upon it, when they returned an answer.

I promised to attend them in the morning: And going to my lodgings, found there, waiting for me, the Count of Belvedere. Saunders and his gentleman were both together below stairs, waiting for, yet dreading, as they said, my return. Saunders had told the Count it was uncertain: but he declared that he would wait for me, were it ever so late. They both besought me to take care of my own safety. His gentleman told me, that his master had been very much disturbed in his mind ever since he was with me last; declaring often, that his life was a burden to him. He believed, he said, he had a brace of pistols with him; and then again expressed his care for my safety, as well as his lord's. Fear not, said I: The Count is a man of honour: I would not for the world hurt him: and I dare say he will not hurt me. I know of both. I hastened

I hastened up. Why, my lord, said I (taking his unwilling hands, each in mine, for a double reason), did you not let me know you intended me this honour? Or why did not your lordship send for me as soon as you came?

Send for you! with a melancholy air; What from your Clementina? No!—But tell me what is concluded upon? My soul is impatient to know. Answer me like a man: Answer me like a man of honour.

Nothing, my lord, is concluded upon: Nothing can be concluded upon till Lady Clementina's mind be fully known.

If *that* be all the obstacle——

Not a slight one. I assure you, that Clementina knows her own worth. She will put a just value upon herself. In her unhappy delirium she always preserved a high sense of that delicacy which distinguishes the woman of true honour. It shines forth now in all her words and actions with redoubled lustre. She will make the more difficulties, as her friends make less. Nothing *can* be done *soon*: And if it will make your lordship easier (for I see you are disturbed), I will acquaint you when any thing is likely to be carried into effect.

And *is* nothing yet concluded on? And *will* you give me such notice?

I will, my lord.

Upon your honour?

Upon my honour.

Well then, I have some days longer to crawl upon this earth.

What means my lord?

This I mean, withdrawing his hands from mine, and taking out of his pockets two pistols: I came resolved that you should take one of these; at your choice, had the affair been concluded upon, as I dreaded it would. I am no assassin, Sir, nor ever employed one: Nor would I have deprived Cle-
mentina

mentina of her elected husband. All I intended was, that the hand to which she is to give hers, should have first taken my life. I will not, I cannot live, to see her the wife of any man on earth, though she has refused to be mine—You should have *sounded* I would not.

What a rashness!—But I see your mind is disturbed. The Count of Belvedere could not otherwise talk in this manner.

It is not *impossible*, surely, my dear Dr Bartlett (however *improbable*, as I begin to apprehend), that Clementina may change her mind. I could not, therefore, acquaint the Count with our present situation; because the hope he would have conceived from it would, in case of a change, have added strength to his despair. I contented myself, therefore, to reason with him on his rash intention: and having renewed my assurances, as above, he took leave of me so much recovered, as to thank me for the advice I had given him: and to promise, that he would make it the foundation of his prayers to Heaven for a calmer mind than he had known for some days past.

Saunders and his valet seemed overjoyed at seeing us come down together in an amicable manner; and in the high civility each paid the other.

I should have mentioned that the Count, of his own accord, in passing through my antechamber to the stairs, laid in one of the windows the two pistols. My dear Grandison, said he, let these remain in your keeping. They are pieces of curious workmanship. Whither might one of them, by this time, have sent me!—And in what difficulties might you the survivor, a foreigner, have been involved; which then I considered not; for all my malice was levelled against my unhappy self! I will not trust myself with them—

Here I conclude for this night. I will not dispatch these last-written letters, till I see what to-morrow

tomorrow will produce. My dear friend! How grievous is suspense!—Perhaps I should have thought myself more obliged to bear it, had I been thus entangled, fettered, suspended, by my own fault.

LETTER XI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

I WENT, according to promise, in the morning, to the palace of Porretta. I found all the family, the Marchioness and Lady Clementina excepted, in Jeronymo's chamber. My entrance, I suppose, was solemn; for Jeronymo, as I approached him, snatching my hand, said, this girl, this uncommon girl! How can I forgive her for vexing the heart of my Grandison?

Father Marescotti looked so conscious, that I pitied him. I took his hand, and, with an air of kindness, asked him—Are there any hopes, my good father, that I shall have the honour of calling you one of my dearest household friends in England?

I gave him no time to answer, lest he should not be assured enough: And addressing myself to the Bishop, My Lord, I ask you the like question: Is there a likelihood that I shall have an interest in Father Marescotti's more intimate friendship? We already, I answer for myself, and from my vanity, love each other.

Dear Grandison! said the Marquis; and, taking my hand, he called me by the kindest name—saying that it was not *son*! Jeronymo dried his eyes. The Count saluted me in a tender accent. The Bishop was silent.

I see,

I see, thought I, that the admirable Clementina perseveres!—Religion, that can do so much for *her*, will not, I hope, leave me unbenefited by its all-chearing influence. If I cannot be so happy as I wish, I am in the hands of Providence, and will not give myself up to unmanly despair.—Yet the greatness of this woman's mind! thought I. Why did they not fall upon indulgent methods with her before? Then, probably, had there not been a supposed reason for an invitation to me to quit my native country, to which I had been so long a stranger, and to come over to Italy!—Then had she, in all likelihood, recovered her reason, and I had not known how great she could be; and her filial duty would have disengaged me equally from all obligation of honour, and expectations of favour!

The Marchioness came in soon after. Her address to me confirmed me in my apprehensions—Dear Grandison, said she, condescendingly laying her hand on mine, how do you? See our dear Jeronimo—How much better he is—What return can we make to you for your goodness to him? I went up to the dear girl last night, after you were gone. She was then indeed a little hysterical: But the disorder went off in prayers for you and for herself. I am just come from her. She has had a quiet night. She is calm, and I may say serene. All her cares are in what manner to shew her gratitude to you.

It is impossible, madam, but I must have joy in your joy. Lady Clementina, I apprehend, perseveres in her resolution!—

I have talked to her, Chevalier, in your favour. If you love her, she says, as we all think you do, she will yet be yours.

Dear madam (overjoyed), tell me—

Let me interrupt you, Chevalier: I must not

mislead you, nor keep you in suspense—She will, she says, beg your acceptance of her vows—if—

If what, madam—

Hear me with patience, Chevalier—If you will comply with the conditions on which we would have permitted her to be yours, when you were last in Italy—This is her *own* proposal—Made at her *own* motion—She is afraid it will be to no purpose (she says *afraid*, Sir): But, as you have not denied her to herself, she begs I will put the question to you in her name, for the sake (if you should refuse her) of her own future tranquillity of mind. The Chevalier Grandison is generous; he is just; he is polite: He cannot but receive this motion of my child by her mother, as the greatest condescension from both.

I bowed. I was going to speak; but they all severally broke in upon me.

On my knees, Chevalier, said Father Marescotti, I will entreat you!

O Chevalier, said the Bishop, how happy is it in your power to make us all!

Surely you *can*, you *will*, you *must*, Chevalier! said the Count, if you love the dear creature, as we all suppose you do.

You will not, I hope, dear Grandison, said the Marquis, *refuse* my daughter. Ask *any* conditions of us—She shall be with you in England in a month's time. We will accompany her thither, and stay till you shall chuse to return with us.

Jeronymo, with sobs, caught my hand as I sat next him—For *God's* sake, for *my* sake, for *all* our fakes, for your *soul's* sake, my Grandison, be ours. Let your Jeronymo call you brother.

If *my* tears, if *my* prayers have weight, said the Marchioness, let me call down my child, and she shall give you her hand in our presence. She thinks, besides the regard she has for your soul, that she ought to insist upon the terms on which

we

we would have *consented* to make her yours, in gratitude for our compliance with her wishes.

Dearest Grandison! rejoined the Bishop, *refuse not* my sister: *Refuse not* the daughter of the Marchese and Marchesa della Porretta: *Refuse not* the assenting Clementina.

They were all silent: their eyes were upon me. It is, answered I, too condescendingly generous to put this task upon me: But, *refuse* Lady Clementina, said you! How you wound my soul by the supposition! I see your compassion for me, in the light you cannot but *mean* I should. Lady Clementina's generous and condescendingly-meant proposal, when I am willing to allow terms to *her*, that she will not to *me*, shews me how important she thinks the difference between the two religions: Need I repeat, my Lord (to the Bishop), what my own thoughts are upon this subject? Would to heaven the terms were no other than those *before agreed to*; or were such as I *could* comply with! I have only to console myself, that the power of *refusal* lies where it ought to lie. Clementina is an angel. I am not worthy of her. Yet let me add, this company (bowing round me) cannot think me too solemn—Were I to live always here; were I convinced that there is no life after this, your commands and *Clementina's* would be laws to me. But has she not the goodness to say, in her paper, “That I have the same notion she has of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come?”

They looked upon one another. It is hard, very hard, said the Bishop, for a man, convinced of the truth of his religion, to allow to another of a different persuasion what he expects should be allowed for himself. *You*, Chevalier, however, can allow it; and have greatness of mind enough to judge favourably of those who cannot. I do love you, but fain would I love you more.

The

The Marchioness wept. My dear love, said the Marquis, taking her hand with the tenderness of a lover, but speaking a little too severely of me for his usual generosity—How many tears has this affair cost you! My heart bleeds to see you weep. Comfort yourself. Let us comfort each other. The Chevalier Grandison is indeed unworthy of our child; unworthy of the terms we offered to him; unworthy of our joint intreaties—He is an invincible man.

I was greatly affected. After a little hesitation, I ask leave, my Lords, said I, to retire for one moment. I will return as soon as I have recovered myself from the concern given me by the—*misc* apprehension (shall I call it?) of the best of men, whom from my heart I reverence.

I arose as I spoke, withdrew, and took two or three turns in the salon.

I staid not till I was sent for: but, assuming as chearful an air as I could, returned, and found them earnest in talk. They all arose at my return, seemingly pleased with it; and the Marquis coming to me, Chevalier, said he, I am sorry—

Not one word of apology, my Lord, interrupted I. I withdrew not from disrespect, or in resentment, but purely from concern, that, in *your* opinion, I deserved not the honour done me by one so dear to you. Think me unhappy, my Lord, and pity me. Principle, not perverseness, influences me: It does every one present: It does the dear lady above: And shall we not allow for one another, when we are all actuated by the same motive?

O that I could embrace my fourth son! said the Marchioness. The Bishop threw his arms about me. Generous expansion of heart! were the words that fell from his lips. Jeronymo shewed his friendly love in what he said: And *must* not, said the Count, this young man be one of us?

||

After

After chocolate, the Marchioness withdrew to the window, making a motion to me to attend her. I hastened to her. She complimented me, speaking low, as a fit person to be consulted in a case where female delicacy was concerned; and then asked me, what I would have her say to Clementina, who had *offered* her hand to me on conditions, with which she had hopes I would comply? Must I tell the dear child she is *rejected*?

Lady Clementina rejected!—Dear Madam, how can I bear that she should but suppose it?—Be pleased to tell her, that I have been again sounded on the subject of a change of religion, *if* her favour for me could be procured: But that I was so steady in my faith, that there were no hopes of my *conversion*, as you will call it: and be so good as to remind her (it may look like a breach of conditions if *I* do), that I require not a change in *hers*; and that therefore the terms proposed are unequal.

Fain, very fain, Chevalier, would I—She stopt there—But no more on this subject, resumed she. I will see in what way the dear creature is now.

She left me, and went to her daughter. The subject was changed.

In about half an hour she returned. She told me, that she had followed my advice, but that Clementina seemed dissatisfied and perplexed: and, as she had not *asked* to see me, advised me to suspend my attendance on her till the afternoon, as she would by that means have more time to compose her spirits, and herself further opportunities of talking with her.

Declining their invitation to dinner, I went to my lodgings; and, to amuse myself, had recourse to my pen.

Having written thus far, I lay it down till my return from them.

LETTER XII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

AT my entrance into the palace of Porretta, I was desired to walk into the garden to the Bishop. I found with him Father Marescotti.

Dear Grandison, said the Bishop, meeting me, and taking my hand, you must decide a point between the father and me, that we are afraid has made us a little accountable to you.

I was silent. He proceeded.

Clementina is very sedate. She sent for me and the father soon after you left us. She asked us several questions in relation to you; and insisted on our advice, as religious men, and as we would answer for it to our own consciences. Her first was, Whether we thought there were any hopes of your conversion?—I answered negatively.

I don't expect, said she, that he would be induced to change his religion for a wife, nor even for a crown, were he not convinced of the falsehood of his own, and the truth of ours: But again I ask, cannot you and Father Marescotti convince his judgment? I should think it would not be so hard a task, learned and good men, as you both are: Good man, and modest, and patient, and unpresuming as he is; who has been so long among Catholics; who came from England so young; has been left so much to his own direction; and who must see the difference of the two religions to the advantage of ours, were he but to judge by the efficacy of each on the lives and manners of the people professing each; for surely the men of name and family, who are sent among us by their parents, from the heretic countries, in order to observe our manners, and to improve their own,
are

are not the *worst* of the people of those countries.

I told her, proceeded the Bishop, that, to be impartial, there were bad and good of all nations; that she was not likely to be approached by any of her *own* but who were good; that you, Chevalier, and Mrs Beaumont might convince us that there were good people among the Protestants; and that now and then a young man of that profession did *actually* appear among us, who was *not* a discredit to his country. But, continued I, I have heretofore debated the subject with the Chevalier Grandison. You know I was in a manner called upon to do it; and have found him a Protestant upon principle; and that he has a great deal to say for himself. You, father, would not allow me this; but you never entered into close argument with him on the subject, as I have done.

My sister then asked, proceeded the Bishop, if I thought that her own religious principles would be endangered, if she became yours, and went with you to England?

We both referred her to certain passages in the paper she gave you.

My heart, said she, could never be proof against a generous and kind treatment. The condescending compliances with my weakness, which my father, mother, brothers, and uncle, have made, have effected what opposition and cruelty, as you see, could not. So compassionate, so humane a man, as I think the Chevalier Grandison, and so steady as he is in his principles, so much, you own, as he has to say for himself, joined with the sense I always had, from my *mother's* example, of the duties of a good wife, will too probably stagger me in my faith: and if so, I shall be unhappy: I shall make my confessor so. I am *determined*, added she (as you, brother, have seen), in my own mind: But I ask your opinion, and yours, father Mrescot.

ti. The Chevalier now is a favourite with you both. Religion only can now be the question—Is it not too probable that I shall be staggered in my own faith, were I to be his?

We gave her, continued the bishop, our opinions freely, as religious men. *Could* we, Chevalier, do otherwise? And yet we are both ready to accuse ourselves of infringing conditions with you. Tell us, if in your opinion we have?

I cannot, my lord, judge from this general account. If you did *more* than answer her questions; if you expatiated *argumentatively* on the subject, I must think you *have*: and your own doubts help to convince me that you have; tho' I cannot but respect you greatly for the frankness of your application to me on this subject.

We *were* earnest, Chevalier: we *were* warm in what we said—

Well, my lord, called upon as you both were, it would not have become your characters to be cool.—For my own part, I have been recollecting the behaviour of your admirable sister, throughout every stage of her delirium, respecting myself; and I have not been able to call to mind one instance in it of an attachment *merely* personal. I need not tell you, father, nor you, my lord, what a zealous Catholic she is. She *early* wished me to be one: and had I not thought myself obliged in honour, because of the confidence placed in me by the whole family, to decline the subject, our particular conversation, when she favoured me with the name of tutor, would have generally taken that turn. Her unhappy illness was owing to her zeal for religion, and to her concealing her struggles on that account. She never hinted at marriage in her reveries. She was still solicitous for the *soul* of the man she wished to profelyte; and declared herself ready to lay down her life, could she have effected that favourite wish of her heart. At
other

other times she supposed my marriage with some other woman; and was only generously solicitous, that it should not be with one who might discredit the regard she herself professed for me. At another time she wished to be acquainted with my sisters, and hoped they would come to Italy: She proposed to perfect them in the Italian tongue, as they should her in the English; but, as to me, only bespoke a visit from me now and then, when they came. I have the vanity to think that I stand high in her favour: but religion, it is evident, as it ought, stands higher. From all these recollections and observations, I have endeavoured to account for the noble behaviour of your sister; and am the less surprised at it, now she is come to her memory. It is all great; all uniform; and most probably we should have been in a very different situation than what we have been long in, had she had her way given her at the time she was so earnest—For what? *Only* to be allowed a *second* interview, a farewell visit, when she had shewn a little before, on a *first*, that marriage seemed not to be in her thoughts.

And had she not been intrusted to the management of the cruel Laurana, said the Bishop—

From which, thank God, said the father, I was the instrument of freeing her.

By all this, proceeded I, I mean not recrimination; but only to observe the consistency of the noble lady's mind, when she was *able* to reflect: and what now remains for me to do, but to reconcile myself, if possible, to a conduct that I must for ever admire, however I may, in its consequences, as to my own particular, regret it?—Your lordship, I am afraid, thinks that she adheres to the contents of the paper she put into my hands.

Unless you, Chevalier—

That, my lord, is out of the question. Let it, however, be remembered, that I have not prescribed

ed to her that hard condition which is made an indispensable one to me: Yet is Lady Clementina the only woman on earth that I would have *wished* to call mine, on the terms on which I should have been proud to receive her hand: for it is easy to foresee, that generally great inconveniencies must attend a marriage between persons of a different religion, one of them zealous, the other not indifferent.

But, Chevalier, you acquit Father Marescotti and me.

I do, my lord. Be you your own judges. The condition was not proposed by me. I consented to it for the sake of those who prescribed it, and for your sister's sake. I could not wish to prosecute my humble suit, notwithstanding her declared favour for me, against the pleas of conscience, which she so earnestly urged. How could I, while religion, and the generosity of her friends to her required, as she thought, that she should get above all regards for me? I was therefore willing to comply with the proposal, and to wait the issue of the spontaneous determination, and to be governed by it. But now that your lordship and Father Marescotti have dispensed with the condition, I presume that I am not bound by it.

What means my Grandison?

Only this: I could not be thought to bear a love so fervent to the admirable Clementina, as the man ought to bear who aspires to the honour of calling her his, if I made not *one* effort to convince her, that she may be happy with me as to the article she is so solicitous about—From *female delicacy*, she may perhaps expect to be argued with, and to be persuaded. Allow me to give her assurances of my inviolable honour in that point. It becomes me, as a man, and as her admirer, to remove her scruples, if I *can*, before I yield up my love to the force of them.

Would

Would you *argue* with her on the merits of the two persuasions?

I would not. I never did: I would only assure her of my firm resolution never to attempt to bring her over to mine, nor to traverse the endeavours of her confessor to keep her steady in hers. But were we to consider only her future ease of mind [you see, my lord, that she herself has a view to that, in the proposal made me, as from herself], in which the happiness of all your family is included, it is right to see if she builds on a foundation that cannot be shaken; that she may not hereafter regret the steps she has taken, which might possibly—

I understand you, Chevalier—It is prudently, it is kindly put, as well for her sake as ours.

I shall be glad, my lord, that you should be within hearing of every word that shall pass between us on this occasion. *One* effort I *ought* to make. If she is determined, I will not urge her further. For all the world, and the dear Clementina in it, I would not have her act against her conscience: Nor will I take advantage of the declaration she has repeatedly made, that it is in my power to hold her fast, or to set her free. I will not so much as urge it to her, lest, if she should alter her purpose, it should be from the conscience of a kind of promise implied in that declaration, and not from her heart. No, my lord, she shall be *wholly* free. I will not, excellent as she is, accept of her hand against her conscience: Neither my conscience, nor, let me say, my pride, will permit me to do so. But the world, as well as my own heart, would blame me, if I made not *one* effort. If it fail, I shall be easier in my own mind; and so will she in hers. Be you, my lord, within hearing of our next conversation.

I would not, Dr Bartlett, propose to Father Marescotti, that *he* should, for fear of making him
uneasy.

uneasy, on his listening to what passed between the lady and me.

I can absolutely depend upon your honour, Chevalier, replied the Bishop. We have brought ourselves to be *sincere* favourers of this alliance with you. But I own to you, that both Father Marescotti and myself, on the unexpected turn my sister has voluntarily taken, are of opinion that you will *both* be happier if it take not place. The difference in religion; her malady—

No more, my lord, of this subject. If I cannot succeed, I must endeavour to draw consolation to myself from reason and reflection. Mean time, all I ask is, that you will both acquit me of any supposed breach of condition, as well in your own minds, as to the rest of the family, if I make this *one* effort: After which, if it succeed not, I will, whatever I suffer, divest myself of self, and join with you and Father Marescotti, to secure the ground gained in the restoration of the noblest of female minds.

They looked upon each other as if they were afraid of the event. The father whispered the Bishop. I believe, by a word or two that I could not but hear, it was to induce him to place himself so as to hear (as I had proposed) the conversation that was next to pass between the lady and me.

Turning round on their whispering, don't I see Camilla, my lord, said I, at a distance, watching our motions, as if she wanted an opportunity to speak to one of us.

She has been walking for some time within sight, said Father Marescotti.

The Bishop made signs to her to advance. She did; and told me, that her young lady was desirous to see me.

I followed her. Clementina was alone. Camilla introduced me to her, and withdrew.

She

She was in great confusion on my approach. Her complexion frequently varied. She looked at me often, and as often turned away her eyes, and sighed. Two or three times she hemm'd, as if she would have cleared her voice; but could not find words to express her labouring mind. It was easy to see that her perplexity was not favourable to me. I thought it would be cruel not to break the way for her to speak.

Let not my dear Clementina forbear to say all that is in her heart to the man who greatly prefers her peace of mind to his own.

I had, I had, said she, a great deal to say before I *saw* you: but now you are *present*—She stopt.

Take time to recollect yourself, madam—I have been talking in the garden to my lord the Bishop, and to Father Marescotti. I greatly revere them both. You have consulted them on the contents of the paper you were pleased to put into my hands. I have hopes from *thence* that you may be made easy in your mind. I will never, dearest madam, urge you on the article of religion. You shall be absolute mistress of your own will. You shall prescribe to me what conditions you please with regard to your way of life, your pleasures, your gratuities to your servants, and others. Father Marescotti and your Camilla with you, you will be as safe from innovation as you can be in your father's house.

Ah, Chevalier!

We may perhaps prevail upon your father and mother to honour us with their company in your first journey to England. They have not been of late so well as it were to be wished: We have baths there of sovereign efficacy in many disorders. By using them, and change of climate, they will very probably receive benefit in their healths. Jeronymo—

Ah,

Ah, Chevalier!—She arose from her seat, and re-seated herself several times with great emotion. I proceeded.

Jeronymo, our dear Jeronymo, I hope will accompany us, and his skilful Lowther. Those baths are restorative.

O Chevalier! what a man you are!—

She stopt, with an air of attention, as if she wished me to proceed.

—And when your honoured and beloved friends shall see their Clementina happy, as I am determined she shall be, if all the tenderness of affection I am able to shew can make her so, how happy will they *all* be!—Your chapel, madam! Your confessor! Your own servants!—

Ah, Sir! Sir!—Ought I to listen to such temptations, after what I have given you, upon deliberation, in writing? Good heaven, and the whole heavenly host, direct me!

She had recourse to her beads; and her lips, as a word now-and-then half pronounced informed me, moved to a Pater-noster. Again she assumed an attentive air.

My sisters, madam, will revere you. You will have pleasure in calling them *yours*. Their lords are men of the first figure in their country. I ask not for fortune. I ask only for *you*, and you I ask of yourself. My estate is considerable, and improving. The pride I take in being independent, and in the power of obliging, suffers me not to be imprudent with regard to œconomy. My capital mansion (I value it for not being a house of yesterday), though not so magnificent as your palace in Bologna, is genteel, spacious, convenient. The paper you gave me, shews me that the grandeur of your soul is equal to that of your birth. I revere you for the pious and noble sentiments contained in it. What obligations will you lay me under to your goodness, if you can prevail upon yourself to rely upon

Ah,

my assurances, that I will *never* seek to make you unhappy on a religious account; and if you can be satisfied with the enjoyment of your own religion, and leave to me the exercise of mine! Dear madam, *why* may not this be? *Why* will you not leave me as free as I am ready to leave you? Justice, generosity, are my pleas to a lady, who surely cannot *but* be just and generous. Think, madam; dear Lady Clementina, think; if you cannot, by making me happy, be yourself so.

I took her unresisting hand, and kissed it. She sighed. She wept. She was silent.

With what pleasure, proceeded I, will you every other year visit and revisit England, and your native country! How dear will you be to your old friends, and to your new in turn! Never revisiting England without some of your relations to accompany you; now one, now another; and who will be of our family. Your Grandison, madam, *allow* me to say *your* Grandison, has not, he presumes to aver, a *narrow* heart. You see how well he can live with the most zealous of your religion, yet not be an hypocrite; but, when called upon, fears not to avow his own—My dearest Clementina! [Again I pressed her hand with my lips] say, you think you *can* be happy, and yet bless me with your love.

O Sir! God is my witness—But leave me, leave me for a few moments. I dare not trust myself *with* myself.

Command me not to leave you, madam, till you resolve in my favour—Say, cannot you be happy in the free exercise of your own religion?—Father Marescotti, Camilla with you—In England but one year at a time—In Italy, under the re-assuring eye of your father, mother, brothers, the next.

Ah, Sir! you must retire—*Indeed* you must. You leave me not at liberty—You must let me con-

sider

sider—On this crisis of time, as far as I know, depends an eternity of happiness or misery.

Command me not from you : Bid me not leave you. Obey the tender impulse that, I flatter myself, I discover in my favour. I seek *your* happiness in pursuing *my own*. Your eternal welfare *cannot* be endangered. *My* conscience will oblige me to strengthen *yours*, when I see it is yours—Bid me not leave you—Excellent Clementina, bid me not leave you !

You must, you must——How can I trust myself against a voice that is the voice of love, and claims my kindness, my justice, my generosity—Was I ever ungenerous, unjust, unkind?—And if thus staggered now, what, were I to be yours, would the superadded sense of my duty do !——O leave me, Sir, a few moments, leave me.

Be propitious, madam, be propitious, to my humble hope : That is all I will at present say ; and now I obey you—Profoundly bowing, I withdrew into the next apartment ; she to her closet.

I went out slowly, and heard the hasty motion of somebody going out of the apartment as I entered it. It was, it seems, the Bishop, who had placed himself within hearing of what passed between his sister and me, as I had desired he would.

It was a full quarter of an hour before I heard her move ; and then it was to seek for me.

I was sitting in a pensive mood, revolving the embarrassments I had met with from some of the best of women ; and as you, my dear Dr Bartlett, know, in different countries ; and particularly the unexpected turn which this excellent creature had taken. She approached me with an air of majesty, yet mixed with tenderness. I met her, and, with a bent knee, taking her hand—My fate hangs upon those lips, said I ; and was proceeding ; when interrupting me—O Sir ! I hear not ; it is not *safe* for me to hear *that* voice, accompanying *this* manner—Let me bend to you : I have been craving the divine

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direction

direction. An irresistible impulse (surely it is *that* direction) bids me say—Yet what can I say?—If I attempt to argue, I am lost!—Does not this shew me that, were I to be yours, I must be all you wish me to be? And then my everlasting peace, my everlasting happiness—O Sir! I doubt not *your* justice, *your* generosity—but I fear *myself*!—Seek not, let me repeat, looking a little wildly; seek not, kindest of men, to entangle me with your love.

She bent her knee, and I was afraid would have fainted. I clasped my supporting arms about her.

Let me, let me cut short all I intended to say, said she, by referring to my paper. The contents of that *are not, cannot* be answered to my satisfaction. Be my advocate to yourself, to your own heart, and seek not to entangle me with your love.

Whatever it cost me (taking both her hands in mine, and bowing upon them), I will yield to your pleasure. I never will urge you again on this subject, unless your brother the Bishop give me hope of your welcome change of mind.

Best of men, said she, withdrawing her hands, and clasping them together—But this is not enough—You must promise me your future friendship. You must let me call you *Brother*: You must be my *Tutor*, I your *Pupil*, once more—Happy days were those; the happiest of my life! And encourage and confirm in me the resolution I have taken, or I shall not be happy!

Look upon me, madam, as your brother, as your friend: But this latter task requires more magnanimity than I am master of. To your brother the Bishop, and to Father Marescotti, I must leave that task. They will be in earnest in it. I cannot, because I am convinced in my own mind that we might have been happy—Could you—But I forbear, though with difficulty—I have *promised* not to urge you further.

Indeed I have consulted them both, resumed she; but not before I had given you my written determination: Had they given their opinions *different* from what they did, I never could have got over the apprehensions I have of your strength, and my own weakness. I only consulted them, in hopes they would (as they could, or they had not been good Catholics) confirm and strengthen my mind: and why, why should I punish the man, I must for ever esteem as my best friend, with a wife, that her unhappy malady has made unworthy of him? Dear Chevalier, I find myself at times not recovered. I may never be quite well. *You* and *yours* deserve not to be punished, but rewarded. Believe me, Sir, this has been a *second* consideration with me. God enable me to adhere to my resolution! for his sake, for your sake, and for the sake of my own peace of mind!

Must it not be difficult, my dear Dr Bartlett, more difficult than when I came over to Bologna, to give up all hopes of so exalted a woman?

But say, Chevalier, you are not angry with me. Say, that you do not, that you will not think me ungrateful. To obviate such a charge as that of ingratitude to a man who has laid us all under such obligations—What is it that I would not do?

I *cannot* be displeased with you, madam. You *cannot* be ungrateful. I must not speak; yet hardly know how to be silent. I will take a walk in the garden. I have a new lesson to learn.

With profound reverence I withdrew. She rang. Camilla came in.

I hastened into the garden, greatly dissatisfied with myself, yet hardly knowing why. I thought I wanted somebody to accuse, somebody to blame—Yet how could it be Clementina? But the words *Narrow Zeal!—Sweet Enthusiast!*—as if I would find fault with her *religion*, involuntarily slipped from me to myself

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It is difficult, my dear Dr Bartlett, at the instant in which the heart finds itself disappointed of some darling hope, to avoid reflections that, however, can only be justified by self-partiality. What must I be, if, led as I have been by all her friends to hope, I had not been *earnest* in my hope!

The Bishop joined me in the garden—Excuse me, Grandison, said he, for breaking in upon your contemplations: But I was desirous to apologize to you for taking the liberty, though you allowed it to me, of attending to what passed between you and my sister.

I should, my Lord, have said every thing I did say to your sister, the occasion the same, before your whole assembled family. Your Lordship has therefore no apologies to make to me. Heard you all that passed?

I believe I did. Those apartments were always the women's. Camilla placed me in a closet that I knew not of, where I heard every word you both said of the last part of your conversation. I must ask you, Chevalier—Is not Clementina—

Clementina, my Lord, is all that is great and good in woman. You will imagine, that it would have been much more easy for me to support myself under the resolution she has taken, had I not had such testimonies of her magnanimity. Permit me, my Lord, to say, that I have one good quality: I can admire goodness or greatness where-ever I meet with it; and that whether it makes for me or against me. Clementina has all my reverence.

He made me compliments, and withdrew.

The Marquis, the Count, and the Marchioness afterwards joined me in the garden. The Bishop and Father Marescotti not coming with them, or presently after them, I doubted not but they went to Clementina, in order to applaud her for, and confirm her in a resolution which must be agreeable to them.

I was right in my conjecture.

The Marquis and Count each took my hand, and first expressed their surprise at the young lady's adherence to her resolution; and next their high value of me. The Marchioness observed, "that her daughter, with all her excellencies, was ever difficult to persuasion, when she had deliberately resolved upon any point."

It was easy I said, to see, that they all now were of one opinion, which was, that Lady Clementina was not to be moved from her present purpose.

They owned they were: but said, that if it were not *mine*, they thought themselves bound in honour to consent that I should try, by generous means (and they were sure I would not think of any other), to prevail upon her in my favour.

I presume, said I, that the Bishop has already acquainted you with the substance of what passed just now between Lady Clementina and me.

They were silent.

Has not your ladyship seen Lady Clementina since?

I have; and she is extremely uneasy. She wishes you could be of our religion. Could it have been so, I, for my part, should rather have called the Chevalier Grandison my son, than any man in the world. Clementina told me, added she (I cannot but say with more composure than I could have expected, tho' not without tears), that you promised to urge her no more on this subject. She owns, that more than once, as you talked to her, she could hardly forbear giving you her hand on your own terms. But she says, that you were the most generous of men, when you saw she made a point of conscience of her adherence to her newly-taken resolution: And now, Chevalier, having made my Lord and the Count acquainted with all these things, we are come to advise with you what is to be done.

Dear

Dear Grandison, said the Marquis, advise us. We want an opportunity to shew you, in more than words, our gratitude for all your goodness to us: We want to appease our Jeronymo, who is ready to suspect, that his brother and Father Marescotti have contributed to this turn of our daughter's mind: and we want you to declare freely your own sentiments with regard to Clementina; and whether you would advise us, as well for her own sake as for yours, to endeavour to prevail on her to change her mind. Dear creature! a relapse would now be fatal to her, and to her mother and me.

I have no difficulty, my Lord, to answer to these points. As to the first, I am greatly rewarded by the pleasure I have, in the more than could be hoped-for happy effects of Mr Lowther's skill, and in the prospects that open to us of Lady Clementina's restored health of mind. On this subject I have but one request to make: It is that you will not mortify me so much as to *suppose* that I am not sufficiently rewarded.

As to appeasing the generous mind of Signor Jeronymo, let that talk be Lady Clementina's. She can plead conscience with more force for herself than any second person can do for her; and if she does, it will be a demonstration to us all of her being likely to be happy in her perseverance!—More happy than I shall be! The admirable lady who has silenced, on this head, a man so deeply interested to contest this point with her, will certainly be able to appease a brother by the same pleas; and the sooner, as, being of the same religion with the lovely pleader, her arguments will have greater force with *him* than they could be supposed to have on *me*: For, let me say, my Lord, that I could not so much as *seem* to give way to them, had I not been accustomed, when I was to judge of another's actions, to suppose myself

that very person : Hence have I often thought myself obliged to give judgment against my own wishes, though, on resuming MYSELF, I have not found reason to disapprove my first expectation.

As to the third point, what can I say ?—And yet, as your lordship has put it, does it not call upon me, as I may say, to give a *proof* of the disinterestedness I have mentioned ? I answer then, as supposing myself in *your* situation—I cannot expect that you will urge an interest, which I, by having put myself into that of Lady Clementina, have promised *not* to urge, unless she change her mind. What plea can a parent make use of, but that of *filial duty* ? And where the child can plead *conscience* in answer, ought it to be insisted on ?

And now, resuming MYSELF, let me presume to advise you to give the dear lady full time to consider and re-consider the case. Her imagination may be heated : in other words, her malady may have a share in the heroism she has so nobly exerted : and yet I am afraid she will persevere. Permit me, my Lords, to say *afraid* : I cannot wholly divest myself of Self, in this very affecting case. We will not therefore take her at her word : I will absent myself for some time from Bologna ; but (as she has the goodness to acknowledge an esteem for me) with *her* leave. I will return at my time. I will *repeat* my absences, if we have the least shadow of doubt. But if she hold her purpose, and shall not be visibly worse in her health or mind, we may conclude her resolution unalterable. In this case, I shall have one or two requests to lay before you ; and, if granted, will endeavour to make myself as happy as a man in such a situation can be.

They applauded my advice. They declared themselves unwilling to think of giving up the pleasure they had brought themselves to have, in considering me as one of their family ; and assured

me,

me, that it would have been impossible that any the least difficulty should have arisen from them, after they had brought themselves to dispense with the most material one.

They were earnest with me to pass the evening with them. But I excused myself. I wanted to be at my own lodgings, in order to revolve all that had passed. But having not taken leave of Lady Clementina, I imagined she might think I went away in ill humour if I forbore it. My whole study, I told them, should be to make Lady Clementina easy: And if the Marchioness would be so good as to permit me to take leave of her for the evening in her presence, I would depart; only making my compliments to Signor Jeronymo, by Mr Lowther, knowing that he would be grieved for my disappointment; and my mind not being at present easy enough to contend with his concern for me.

The Marchioness said, she would see in what way her Clementina then was, and acquaint me, by Camilla, with her wishes. She withdrew, leaving the Marquis, the Count, and me together.

Before we could renew our discourse, the Bishop and Father Marefcotti joined us; both in high spirits. They were excessively complaisant to me. It was easy to guess at the occasion of their good-humour. I could not be greatly delighted with it. But when the Count told them what had passed before they joined us, the bishop embraced me; the father unawares snatched my hand, and kissed it.

I was glad to be relieved from their compliments, by the expected message from the Marchioness and Clementina.

The young lady met me, as I entered, at the door of her apartment. She held out her hand to me. I respectfully took it. I saw she had been in tears: But she looked with a serenity that I was glad

glad to see, though I doubted not but it was partly owing to the conversation she had had, since I left her, with her brother and her confessor, as well as to what might have passed between her mother and her.

She led me to a chair between them both. She withdrew not her hand; and aimed at a more cheerful countenance than I had a heart. I congratulated her on her serenity. It is in your power, Sir, said she, to make me still more serene—Can you, of a truth, and from your heart, approve of my present way of thinking? *Can* you, Chevalier?—

I can admire you for it, madam. You have exalted yourself, in my opinion. But I *must* regret it—Because—But I have promised not to urge you. Your conscience, madam, is concerned—To endeavour but to *persuade* against conscience, if you have no doubt of your motive, is not warranted even in a parent.

I am, I *think* I am, returned she, absolutely sure of my motive. But, my dear mamma, be pleased to put the questions I wished you to put to the Chevalier.

She still suffered me to withhold her hand; and with the other took out her handkerchief; not to wipe away her tears, but to hide her blushes. She wept not: Her bosom heaved with the grandeur of her sentiments.

The question, my dear Grandison, said the Marchioness, is this—We have all of us told my Clementina, that you are invincible on the article of religion. She believes us: She doubts it not from your *behaviour* and *words*: But, as she would not omit any means to convince you of her high regard for you, she is desirous to hear from your own lips, that you are *not* to be convinced: She is not afraid, the article so important, to hear you declare that you will not be a Catholic. It will
make

make her more easy, upon reflexion, to be told by you *yourself*, that you *cannot* comply, even were she to consent to be yours, at a very short day, if you *could*—

The exalted lady stood up, still not withdrawing her hand—False shame, I despise thee, said she: Yet, covered with blushes, she turned her face from me.—*That* hand, as *this* heart, putting her other hand to her throbbing bosom, is yours, on that one condition—I am convinced of your affection for me—But fear not to tell me (it is for my own future peace of mind that I ask it) that you cannot accept it on the terms.

She then withdrew her hand, and would have gone from me: but again I snatched it with both of mine.

Do you, most excellent of human beings, let me ask you; do you consider the inequality in the case between us, as you are pleased to put it? I presume not to require a change of principles in you. You are only *afraid* of your perseverance, though you are to be left to your freedom; and your confessor to strengthen and confirm you. Of me, is not an actual change required against *conviction*?—Dearest Lady Clementina! Can you, can you (your mind great and generous in every other case) insist upon a condition so unequal!—Be great throughout; and I kneeled to her—Be uniformly noble—Withdraw not your hand.

She struggled it, however, from me; and, hastening to her closet—Once more, Chevalier, said she, read my paper.

I left her, and approaching the Marchioness, who was in tears; judge me, madam, said I, as I, in your opinion, deserve—What shall I say?—I can urge my hopes no farther: My promise is against me: Clementina is despotic—Forgive me!—But indeed Clementina is *not* impartial—

Dear

Dear Chevalier, said the Marchioness, giving me her hand, what can I say?—I admire *you*! I glory in my *child*! I could not, myself in her place, have withstood your plea. When her imagination is cool, I still question if *she* will hold her purpose. —Propose to her, if you can engage her to descend from these heights, your intended absence—*You* must calm her, *You only* can. Her soul is wrought up to too high a pitch.

O madam! But I must first try to quiet my own.

I withdrew into the room adjoining; and in a few minutes returning, found the lovely daughter incircled by the arms of the indulgent mother, both in tears. Clementina was speaking. These were the words I heard her say:

Indeed, my dearest mamma, I am *not* angry with the Chevalier. Why should I? But he can allow for me. I cannot be so great as he. Don't I say that I should be undone by his goodness?

She turned her hand, and seeing me, disengaged herself from her mother's arms, and met me. Allow for me, Sir, I beseech you, said she. I *may* be partial. I believe I *am*: But you can forgive me: I will *hope* you can—*Read my paper*, said I, and went from you: But it was not in anger. *Read it*, I again say. I can give no other answer. I never can be happy with a man whom I think a heretic; and the moment I should, in tenderness, in duty, think him *not* one, I shall cease myself to be a Catholic. A *husband*, Sir, allied to perdition, what wife can bear the reflection?

The Chevalier, my dear, urges you not. He adheres to his promise. You were willing to put a question to him yourself. I consented that he should answer it in your presence, for the sake of your future peace of mind. He has spoken to it like himself: He has shewn you how much he admires you, at the same time that he signifies his inviolable

violable adherence to his own religion. My dearest love, he has conceded to terms in our favour, that we have not conceded to in his. Glorious and unexceptionable is his adherence, were it to a *right* religion. He *believes* it is. He might urge much to his own advantage from your adherence to yours: But he has only hinted at that to *us*, not to *you*. He is willing to wait the event of your will. He will leave us, as he did more than once before, and return; and if you persevere, he will endeavour to make himself easy——

And leave us; and return to England, I suppose?

No doubt of it, my dear——

While the Florentine is there——

I never, madam, can be any thing but a well-wisher to the Florentine——

God give *you*, Sir, and *me* too, ease of mind. But I find my head overstrained. It is bound round as with a cord, I think, putting her hands to each side of it for a moment—You must leave me, Sir. But if you will see me to-morrow morning, and tell me whether you intend to go, and what you intend to do, I shall be obliged to you. Cannot we talk together, Sir, as brother and sister? or as tutor and pupil?—Those were happy days! Let us try to recover them.

She put her hand to her forehead, as apprehensive of disorder; and looked discomposed. I bowed to both ladies in silence; retired; and, without endeavouring to see any body else, went to my lodgings.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Bologna, Thursday, July 13-24.

I HAD a visit early this morning from the Count of Belvedere. He found me very much indisposed. He had heard that I met with some difficulties, and attributed my indisposition to them.

I owned that it might be so. My life, my lord, said I, has not been so happy as might have been hoped for, by a man who has made it his study to avoid giving offence, either to man or woman; and has endeavoured to restrain passions, that otherwise might have been as unruly as those of other young men in my circumstances. But, I bless God, I have resolution. I may bend beneath a weight when it is *first* laid upon me: But if I find I cannot shake it off, I will endeavour to collect my strength, and make myself easy under it. Pardon me, my Lord: I do not often allow my mind to break out thus into words: But I hold the Count of Belvedere for my friend.

You do me honour, said he: and I came with a heart disposed to cultivate your friendship. I thank you for your last goodness to me. Your advice and gentle behaviour, when I was not fit to be trusted with myself, have saved me, as far as I know, from final destruction. To the last day of my life I shall confess obligations to you. But, my dear Chevalier, if some account of the difficulties you meet with will not be a renewal of grief, now you are not very well—

It will not be so, my Lord, interrupted I, since at present I can think of nothing else: Yet, putting myself in the place of every one of the family of Porretta, I have nobody to blame, but the contra-

ry: and I must admire Lady Clementina as one of the noblest of women.

He was all impatience for further particulars.

What may yet be the event, I cannot tell, proceeded I; therefore will only say, that difference in religion is the difficulty with the lady. I am willing to allow her the full and free exercise of hers. She insists upon a change of mine. For the rest, you, my lord, want not friends among the principles of the family; let *them* give you what account they think fit. I would not scruple to gratify your curiosity, could I give you a conclusive one.

I *am* curious, Chevalier, said he, I loved Clementina above all women, *before* her illness. I loved her not the less *for* her illness; for then my pity joined with my love, and added a tenderness to it, of which I had not, in equal degree, been before sensible. The treatment she met with, and the self-interested cruelty of Lady Laurana, heightened her illness, and that (I did not think it possible) my love. In order to free her from that treatment; and in hopes that a different one (my hopes you see were not ill founded) would restore her reason; and that the happy result might be the defeating of the cruel Laurana's expectations; I tendered myself in marriage to her, notwithstanding her illness. But I must say, that I never knew how much I loved her, till I was apprehensive that, not only I, but Italy and her religion, were likely to lose her for ever. And will you not allow of my curiosity now? God give you, Chevalier, health and happiness here and hereafter! But may you never be the husband of Clementina, but of some woman of your own country, if there be one in it that can deserve you!

The Count left me with this wish, pronounced with earnestness: and I suppose will visit the

Bishop and Father Marefcotti, in order to gratify his curiosity.

My indisposition requiring indulgence, I sent a billet to the Marchionefs, excusing my attendance till the afternoon, on the score of an unexpected engagement. I was loth to mention that I was not very well, lest it should be thought a lover-like artifice, to move compaffion. I will not owe my fuccess, even with a Clementina, to mean contrivances. You know I have pride, my dear friend—Pride which your example has not been able to fubdue, though it has fometimes made me afhamed of it.

One o'Clock.

CAMILLA, by direction of her two ladies, made me a vifit about two hours ago. They were alarmed at my poftponing my attendance on Lady Clementina till the afternoon; fufpecting that the Count of Belvedere had unwelcomely engaged me; and therefore fent the worthy woman to know the true caufe. Camilla obferving that I looked ill, I defired her to take no notice of it to any body: But ſhe could not help acquainting the Marchionefs with it; who, ordering her to forbear mentioning it to Clementina and Jeronymo, was fo good, attended by Father Marefcotti, to make me a vifit in perfon.

Never was mother more tender to her own fon than ſhe was to me. The father expreffed a paternal affection for me. I made light of the illnefs, being refolved, if poffible, to attend them in the afternoon. My mind, my dear friend, is difturbed. I want to be at a certainty: Yet, from what the Marchionefs hinted, I believe I have no reafon to doubt. The father and the Biſhop have ſpared no pains, I dare ſay, to ſtrengthen the lady's ſcruples. Their whole ſtudy (the Marchionefs

ness intimated) is now in what manner to acknowledge their obligations to me.

They owe me none.

My dear Chevalier, said she, at parting, take care of your health: She put her hand on mine—Your *precious* health. Don't think of coming out. We will in turn attend you here.

NOTWITHSTANDING the advice of the Marchioness, I went to the palace of Porretta as soon as I thought their dinner-time was over. Signor Jeronymo desired to be alone with me for a few minutes; and when he was, began upon the subject of the unexpected turn which his sister had taken, I found that he had been acquainted with the truth of every thing: Not a single circumstance was omitted, that might enable him to judge fairly of the whole.

And will you, Grandison; *can* you, my dear friend, said he, have the goodness to attend with patience the event of this dear girl's heroism, or what shall I call it?

I assured him, that the restoration of his sister's health of mind was the dearest to me of all considerations; and that I came over at first with no other hopes than *his* recovery and *hers*; resolved to leave to Providence all the rest.

The Marchioness came in soon after, and taking me aside, chid me with tenderness even maternal, for coming abroad. The rest of the family soon joined us; and then they all, as with one voice, offered to use their interest with Clementina in my favour, if either my peace of mind, or my health, were likely to be affected by her present resolution.

While there was *conscience* in it, I answered, I would not for the world that she should be urged to change it. Nothing now, as I believed, remained to be done, but to try the firmness of her reso-

lution, by first short, and then longer absences: and those I would propose to herself, if they thought fit, when I was next admitted to her presence.

—Jeronymo, and all the family, I saw were of one mind. Tell me; *say*, my dear Dr Bartlett, is it excuseable in a man, who has been so long favoured by your conversation, and *should* have been benefited by your example; who have behaved so greatly in disappointments, and even persecutions, to find in himself a pride that, at the instant, had almost carried him into petulance, when he saw every one of this family appear to be more pleased than displeased, that he was not likely to be allied to them?—Who yet, when he coolly considers, and puts himself in the case of each individual of it, must acknowledge, that they might well be allowed to rejoice (the great article religion *out* of the question) in hope of keeping her among them in her native country; and the more, because of the unhappy disorder of her mind; and out of a distant one, obnoxious to them all, as England is? Would not my own father and mother; would not I myself, have equally rejoiced in such a turn in the affections of a sister of my own, especially if we had complied with her principally from motives of compassion, and contrary to the interests of our family?

The Marchioness conducted me to the young lady. She received me with a blush, as a person would do another whom she was sensible she had causelessly disappointed. She took notice, after the first emotion, that I seemed not to be well, and cast an eye of compassion on me. A slight indisposition, I said, that might, perhaps, be owing to my late inactivity and want of exercise. I had thoughts of once more making the tour of Italy, in order to visit the many kind friends at different courts,

courts, who had honoured me with their notice during my former abode there.

How long do you propose to be absent, Sir?

Perhaps a month, madam.

A month, Sir!—She sighed, and looked down.

Signor Jeronymo, I hope, said I, will correspond with me.

I could almost wish, said she—Pardon me, madam, to her mother—and looked bashfully down.

What would my child wish?

That *I* might correspond with the Chevalier in his absence—As his *sister*, as his *pupil*, I think I might—

You will do me, madam, the highest honour—Dear madam, to the Marchioness, may I not have *your* interest with Lady Clementina, to engage her to pursue her kind hint.

By all means. My dearest love, it will not misbecome you in any character, whether as pupil, as sister, or friend, to write to such a man as the Chevalier Grandison.

Perhaps then I may, said she. You, madam, shall see all that passes in this correspondence.

That shall be as you please, my love. I can absolutely depend on the Chevalier's generosity and your prudence.

I should *chuse*, madam, said I, that you should see all that passes. As amusement is principally my view in this tour, I can be punctual to place and time.

But shall you be gone a month, Sir?

At much less, madam, as you shall command.

Nay, as things are circumstanced, it is not for me—She stopt, sighed, and looked down.

You, madam, are above unnecessary reserve. I never yet abused a confidence. I am proud of your good opinion. I never will do any thing to forfeit it. Whatever shall be your pleasure, *that* signify to me.

me in the letters you will favour me with. I will be all grateful obedience.

Whither, Sir, do you intend to go first?

To Florence, madam——

To Florence, Sir?—But Lady Olivia, I think, is *not* there—To Mrs Beaumont, I suppose?

I will send you, madam, from Florence, the beginning letter of the hoped-for correspondence. I will be careful to be within distance of receiving your favour in a very short space, by means of a servant, whom I will leave at Florence to attend to our correspondence.

And when, Sir, do you leave Bologna?

I will now take leave of my new correspondent, and my dear friends here, and dispose myself for my little route.

She looked at her mother; then at me——again sighed, blushed, and looked down—*Well, Sir,* was all she said.

Will you not drink chocolate with us to-morrow said the Marchioness.

I excused myself. As I was not well, I thought I *might* be obliged to keep my chamber for two or three days; and that therefore it was better to take leave of her then, that I might not give them anxiety, for their own sakes, on a supposal that I owed my indisposition to my disappointment: and yet, Dr Bartlett—But you know my heart, and all its imperfections: And will not you, on this extraordinary occasion, allow me to give way to my native pride for my own sake? Who but must admire the exalted mind of this young lady? What man would not wish her to be his?—But to covet a relation to a family, however illustrious, however worthy, every one of which wishes, and with *reason* on his side, that it may not take place—I must, if possible—But a few weeks will now determine my fate—I will not leave *them* or *myself*, if I can help it, any cause of regret.

I took

I took a solemn leave of Clementina. She wept at parting; and dropping down on one knee, prayed for a blessing to attend me where-ever I went.

Had *not* my indisposition lowered my spirits, I should have been affected at the solemnity and grace of her manner. The Marchioness was.

I went from her to Jeronymo. I left it to his mother to tell him all that had passed, and took almost as ardent a leave of him. I desired a visit from Mr Lowther; and left my compliments for all the rest of a family that I ever must highly respect.

Thursday, July 13-24.

I took, by advice, a medicine over-night, that composed me. I had wanted rest. I am much better, and preparing for my journey to Florence. I have returned answer that I *am*, to inquiries made after my health by the whole family. The Bishop excused his personal attendance, on the Count's sudden resolution to set out for Urbino; and insisting on his and Father Marescotti's accompanying thither for a few days.

Camilla came to me from her two ladies and the Marquis. All three, she told me, were indisposed. Their inquiries after my health were very tender: The Marquis bid her tell me, that he hoped to be well enough to make me a visit before I set out. Jeronymo wished to see me first, if I had opportunity: But, as I probably must, if I go, see Lady Clementina, and another solemn parting will follow, I think it will be best, for *both* our sakes, as well as for Jeronymo's, not to obey him; and so I hinted by Camilla.

The Count of Belvedere has made me a visit. He is setting out for Parma. Not one word passed his lips about Lady Clementina, or her family. He was very earnest with me to promise him a visit at his palace. I gave him room to expect me. By his silence on a subject so near his heart, as well as by

by the very great respect he paid me, I have no reason to doubt but he knows the situation I am in with Clementina: *She* will have *his* prayers, I dare say, for perseverance in her present way of thinking! Indeed now, *every-body's* of her family—for who can doubt the general's? *She* would have had *mine* to the same purpose the more sincerely, had they not all joined to indulge my hopes; and had she not given such instances of the noblest of female minds.

But, how great soever may be the occasion given me for fortitude, by a resolution so unexpected by every-body from Lady Clementina, I cannot be deprived of all pleasure since the contents of my last packets, as well those from Paris as from England, afford me a great deal.

Every thing is done at Paris, that I could have wished, in relation to Mr Danby's legacy.

Lord W. lets me know, that he thinks himself every day happier than in the past with his lady; who also subscribes to the same acknowledgment.

Our Beauchamp tells me, that he wants only my company to make him the happiest of men. He requests me to write a letter of thanks, in my own name, to Lady Beauchamp, on his dutiful acknowledgment to me of her kindness to him. I will with pleasure comply; and the sooner, as I am sure that gratitude for past benefits, and not expectation of new ones, is his motive.

He laments in postscript, that his father is taken with a threatening disorder. I am sorry for it. Methinks I am interested in the life and health of Sir Harry Beauchamp. I hope he will long enjoy the happiness of which his son says he is extremely sensible. Should he die, the lady will be a great deal in my Beauchamp's power, large as her jointure is. If, on such an event, he be not as obliging to her as he now is, and forget not all past obligations, I shall not have the opinion of his heart that I now have. Our Beauchamp wants but the trial
of

of prosperity (a much more arduous one than that of adversity) to be, upon full proof, an excellent man.

Lady Mansfield, with equal joy and gratitude, acquaints me, that only my presence in England is wanting to bring to a decision every point that now remains in debate with her adversaries, the Keelings; they having shewn themselves inclinable, by the mediation of Sir John Lambton, to compromise on the terms I had advised she should get proposed, as from me; and the wicked Bolton having also made proposals, that perhaps ought to be accepted, if he cannot be brought to amend them.

Two of Emily's letters of distant date are come together. I will write to the dear girl by the next mail, and let her know how much absence endears to me my friends.

You give me joy, my dear Dr Bartlett, in acquainting me with the happiness of Lord and Lady G. I will write to my Charlotte upon it, and thank her for the credit she does me by her affectionate behaviour to that honest and obliging man.

How happy are you, my dear friend, and Lord and Lady G. and Emily, at Miss Byron's! I am charmed with the characters you give me of her family.

But I have letters brought by the same mail, that are not so agreeable as those I have taken notice of. They are from Lady Olivia, and my poor Cousin Grandison.

That unhappy woman *is* to be my disturbance! She is preparing, she says, to come back to Italy. She execrates: She threatens. Poor woman!—But no more of her at present.

My cousin is, by this time, I suppose, at Paris. He writes, that he was on the point of setting out, in pursuance of my advice; and will wait there for my direction to proceed to Italy, or not. I shall write to him to continue at Paris till he hears further

ther from me; and, at the same time, to some of my friends there, to make France agreeable to him.

I shall not perhaps write again very soon. Letters from England will, however, find an easy access, directed to me, under cover, to Mrs Beaumont at Florence, as you know how.

I shall be pretty much in motion, if health permit. I shall take a view of the works projecting by the Duke of Modena, in order to render his little Signory considerable. I shall visit the Count of Belvedere at Parma. Mrs Beaumont and her friends will have more of my company than any other persons. Perhaps I may make a long-requested visit to the Altieri family, at Urbino. If I do, I must not put a slight on the Conte della Porretta, who pressinglly invited me thither. I think to pass a few days at Rome. If I go from thence to Naples, I shall perhaps once more, in the general's company, visit Portici, in order to make more accurate observations than I have hitherto done, on those treasures of antiquity which have been discovered in the antient Herculaneum.

I have a private intimation from Milan, that a visit there would be a welcome one to Lady Sforza. I may possibly take that city in my way, when I quit Italy. But how can I, without indignation, see the cruel Laurana?

Thus, my dear and reverend friend, have I given you an imperfect sketch of my present intentions, as to passing the month that I think of absenting myself from Bologna.

It is a long time since I have been able to tell you aforehand, with regard to some of the most material articles of my life, what I *will* or *will* not to do. Yet, knowing my own motives, I cannot say that, were the last three or four years of it to come over again, I should have acted otherwise than I have done. Do you, my reverend friend, with that freedom which has been of inexpressible use to me, remind
me,

me, if I am too ready to acquit myself. You know (I repeat) all the secrets of my heart. Be not partial to your sincere friend. I write not to be praised, but corrected. Don't flatter my vanity: I am yet but a young man. You have not blamed me a great while: I am, for this reason, a little diffident of the ground I stand upon: But, if you have no *material* fault to recollect, spare yourself the trouble of telling me so: Having thus renewed my call upon you, for your friendly admonition, I will look upon your silence as an acquittal, so far as I have gone; and we will begin, from the date of your next, a new account. In the mean time, be not concerned for my health. I am much better than I was. My mind was weakened by suspense. I long since thought the crisis near. If it be not already overpast, a few weeks must surely determine it.

I am not in haste to send this packet. A week hence Sir Alexander Nesbit will set out directly for England. He has a great desire of being acquainted with my dear Dr Bartlett, and requests me to give him a commission, that may introduce him to you. I would not, however, have delayed sending you these letters by a speedier conveyance, had my destiny in this country been absolutely determined.

Sir Alexander is a worthy man: As such, wants not a recommendation to my dear and reverend friend, from his

CHARLES GRANDISON.

L E T T E R

LETTER XIV.

Lady G. To Miss BYRON.[*With the preceding seven Letters of Sir CHARLES.*]*Grosvenor-Square, Monday, Aug. 7.*

GOOD God, my dear!—I dispatch a packet to you, received, a few hours ago, from Dr Bartlett, with desire of forwarding it to you. My sister was with me. We read the letters together. I dispatch them by an express messenger: What shall we say? Tell me, Harriet. More suspense still. Dear creature, tell me all you think of the contents of this packet. If I enter into the particulars, I shall never have done scribbling. Adieu, my love!

CHARLOTTE G.

Return the letters, when perused. I want to study them before the doctor has them back.

LETTER XV.

*Miss BYRON, To Lady G.**Selby-house, Friday, Aug. 11.*

TELL you, my dear Lady G. all I think of the contents of the packet you so kindly sent me by an express messenger!—What will you say to me if I do? I can much better tell you what all my *friends* here say of them. They are for congratulating me upon those contents. But can I congratulate *myself*? Can I *receive* their congratulations?—A woman! an angel!—So much more worthy of Sir Charles Grandison, than the poor Harriet Byron *can* be!—O how great is Cle-

||

mentina,

mentina, how little am I in my own eyes! The lady will still be his. She must. She shall. She will change her mind. So earnest is he! So fervently in love with him she!—Who will presume to hope a place in his affections after her? My pride, my dear, is all up. Can I? How mean will any one now appear in his eyes, when he thinks of his Clementina? And who can be contented with half a heart! Nay, *not* half a one, if he does justice to this wonder of a woman? It was always my consolation, when I looked upon him as lost to myself, that it was to a person of superior merit.

But who can forbear pitying the glorious man! O my dear, I am lost in the subject! I know not what to say. Were I to tell you what I thought, what were my emotions, as I read now his generous pity for the Count of Belvedere—Now his affectionate and respectful address to the noble lady—Her agitations of mind previous to the delivery of her paper to him—That paper, the contents so greatly surpassing all that I had read of woman!—yet so much of a piece with the conduct she shewed, when the struggle between her religion and her love cost her her reason—His equal steadiness in his religion so nobly firm—yet towards her so delicate—In short, the whole of his conduct and hers, in the various lights in which they appeared in the different conversations with her, with her family—Were I to tell you, I say, what I thought, and what were my emotions as I read, a volume would not be sufficient; nor know I what measure would contain my tears. Suffice it to say, that I was not able to rise in two days and nights; and it has been with the greatest difficulty that I obtained pen and ink, and leave to write; and the physician talks of confining me to my chamber for a week to come.

Sir Charles cries out upon suspense—Indeed it is a grievous thing.

You will observe, that in these last letters he mentions *me* but once; and that is, in making me a compliment on the favour which the beloved *fair* conferred upon me, and all of us, in the visit you were so good as to make us. And why do you think I take notice of this?—Not from petulance, I assure you; but for the praise of his justice as well as delicacy: For, could Sir Charles Grandison excusably (if, on *other* occasions, he remembered the poor girl whom he rescued; could he excusably, I say), while his soul was agitated by his own suspense, occasioned by the uncommon greatness of Clementina's behaviour, think of any other woman in the world?

But you see, my Charlotte, that the excellent man *has been*, perhaps *is*, greatly indisposed. Can we wonder at it? Such a prize in view, so many difficulties as he had to struggle with overcome; yet at last a seemingly insuperable one arising from the lady herself, and from motives that increased his admiration of her? But a woman may be eloquent from grief and disappointment; when a man, though his nobler heart is torn in pieces, must hardly complain.—How do I pity the distresses of a manly heart!

But should this noble lady, on his return, to Bologna, after a month's absence, hold her purpose, unless he changes his religion, I will tell you my thoughts of what will probably be the result. He will not marry at all. If he cannot love another woman as well as he does Clementina, *ought* he? And who can equally deserve his love? Have we not heard from himself, as well as from Dr Bartlett, that all the troubles he has had have proceeded from our sex? It is true, that men and women can hardly ever have any *great* troubles, but what must arise from each other. And *his* have arisen from good women too (I hope Lady Olivia is not deliberately bad). And why should so good a
man

man continue to subject himself to the petulance, to the foibles, of us wayward women, who hardly know our own minds, as Signor Jeronymo told his friend, when our wishes are in our power?

But, sick or well, you see Sir Charles Grandison loses not his spirit. His enlarged heart can rejoice in the happiness of his friends. I *will* have joy, said he once to me. And must he not have it in the hopes of recovery of his friend Jeronymo? In the restoration of the admirable Clementina? And in the happiness those recoveries must give to a worthy and illustrious family? Let me enumerate from him the pleasure he enjoys, in the felicity he has given to many, though he cannot be in himself the happy person he makes others. Is he not delighted with the happiness of Lord and Lady W.? Of his Beauchamp, and his Beauchamp's father and mother?—Of Lady Mansfield and her family? With yours and Lord G's happiness? Does it not rejoice you, my dear, to have it in your power to contribute to the pleasure of such a brother? And how great, how honourable, how considerate, how delicate is his behaviour to the noble Clementina! how patient, how disinterested with her family! How ready to enter into their sentiments, and to allow for them, though against himself! But he is prudent: He sees before him at a great distance: He is resolved to have nothing to reproach himself with in future, that he can obviate at present. But is not his conduct such as would make a considerate person, who has any connections with him, tremble? Since, if there be a fault *between* them, it must be *all that* person's; and he will not, if it be possible for him to avoid it, be a sharer in it? Do you think, my dear, that had he been the first man, he would have been so complaisant to his Eve as *Milton makes Adam* [So contrary to that part of his character, which made him accuse the woman to the Almighty—

ty *]—To taste the forbidden fruit, because he would not be separated from her in her punishment, though all *posterity* were to suffer by it?—No; it is my opinion, that your brother would have had gallantry enough to his fallen spouse, to have made him extremely regret her lapse; but that he would have done *his own duty*, and left it to the Almighty, if such had been his pleasure, to have annihilated his first Eve, and given him a second—But, my dear, do I not write strangely? I would be cheerful if I could, because you are so kind as to take pains to make me so: But, on re-perusing what I have written, I am afraid that you have taught me to think oddly. Tell me truth, Charlotte: Is not what has last slipped from my pen, more in Lady G.'s manner, than in that of

Her HARRIET BYRON?

One line more; and no more, my dear, my indulgent aunt Selby!—They won't let me write on, Charlotte, when I had a thousand things further to say on the contents of this important packet; or I should not have concluded so uncharacteristically.

LETTER XVI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Lady CLEMENTINA
della PORRETTA.

Florence, July 18-29.

I BEGIN, dear and admirable Lady Clementina, the permitted correspondence, with a due sense of the favour done me in it: Yet *can* I say that it is not a painful favour? Was ever man before

* *The woman that thou gavest me, tempted me, and I did eat.*

fore circumstanced as I am?—Permitted to admire the noblest and most amiable of women, and even generously allowed to look upon himself as a man esteemed, perhaps *more* than esteemed, by her and her illustrious family; yet in honour forbidden to solicit for a blessing that once was designed for him, and which he is not accused of demeriting by misbehaviour, or by assuming an appearance that he made not good—Excellent lady! Am I other than you ever had reason to think me, in my manners, in my principles? Did I ever endeavour to unsettle you in your attachments to the religion of your country? No, madam: Invincibly attached as I knew you were to that religion, I contented myself with avowing my own; and indeed should have thought it an ill requital for the protection I enjoyed from the civil and ecclesiastical powers, and a breach of the laws of hospitality, had I attempted to unsettle the beloved daughter of a house so firmly likewise attached, as they always were, to their principles. From *such* a conduct, could this beloved daughter doubt the free exercise of her religion, had she—

But, hushed be the complainings, that my expostulating heart will hardly be denied to dictate to my pen! Have I not said, that I *will be* all you wish me to be—All *hope*, or all *acquiescence*—Forgive me, madam, forgive me, dear and ever-to-be-respected family, that yet I use the word *hope*. Such a prize almost in possession—can I *forbear* to say *hope*?—Yet do I not at the same time promise acquiescence?—Painful as it is to me, and impossible as it would be, were not all-commanding conscience pleaded, most excellent of women! I will, I *do* acquiesce. If you persevere, dear to my soul as you ever *must* be, I resign to your will.

The disappointed heart, not given up to unmanly despair in a world so subject to disappointments, will catch at the next good to that it has lost—Shall I not hope, madam, that a correspondence so al-

lowably begun, whatever be the issue in the greater event, will for ever last? That a friendship so pure will ever be allowed? That the disappointed man may be considered as the son, the brother of a family, which must, in all the branches of it, be ever dear to him?—I *will* hope it. I will even demand the continuance of its esteem; why should I not say of its *affection*? But so long only, as my own impartial heart, and my zeal for the glory and happiness of your whole house, shall tell me I deserve this; and so long as I can make out my pretensions, to the satisfaction of every one of it; it cannot be on my side, nor will I allow it on yours, that the man who once, by the favour of your whole family, was likely to be happy in a near alliance to it, should, and perhaps for *that* reason, as it often happens in like instances, be looked upon as the most remote from its friendly love.

Never, madam, could the heart of man boast a more disinterested passion for an object, whose mind was dearer to it than even her person; or a more sincere affection to every one of her family, than mine does. I am unhappily called upon to the proof. The proof is unquestionable. And—To the last hour of my life, you and they, madam, *will* be dear to me.

Adieu, most excellent of women!—Circumstanced as I am, what *more* can I say?—Adieu, most excellent of women!—May every good, temporal and eternal, be yours, and every one's of your beloved family, prays

*Your and their most grateful,
most affectionate, and
most obedient,*

GRANDISON.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

*Lady CLEMENTINA della PORRETTA, To Sir
CHARLES GRANDISON.*

Bologna, Tuesday, Aug. 5. N. S.

I WAS the more willing, Sir, to become your correspondent, as I thought I could write to you with greater freedom than I could speak. And indeed I will be very free, and very sincere. I will suppose, when I address myself to you, that I am writing to my brother and best friend. And indeed to which of my *other* brothers can I write with equal freedom?—You, in imitation of the God of us all, require only the heart. My heart shall be as open to you, as if, like Him, you could look into every secret recess of it.

I thank you, Sir, for the kind and generous contents of the letter, by which you have opened this desirable correspondence. Such a regard have you paid in it to the weakness of my mind, and to its late unhappy state, without mentioning that unhappy state—O Sir, you are the most delicate of men—What tenderness have you always shewn me, for my attachment to the religion of my fathers—Surely you are the most pious of Protestants!—Protestants *can* be pious; you and Mrs Beaumont have convinced me that they can. Little did I think I should ever be brought to acknowledge so much in favour of the people of your religion, as you and she, by your goodness, have brought me to acknowledge. O Sir! what might you not have brought me to by your love, by your kind treatment of me, and by your irresistible address, were I to have been yours, and residing in a Protestant nation, every one of your friends of that religion, and all amiable, and perhaps *exemplarily* good? I was *afraid* of you, Che-
valien

valier. But no more of this subject. You are invincible; and I hope I should not have been overcome had I been yours—But do we not pray against running into temptation?—Again, May, no more of this subject at present, yet hardly know how to forbear—

Nothing but the due consideration of the brevity and vanity of this life, in which we are but probationers, and of the eternity of the next, could have influenced me to act against my heart. Dear Chevalier, how happy should I have been, could I have given my hand as that heart would have directed, and on such terms as I could have thought my soul secure?—How shall I quit this entangling subject? I am in the midst of briars and thorns—Lend me, lend me your extricating hand; and conduct me into the smooth and pleasant path, in which you at first found me walking with undoubting feet. Never, never, for my sake, let an unexperienced virgin trust herself with her own imagination, when she begins to meditate with pleasure the great qualities of an object, with whom she has frequent opportunities of conversing.

Again am I recurring to a subject I wish to quit. But since I cannot, I will give my pen its course—Pen, take thy course. Mind, equally perverse and disturbed, I will give way to thee: I see there is no withstanding thee—

Tell me then, my brother, my friend, my faithful, my *disinterested* friend, what I shall do, what method take to be indifferent to you in *another* character? What I shall do to be able to look upon you *only* as my brother and friend?—Can you not tell me? Will you not? Will not your love of Clementina *permit* you to tell her?—I will help you to words—Say, “you are the *friend of her soul.*” If you cannot be a Catholic *always*, be a Catholic when you *advise* her. And then, from your love of her soul, you will be able

to say, "Persevere, Clementina! and I will not account you ungrateful."——

O Chevalier! I fear nothing so much as being thought capable of ingratitude by those I love. And *am* I not, can you think that I am *not* ungrateful? Once you told me so. Why, if you mean me *more* than a compliment, do you not tell me how to be *grateful*? Are *you* the only man on earth who have it in your will, and in your power, to confer obligations, yet can be above receiving returns? What services did you endeavour to do to the soul of a misguided youth, at your first acquaintance with him!——Unhappy youth! And how did he at the time requite you for them! He has let us know (generous self-accuser!) what heroic patience you had with him; and how bravely you disdained his ungrateful defiance. Well may he love you as he does. After many, many months discontinuance of friendship, you were called upon to snatch him from the jaws of death by your bravery. You were not requited, as you might have expected, from some of our family——What regret has the recollection cost us *all*!——You were obliged to quit our Italy; yet, *called upon*, as I may say, by your wounded friend; incurably wounded, as it was apprehended; you hastened to him: You hastened to his sister, wounded in her head, in her heart: You hastened to her father, mother, brothers, wounded in their minds, by the sufferings of that son and daughter. And whence did you hasten to us? From your native country. Quitting your relations, all proud of your love, and proud of loving you: on the wings of friendly zeal did you hasten to us, in a distant region. You encountered with, you overcame a thousand obstacles. The genius of healing, in the form of a skilful operator, accompanying you; all the art of the physicians of your country did you collect, to assist your noble purpose. Success attended
your

your generous wishes. We see one another, a whole family see one another, with that delight which was wont to irradiate our countenances before disaster overclouded them.

And now, what return shall we make for your goodness to us? You say, you are already rewarded in the success with which God has blessed your generous endeavours to serve us. Hence it is, that I call you proud, and at the same time happy. Well do I know, that is not in the power of a wife to reward you. For what could a wife do by such a man more than her duty? And were it possible for Clementina to be yours, *would* you that your kindness, your love to her, should be rewarded at the price of her everlasting happiness?—No, you answer—You would leave to her the full and free exercise of her religion—And *can* you promise, can you, the Chevalier Grandison, undertake, if you think your wife in an error, that you never will endeavour to cure her of that error? You who, as the husband, ought to be the regulator of her conscience, the strengthener of her mind—Can you, believing your own religion a right one, hers a wrong one, be contented that she shall persevere in it? Or can she avoid, on the same, and even still stricter principles, entering into debate with you? And will not then her faith, from your superior understanding, be endangered?—Of what force will be my confessor's arguments against yours, strengthened by your love, your kindness, your sweetness of manners? And how will all my family grieve, were Clementina to become indifferent to *them*, to her country, and *more* than indifferent to her religion?

Say, Grandison, my tutor, my friend, my brother, can you be indifferent on these weighty matters?—O no, you cannot. My brother, the Bishop, has told me (but be not angry at my brother for telling me), that you did declare to my elder brother

ther and him, that you would not in a *beginning* address have granted to a *princess* the terms you were willing to grant *me*; and that you offered them to me as a compromise!—Compassion and love were equally perhaps your inducements. Poor Clementina!—Yet, were there not a *greater* obstacle in the way, I would have accepted of your compassion because you are great and good; and there be no insult, but true godlike piety, in our compassion—Well, Sir, and do not my father, my mother, the best and most indulgent of fathers and mothers; and do not my uncle and brothers, and my other kindred, comply with their Clementina, upon the same affectionate, the same pitying motive; otherwise religion, country, the one so different, the other so remote, *would* they have consented?—They would not. Will you not then, my dear Chevalier, think that I do but right (knowing *your* motive, knowing *theirs*, knowing that to rely upon my own strength is presumption, and a tempting of the Almighty) to act as I act, to resolve as I have resolved—O do you, my tutor, be again my tutor—You never taught me a lesson that either of us might be ashamed to own—I o you, as I have begged of you in my paper, strengthen my mind. I own to you that I have struggled much with myself: And now I am got—above myself, or beneath myself, I know not whether—For my letter is not such as I designed it. *You* are too much the subject: I designed only a few lines; and those to express the grateful sense I have of your goodness to me, and our Jeronymo; indeed to every-body; and to beg of you, for the sake of my peace of mind, to point out some way, by which I, and all of us, may demonstrate our attachment to our superior duties, and our gratitude to you—

What a quantity have I written!

Excuse my wandering head; and believe me to be, as much the wellwisher of your glory, as of my own.

CLEMENTINA della PORRETTA.

L E T T E R

LETTER XVIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Lady CLEMENTINA.

Rome, Aug. 11. N. S.

"NOTHING," says the most generous and pious of her sex, "but the due consideration of the brevity and vanity of this life, and of the duration of the next, could have influenced me to act against my heart."—Condescending goodness! What acknowledgments do you make in my favour! But, *favour*—can I say?—No, *not* in my favour; but, on the contrary, to the extinction of all my hopes; for what pleas remain to be urged, when you doubt not my affection, my gratitude, my tenderness, my good faith, and think that from *them* will arise your danger?

My "extricating hand," at your command, "is held out;" and it shall not be my fault if you recover not the "smooth and pleasant path, in which you were accustomed to walk with undoubting feet."

You bid me "tell you what you shall do to be indifferent to me"—What pain does the gracious manner of your rejection give me? Exalted goodness!—"Your brother, your friend, your faithful, your *disinterested* friend," will "tell you," against himself, to the forfeiture of all his hopes; "he will tell you," that you ought *not* "to give your hand as your heart" (condescending excellence!) "would have directed," if you cannot do it, "and think your soul secure."

You "will help me to words," you say—I repeat them after you. "Persevere, Clementina—I will not," I cannot "account you ungrateful."

How much does the dear, the generous Clementina over-rate the services, which heaven, for my consolation (so I will flatter myself), in a very heavy disappointment

disappointment that was to follow, made me an humble instrument of rendering to the worthiest of families ! To that heaven be all the glory ! By ascribing so much to the agent, fear you not that you depreciate the first cause ? Give to the Supreme *His* due, and what will be left for me to claim ? What but a common service, which any one of your family would, in the like circumstances, have done for me ?

It is generous, it is noble, in you, madam, to declare your regard for the man you refuse : But what a restraint must I act under, who value, and must for ever value, the fair refuser ; yet think myself bound in honour to acquiesce with the refusal ; and to prefer your peace of mind to my own ? To lay open my heart before you would give you pain : I will *not* give you pain : Yet let me say, that the honour once designed me, had it been conferred, would have laid me under unreturnable obligations to as many persons as are in your family. It was, at one time, an honour too great even for my ambition ; and yet that is one of the constitutional faults that I have found it most difficult to restrain. But I will glory in their intended goodness ; and that I lost not their or your favour from any act of unworthiness.—Continue to me, most excellent Clementina ; continue to me, lords and ladies of your illustrious house, your friendship, and I will endeavour to be satisfied.

Your “Tutor,” as you are pleased to call him, your friend, your “BROTHER” (too clearly do I see the *exclusive* force of that last recognition !) owns, that “he cannot be indifferent to those motives “ that have so great weight with you.” He sees your steadfastness, and that your conscience is engaged : He submits therefore, whatever the submission may cost him, to your reasoning ; and repeats your words—“Persevere, Clementina.”

I did tell your elder brother, and I am ready to
Vol. VI. M tell

tell all the world, "that I would not, in a *beginning* address, tho' to a princess, have signed to "the articles I yielded to by way of compromise." Allow me, madam, to repeat this question, to which my declaration was an answer—"What would the "*daughters* have done, that they should have been "configned to perdition*?"—I had in my thoughts this further plea, that our church admits of a possibility of salvation out of its own pale—God forbid but it should!—The church of God, we hold, will be collected from the sincerely pious of all communions. Yet I own, that had the intended honour been done me, I should have rejoiced that none but sons had blessed our nuptials.

But how do your next words affect me—"Compassion, and love, say you, were equally, perhaps, "your inducements—Poor Clementina!" add you. Inimitably great as what follows this is, I should have thought myself concerned, as well for my own honour as for your delicacy, to have expatiated on the self-pitying reflection conveyed in these words, had we been otherwise circumstanced than we are: But to write but one half of what, in happier circumstances, I would have written, must, as I have hinted, give pain to your noble heart. The excellent Clementina, I am sure, would not wish me to say much on this subject. If *she* would, I *must* not; I *cannot*.

The best of fathers, mothers, brothers, and of spiritual directors, in your own way, are yours. They, madam, will strengthen your mind. Their advices, and their indulgent love, will be your support in the resolution you have taken. You call upon me again to approve of that resolution. I *do*, I *must* approve of it. "The lover of your soul," concludes with the repetition of the words you prescribe to his pen—If cooler reflection, if reconfideration

ration of those arguments which persuaded me to hope, that you would have been in no way unhappy or unsafe, had you condescended to be mine—If mature and dispassionate thought cannot alter your present persuasion on this head—"Persevere, "Clementina," in the rejection of a man as steady in his own faith as you are in yours. If your conscience is concerned—If your peace of mind is engaged—you ought to refuse. "You cannot be "thought ungrateful"—So, against himself, decides your called-upon, and generously acknowledged,

"Tutor, Friend, Brother,"

GRANDISON.

L E T T E R X I X.

Lady CLEMENTINA, To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, Aug. 19. N. S.

AND do you, best of men, consent to be governed by my wishes? But are you *convinced* (you do not say you are) by my reasonings?—Alas! my reasoning powers are weakened: My head has received an incurable wound: My memory, indeed, seems returned; but its return only serves to make me more sensible of my past unhappiness; and to dread a relapse.

But what is it I hear? Olivia is come back to Florence; and *you* are at Florence! Fly from Florence, and from Olivia—But whither will you go, to avoid a woman who could follow you to England?—Whither but to England!—We are all of us apprehensive for the safety of your person, if you refuse to be the husband of that violent woman. Yet cannot I bear the thoughts of her being yours. But *that*, you have told me, the never can be—Yet, if you could be happy with her, why should I be an

enemy to her happiness?— But to your own magnanimity I will leave this subject.

— Let me advise with my tutor, my friend, my brother, on a point that is now much more my concern than Olivia, and her hopes— Fain, very fain, would I take the veil. My heart is in it. My friends, my dearest friends, urge against my plea, the dying request, as well as the wishes, while living, of my grandfathers on both sides. I am distressed; I am *greatly* distressed; for well do I know what were the views of the two good men, now with God, in wishing me *not* to assume the veil. But could they foresee the calamity that was to befall their Clementina? They could *not*. I need not dwell upon the subject, and upon the force of their pleas and mine, to a man whose mind is capacious enough to take in the whole strength of both at once. But you will add an obligation to the many you have already conferred upon me, if you can join your weight to my pleas: and make it your request, that I may be obliged in this momentous article. Let me expect that you can, that you will. They all languish for opportunities to oblige the man, who has laid them under obligations not to be returned. Need I to suggest a plea to you, the force of which must be allowed from you, if you ever with fervour loved Clementina?

If I know my own heart, and I have given it a strict examination, two things granted me would make me as happy as I now can be in this life: The one, that my request to be allowed to sequester myself from the world, and to dedicate myself to God, be complied with: The other, to be assured of your happiness in marriage with an English, at least not an Italian, woman. I am obliged to own, though I am sensible that I expose to you my weakness by the acknowledgment, that the last is but too necessary to the tranquillity of my mind, in the situation in which the grant of my first wish will
place

place me. Let me know, Chevalier, when I have set my hand to the plough, that there is no looking back; and that the *only* man I ever thought of with tenderness is another's, and, were I *not* professed, never could be mine. Answer as I wish; and I shall be able to follow you, Sir, with my prayers, to the country that has the honour of producing such an ornament to human nature.

It must not be known, you will readily suppose, that I have sought to interest you in my plea. For this reason, I have not shewn this letter to any-body. Father Marefcootti, I have hopes, as a religious, will declare himself in my favour, if *you* do. My brother, the Bishop, surely will strengthen your hand and his, though he appears as the *brother*, not as the prelate, in support of the family reasons.

I am not ashamed to say I long to see you, Sir. I can the more readily allow myself to tell you so, as I can declare that I am unalterably determined in adherence to my written resolution, never to trust to my own strength in an article in which my everlasting welfare is concerned. O, Sir, what struggles, what conflicts, did this resolution cost me, before I could make it!—But *once* made, and upon *such* deliberation, and after I had begged of God his direction, which I imagine he has graciously given me, I have never wished to alter it. Forgive me, Sir. You will; you are a good man—My God only have I preferred to you.

CLEMENTINA della PORRETTA.

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LETTER

LETTER XX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Lady CLEMENTINA.

Florence, Aug. 23. N. S.

MY dear correspondent asks, If I am convinced by her reasonings—I repeat, That I resign to your will every hope, every wish, respecting myself. In a case where conscience can be pleaded, no other reasonings are necessary.

But what can I say, most excellent of women, to the request you make, that I will support you in your solicitude to take the veil? I hope you only propose this to me, by way of asking my advice—“Let me, say you, *advise* with my tutor, my friend, my brother”—I have given the highest instance that man could give of my disinterestedness; and I will now, as you require, suppose myself a Catholic in the humble advice I shall offer to my sisterly friend; and this will the rather appear, since, as a Protestant, I should argue against *any one's* binding him or herself, by vows of perpetual celibacy.

“Need I, asks my dear correspondent, suggest a plea for you to make, the force of which must be allowed, if ever you fervently loved Clementina?” At what plea does the excellent Clementina hint? Is it not at an *Herodian* one*? Why, if ever she honoured her Grandison with her esteem, does she not enforce the same plea with regard to him? Can she, avowing that esteem, be so generous as to wish him to

* Herod directed, that his Mariamne should be put to death, that she might not be the wife of any other man, if he returned not alive from the court of Augustus Caesar, before whom he was cited to answer for his conduct, which had been obnoxious to that prince, in the contest between him and Antony for the empire of the world.

enter into the married estate, and even to insist upon it, as a step that would contribute to her future peace of mind, yet hope to prevail upon him to make it his request, that she may be secluded from a possibility of ever enjoying the same liberty? Were I married, and capable of wishing to fetter and restrain thus my *wife*, in case of her surviving me, I should think she ought to despise me for the narrowness of my heart. What then is the plea that a young lady, in the bloom of beauty, would put me upon making?—And to whom?—To her own relations, who all *languish*, as she expresses herself, *for opportunities to oblige him*; and who are extremely earnest to *dissuade* her from entering upon the measure she wishes him to promote? Can he, madam, to use your own words in the solemn paper you gave me, think of *taking such advantage of their generosity* to him?

But can Clementina della Porretta, who is blest with the tenderest and most indulgent of parents, and who has always justly gloried in her duty to them; whose brothers love her with a disinterestedness that hardly any brothers before them have been able to shew; can she, in opposition to the will of her grandfathers, wish to enter into a measure that must frustrate all their hopes from her for ever?—Dear lady! consider.

You, my beloved correspondent, who hold marriage as a sacrament, surely cannot doubt but you may serve God in it with much greater efficacy, than were you to sequester yourself from a world that wants such an example as you are able to give it. But, madam, your parents propose not marriage to you: They only, at present, beseech, not command you (they know the generosity of your heart) not to take a step that must entirely frustrate all their hopes, and put an option out of *your own* power, should you change your mind. Let me advise you, madam, disclaiming all interested views,
and

and from motives of a love merely fraternal (for such is your expectation from the man you honour with your correspondence) to set the hearts of relations, so justly dear to you, at ease; and to leave to Providence the issue. They never, madam, will compel you. And give me leave to say, that piety requires this of you. Does not the Almighty, everywhere in his word, sanctify the *reasonable* commands of parents? Does he not interest himself, if I may so express myself, in the performance of the filial duty? May it not be justly said, that to obey your parents is to serve God? Would the generous, the noble-minded Clementina della Porretta, *narrow*, as I may say, her piety by limiting it (I speak now as if I were a Catholic, and as if I thought there were some *merit* in secluding one's self from the world), when she could, at least, *equally* serve God, and benefit her own soul, by obeying her parents, by fulfilling the will of her deceased grandfathers, and by obliging all her other near and dear relations? Lady Clementina cannot resolve all the world into herself. Shall I say, there is often cowardice, there is selfishness, and perhaps, in the world's eye, a too strong confession of disappointment, in such seclusions?

There are about you persons, who can give this argument its full force—I *cannot* do it. O my Clementina, my sister, my friend, I cannot be so great, so undivested, in this instance, as you can be!—But I can be just: I presume to say, I cannot be ungenerous. I tell you not what I hope to be enabled by your noble example, in time, to do, because of the present *tenderness* of your *health*. But you must not, madam, expect from *me* a conduct, that you think it would become you to disavow. Delicate as the *female* mind is, and as is most particularly my dear correspondent's, that of the man, on such an occasion as this, should shew
at

at least an *equal* delicacy : For has he not *her* honour to protect, no less than his *own*, as a man, to regard ?

Distress me not, my dear Clementina ; *add* not, I should *rather* say, to my distress, by the declaration of *yours*. I repeat, that your parents will not compel you. Put it not out of your *power* to be prevailed upon to do an act of *duty*. God requires not that you should be dead to your friends, in order to live to him. Their hope is laudable. Will Lady Clementina della Porretta put it out even of the *Almighty's* power to bless their hope ? Will she think herself unhappy, if she cannot punish them, instead of rewarding them, for all their tender and indulgent goodness to her ?—It cannot be. God Almighty perfect his own work, so happily begun, in the full restoration of your health ! This blessing, I have no doubt, will attend your filial obedience. But can you, my dear correspondent, expect it, if you make yourself uneasy, and keep your mind in suspense, as to your duty, and indulge yourself in supposing that the will of God, and the will of your parents, are opposite ? A great deal now depends upon yourself. O madam, will you not in a *smaller* instance, were your heart ever so much engaged to the cloistered life, practise that self-denial, which in the *highest* you enforce upon me ? All your temporal duties against you ; and your spiritual not favouring, much less impelling you ?

But once more, I quit a subject, that may, and no doubt will, be enforced in a much stronger manner than I *can* enforce it. I will soon, very soon, pay my duty to you, and all yours. You own your wishes to see me, because you are fortified by your invincible adherence to your resolution. I will acknowledge anguish of heart. I cannot, as I told you above, be so great as you. But if you will permit your sisterly love to have

its full operation, and if you wish me peace of mind, and a cordial resignation to your will, let me see you, madam, on the next visit I shall have the honour to make you, chearful, serene, and determined to acquiesce in the reasonable will of parents, who, I am confident, I again repeat it, will never compel you to marry—Have they not already given you a very strong instance that they will not?—In a word, let me hear you declare, that you will resign yourself to their will in this article of the veil; and I shall then, with the more chearfulness, endeavour to resign to yours, so strongly and repeatedly declared, in the letter before me, to, dear lady,

Your fraternal friend, and ever-obliged Servant,
 GRANDISON.

Lady Olivia, madam, arrived this day at her own palace. It is impossible that any thing but civility can pass between her and your greatly favoured correspondent.

LETTER XXI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON; To Dr BARTLETT.

Bologna, Thursday, Aug. 17-28.

I SHALL hereafter have a pretty large supplement to give you to my literary journal; having found it necessary, as much as possible, in the past month, to amuse myself with subjects without myself. And I shall send you now the copies of three letters of mine, written in Italian to Lady Clementina; and two of hers, in answer to the first and second of them*.

I arrived

* See the five preceding Letters.

I arrived here yesterday, but before I proceed to acquaint you with my reception, I should mention, that Lady Olivia arrived at her own palace at Florence on Friday last. I was then in that city, but newly returned from Naples and Rome. She sent one of her gentlemen to me the night of her arrival, to acquaint me with it, and to desire me to attend her next morning. I went.

Her first reception of me was polite and agreeable. But the moment her aunt Maffei withdrew, and we were alone, her eyes darting a fiercer ray, Wretch, said she, what disturbance, what anxieties, hast thou given me!—But it is well, that thy ingratitude to the creature who has risked so much for thee, has been rewarded, as it ought to be, by a repulse from a still prouder heart, if possible, than thy own!

You, Lady Olivia, answered I, have *reason* to impute pride to me. You have given me many opportunities to shew you, that I, a man, can keep my temper; when you, a woman, have not been able to keep yours; yet, in me, never met with an aggressor.

Not an aggressor, Sir!—To say nothing of the contempts you cast upon me here in my own Italy, what was your treatment of me in your England?—Paltry island! I despise it!—To resolve to leave me there! To refuse to compliment me with a day, an hour! [O my detested weakness! What a figure did I make among your friends!] And declaredly to attend the motions of the haughtiest woman in Europe!—Thank God, for your own sake, yes, Sir, I have the charity to say for *your own sake*, that you are disappointed.

I pity you, Lady Olivia; from my soul I pity you! and should abhor myself, were I capable of mingling insult with my pity. But I leave you.

Forgive

○ Forgive me, Chevalier, catching my arm as I was going. I am more displeased with myself than with you. A creature that has rendered herself so cheap to you (but, Sir, it is *only* to you) cannot but be uneasy to herself; and when she is, she must misbehave to every body else. Say you forgive me—

She held out her hand to me. But immediately, on Lady Maffei's coming in, followed by servants, withdrew it.

Her behaviour afterwards was that of the true passionate woman; now ready to rave, now in tears. I cannot, Dr Bartlett, *descend to particulars*. A man, who loves the sex; who has more compassion than vanity in his nature; who can value even generally faulty persons for the qualities that are laudable in them, must be desirous to *draw a veil* over the weaknesses of such. I left her distressed. There *may* be cases in which sincerity cannot be separated from unpoliteness. I was obliged to be *unpolite*, or I could not have been *sincere*; and must have given such answers as would perhaps, in some measure, have entitled the lady to think herself *amused*. Poor woman! She threatened to have me overtaken by her vengeance. But now, on the disappointment I had met with at Bologna, it became absolutely necessary for me to encourage, or to discourage, this unhappy lady—I could not have been just to *her*, had I not been just to *myself*.

A very extraordinary attempt was made, next day, on my person; I am apt to believe from this quarter. It succeeded not: And as I was on the Tuesday to set out for Bologna, I let it pass off without complaint or enquiry.

I paid the Count of Belvedere a visit, as I had promised. The General at Naples, and the Count at Parma, received me with the highest civilities; and

and both from the same motive. The Count *will* hope.

The General accompanied me, with his lady, part of my way to Florence: The motive of his journey is to rejoice personally with his friends at Urbino and Bologna, on the resolution his sister has taken, and to congratulate her upon it; as he has already done by letter, the copy of which he showed me. There were high compliments made me in it. We *may* speak handsomely of the man whom we neither envy nor fear. He would have loaded me with presents; but I declined accepting any; in such a manner, however, as he could not be dissatisfied with me for my refusal.

I paid also my respects at Urbino to the Altieri family, and the Conte della Porretta, in my way to Rome and Naples, and met with a very polite reception from both. For the rest of the time of my absence from Bologna, my literary journal will account.

On Wednesday afternoon I went to the palace of Porretta. I hastened up to my Jeronymo, with whom, as also with Mr Lowther, I had held a correspondence in my absence, and received favourable intelligences from them.

Jeronymo rejoiced to see me. I was inexpressibly delighted to find him so much recovered. His appetite, he told me, was restored. His rest was balmy and refreshing. He sat up several hours in the day; and his sister and he gave joy to each other, and to all their friends. But he hinted to me his wishes still to call me brother; and begged of God, in a very earnest manner, snatching my hand, and wetting it with his tears, that it still might be so.

The Marquis and Marchioness joined to thank me for my part of the correspondence with their beloved daughter; for, on my declining to support her in her wishes to be allowed to take the

veil, she had shewed them the copy of her second letter, as well as my reply to it. The blessings which they poured out upon me were mingled with their tears; and Father Marefcotti and the Bishop declared, that they would, in every prayer they put up to heaven for themselves and the family, remember me, and beg of God to supply to me by another, and even, they said, a *better* Clementina, the disappointment I had unexpectedly met with from *theirs*. The General and his lady, and the Count, arrived the day before: But they were not present.

While they were all complimenting and applauding the almost *silent* man (for in so critical a situation what could I say?) Camilla came in, and whispering the Marchioness, Clementina, said the Marchioness, is impatient to see her friend. Chevalier, I will introduce you. I followed her.

The young lady, the moment she beheld me, flew to me with open arms, as to her brother, her *fourth brother*, as she called me; and thanked me, she said, a thousand thousand times, for my letters to her. My mamma, said she, has seen them all. But, ah, Sir, your third!—I did not think you would have refused me your interest with my friends. I cannot, cannot give up that point. It was always my wish, madam (turning to her mother), to be God's child; that will not make me less your's and my papa's. O, Chevalier, you have not quieted, you have not convinced my heart!

I promise myself, that I could have left you without a plea, my dear correspondent, returned I, had my heart been at ease, and the argument less affecting to myself. And surely, if Lady Clementina had been convinced, she would have acted up to her conviction.

O, Sir, you are a dangerous man. I see, if a certain event had taken place, I should have been
a lost

a lost creature!—Are not you, Sir, convinced that, in my notions of a lost creature, I should? If you are, I hope *you* will act up to your conviction.

Was this necessary to be said to me?—I think, on recollection, she half smiled when she said it.

My dear Dr Bartlett, you see Clementina could be pleasant on an occasion so solemn!—But perhaps she saw me only *affectedly* chearful. Little as she at present imagines it, I think it not impossible that she may in time be brought to yield to the sense of her duty, laid down by such powerful advocates as she has in her own family. Whatever happens, may it be happy to her and this family, and then I cannot be wholly joyless. What is there in this life worth—But let me not be too abstracted. This world, if we can enjoy it with innocent chearfulness, and be serviceable to our fellow-creatures, is not to be despised, even by a philosopher.

I hope, madam, said I to her, that at least you suspend your wishes after the sequestered life. She allowed the force of one or two of my arguments; but I could perceive, that she gave not up her hope of being complied with in her wishes to assume the veil.

The General, and his lady, and the Count, being come in, hastened up to pay their compliments to me. How profuse were the two gentlemen in theirs!

At the Marchioness's motion, we went to Jeronimo, and found the Marquis, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti coming to us. And then, every one joining in their acknowledgments of obligation to me, and wishing it in their power to make us as happy as they declared I had made them, I said, it *was* in their power, I hoped, to do me an unspeakable pleasure.

They called upon me, as with one voice: It is, answered I, that my dear friend Jeronymo may be prevailed upon to accompany me to England. Mr Lowther would think himself very happy in his attendance on him there, rather than to stay here; and yet, if my request should not be granted, he is determined not to leave him till he is supposed to be out of danger.

They looked upon one another with eyes of pleasure and surprize. Jeronymo wept. I cannot, cannot bear, said he, such a weight of obligation. Grandison, we can do nothing for *you*. And you have brought me your Lowther to heal me, that you might have the killing of me yourself.

Clementina's eyes were filled with tears. She went from us with some little precipitation.

O Chevalier, said the Marchioness, my Clementina's heart is too susceptible for its own ease, to impressions of gratitude. You will quite kill the poor child—or make her repent her resolution.

What is there but favour to me, replied I, if my request can be complied with? I hope my dear Jeronymo will not be unattended by others of his friends: I have had the promises of the two young lords. Our baths are restorative. I will attend you to them, my dear Jeronymo. The difference of air, of climate, may probably be tried with advantage. Let me have the honour of entertaining you in England, looking all round me; and *that* I will consider, as a full return of the obligations you think so highly of, and are so solicitous to discharge.

They looked upon one another in silence.

Would to God, proceeded I, that you, my lord, and you, madam (directing myself to the father and mother), would honour me, as my guests, for one season—You once had thoughts of it, had a certain happy event taken place—I dare promise
you

you both, after the fatigues you have undergone, a renewal of health, from our salutary springs. I should be but too happy, if, in such company, a sister might be allowed to visit a brother!—But if this be thought too great a favour, that sister, in your absence, cannot but give and receive pleasure, sometimes in visiting Mrs Beaumont at Florence; sometimes her brother, and his lady, at Naples. And I will engage my two sisters and their lords to accompany me in my attendance on you back to Bologna. My sisters will be delighted with the opportunity of visiting Italy, and of paying their respects to a young lady whose character they revere, and to whom once their brother had hoped to give them the honour of a relation.

They still continuing silent, but none of them seeming displeased, You will, by such a favour, my dear Lords, and you, madam, to the Marchioness, do me credit with *myself*, as I may say. I shall return to my native country, if I go alone, after the hopes you had all given me, like a disappointed and rejected man. My pride, as well as my pleasure, is concerned on this occasion. My house in the country, my house in London, shall be yours. I will be either inmate or visiter at your pleasure. No man loveth his country better than I do: But you will induce me to love it still better, if by your compliance with my earnest request, you shall be able to obtain either health or pleasure from a twelvemonth's residence in it. Oblige me, my dear Lords; oblige me, madam; were it but to give yourselves a new relish to your own country and palace on your return. Our summers have not your fervid sun: Our commerce gives us all your justly-boasted autumnal fruits; nor are our winters so cold as yours. Oblige me, for the approaching winter only, and stay longer, as you shall find inclination.

Dearest Grandison, said Jeronymo, I will ac-

cept of your invitation the moment I am told that I may undertake the journey——

The journey, my Lord! interrupted I.—Your cabin shall be made near as convenient to you as your chamber. You shall be set ashore within half a league of my house in London. God give us all a pleasant voyage; and in a few days time, you will not know, except by amended health and spirits, that you are not in this your own chamber.

Surely, said the general, my sister was right in her apprehensions, that she would not be able to continue a Catholic, had she been this man's. I wish you, my Lord, said he, you, madam, and Jeronymo, would go. You have had a long course of fatigues and troubles. You love the Chevalier, *Winter* with him however. I have heard much of the efficacy of the English baths. Clementina must not go. My wife and I will make her as happy as possible in your absence: And take Grandison at his word. Bring him and his sisters back with you. Their lords, I understand, *have been* among us. They will not be sorry to visit Italy a second time, as, no doubt, they are men of taste—But when, Chevalier, do you think of going?

The sooner the better, were it but to take advantage of the fine season: It will be but what mariners call a *trip* to England. You will make me very happy. You can have no other way of discharging the obligations you are so solicitous about. I will return with you: The health of Lady Clementina, I flatter myself, will be quite confirmed by that time. Signor Jeronymo, I hope, will be restored likewise: What joy shall we be enabled to give one another!—

They took only till the morning to consult and give me an answer.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation.

MR Lowther and his colleagues having been consulted, gave it as their opinion, that Jeronymo might be removed by a litter to the nearest sea-port, and there embark for England; but that it is most eligible to stay till the next spring, by which time they hope the two old wounds may be safely cicatrized, and the new one only kept open.

But they all engaged, that then not only Jeronymo, and the two young lords, but some others of the family will be my guests in England; and, in the mean time, that the Bishop and Father Marescotti will in turn correspond with me, and acquaint me with all that passes here.

Clementina drank chocolate with us. She had been made acquainted with their determination, and approved of the promises of a visit to be made me next year, by some of the principals of the family. What a hard circumstance is it, whispered she, as she sat next me, that the person who would be most willing to go, and I flatter myself, would not be the *least* welcome, must not be of the company! I should have been glad to have made one visit to the country where the Chevalier Grandison was born.

And what a perverseness, thought I, is there in custom! that would not permit this kind explicitness in Lady Clementina, were she not determined to consider the *brother* in the man before her, rather than a still nearer relation! By how many ways, my dear Dr. Bartlett, may delicate minds express a denial!—Negatives need not be frowningly given, nor affirmatives blushing pronounc-
ed.

Jeronymo

Jeronymo and I being left alone, he challenged me on the visible concern which he, and every one, as he said, saw in my countenance, on the turn his sister had taken: Had it not been in my heart, he was sure it would not have been *there*.

Can you wonder at it, my dear friend? said I: When I came over, greatly as I thought of your sister, I did not think she had been *so* great as she has shewn herself. I admired her ever, but I now *more* than admire her. Taught to hope, as I was, and so unexpectedly disappointed as I have been, I must have been more than man, were I not very much affected.

No doubt but you must, and I am cordially concerned for your concern. But, my dear Grandison, it is God alone that she prefers to you. She suffers more than you can do. She has no other way, she assures me, to comfort herself, but by indulging her hopes, that she shall not live long—Dear creature! She flatters herself, that her reason is restored, in answer to her fervent supplications, which, she says, she put up to Heaven, in her lucid intervals, that for the sake of her parents and brothers it might be restored, and that then she might be taken to the arms of mercy. But if your heart be *deeply* affected, my Grandison—

It is, Jeronymo. I am not an insensible man. But should now our dear Clementina be prevailed upon to descend from the height to which she has soared, however my wishes might be gratified by the condescension; yet, while she believed her conscience would be wounded by it, I could not but think it would be some diminution to her glory. And how, as she has hinted in one of her letters to me, would it be possible, were I to see my beloved wife unhappy with her scruples, to forbear endeavouring to quiet her mind by removing them? And could *this* be effected, without giving her an opinion of the religion I profess, in opposition to hers?

hers? And would not that subject me to a breach of articles? O my dear Jeronymo! Matters must stand just as they do, except she could think more favourably of my religion, and less favourably of her own.

He began to talk of their obligations to me. I declared that they could no other way give me pain. Do not, said I, let this subject ever be again mentioned by you, or any of the family. Every one, my dear Jeronymo, is not called upon by the occasion, as I have had the happiness to be. Would my friend envy me this happiness?

I wish, Dr Bartlett, with all my heart, that I could think of any thing that I could accept of, to make such grateful spirits easy. It pains me to be placed by them in such a superior light as must give *them* pain. What, my dear Dr Bartlett, can I do, consistent with my notions of friendship, to make their hearts easy?

He was afraid, he said, that I should now soon think of leaving them.

I told him, that having no doubt of Lady Clementina's perseverance in her resolution, and of her leave to return to my native country, I should be glad, for my own sake, as well as the lady's, to be allowed to depart in a few days. Mr Lowther, as it would make Jeronymo, as he had declared, more easy, would stay behind me. But dismiss him, my friend, said I, as soon as you can. He had obtained abroad a happy competency, and was returned to England, when I first knew him, with intent to enjoy it. He is as rich as he wants to be; and can gratify only the natural benevolence of his heart, by attending my dear friend. I hope to get him to accept of apartments with me in my London house, and to fix his retirement, if not with me in my paternal seat, in its neighbourhood at least. He has merit that is not confined to his profession: But for what he has done for my Jeronymo,

ronymo, he will always hold a prime place in my heart.

It is *true*, Dr Bartlett; and I please myself, that he will be found as worthy of your friendly love, and my Beauchamp's, as of mine. If I can at last be indulged in my long, long hoped-for wish, of settling in my native country with some tolerable tranquillity of mind, I shall endeavour to draw round me such a collection of valuable persons, as shall make my neighbourhood one of the happiest spots in Britain.

The Marchioness came up to us. Clementina, said she, is apprehensive that you will soon leave us. Her father and brothers are walking with her in the garden: They will, I dare say, be glad of your company.

I left Jeronymo and his mother together, and joined the Marquis and his other sons, and Clementina. The General's lady and Father Marfetti were in another alley, in earnest conversation.

The Marquis made me a high compliment; and, after a few turns, the prelate led off his father and brother, and left Clementina and me alone together.

Were you not cruel, Chevalier, said she, in your last letter to me, not only to deny me your weight in the request my heart was, and is still set upon, but to strengthen their arguments against me? Great use have some of my friends made of what you wrote. O Sir, you have won the heart of Giacomo; but you have contributed to oppress that of his sister. Indeed, indeed, I cannot be easy if I am denied the veil.

Dear Lady Clementina, remember, that the full establishment of your health depends, under God, upon the quiet of your own mind. Give not way, I beseech you, to uneasy apprehensions. What daughter may rely upon the indulgence of a father
and

and mother, what sister upon the affection of brothers, if you may not upon yours? You have seen how much their happiness depends upon your health. Would you doubt the efficacy of that piety while you are in the world, of which you have already (shall I say to *my* cost?) given an instance so glorious to yourself, that the sufferer by it cannot help applauding you for it?

O Chevalier! say not at your cost, if you wish me to be easy.

With the utmost difficulty *have* I restrained, and *do* I restrain myself on these occasions. I must however add on this a few words: You have obliged me, madam, to give one of the greatest instances of self-denial that ever was given by man: Let me beseech you, dearest Lady Clementina, for your own sake, for the sake of your duty, as well to the departed as to the living, (and, may I add, for *my* sake?) that you would decline this now favourite wish of your heart.

She paused; and at last said, Well, Sir, I see I must not expect any favour from you on this subject. Let us turn into that shaded alley. And now, Sir, as to the other part of my request to you in my last letter—It was not a request made on undeliberate motives.

What is that, madam?

How shall I say it?—Yet I will—If, Chevalier, you would banish from my heart—Again she stopt. I thought not, at that moment, of what she meant.

If you would make me easy—

Madam—

You must marry!—Then, Sir, shall I not doubt of my adhering to my resolution. But, say not a word till I have told you, that the lady must be an English woman. She must not be an Italian. Olivia must *not* be yours. You could not be happy, I persuade

I persuade myself, with Olivia. Do you think you could?

I bowed in confirmation of her opinion.

I *thought* you could not. Let not Clementina be disgraced in your choice of a wife. I have a proud heart. Let it not be said, that the man, of whom Clementina della Porretta thought with distinction, undervalued himself in marriage.

This, Dr Bartlett, was a request of the same generous import, that she mentioned in her reveries before I left Italy. How consistently delicate! She had tears in her eyes, as she spoke. I was too much affected with her generosity to interrupt her.

If you marry, Sir, I shall, perhaps, be allowed to be one in the party that will make you a visit in England: My sister-in-law has, within this hour, wished to be one. She will endeavour to prevail upon her lord (he can deny her nothing) to accompany her. You will be able to induce Mrs Beaumont once more to visit her native country. You and your lady, and perhaps your sisters and their lords, will return with *us*. Thus shall we be as one family. If I am not to be obliged in *another* wish, I must in *this*: And this *must* be in your power. And will you not make me easy!

Admirable Clementina! Who can be so great as you! Such tenderness as I read in your eyes, such magnanimity, never before met in woman! You can do every thing that is noble—But that very greatness of soul attaches me to you; and makes it, at least while I am an admiring witness of your excellence—

Hush, Chevalier! Not a word more on this subject. It affects me more than I wish it did. I am afraid I am chargeable with affectation—But you must, however, marry. I shall not be easy while you are unmarried—When I know it is not possible to be—But no more on this subject now—How long is it that we are to have you among us?

If I have no hopes, madam—

||

Dear

Dear Chevalier, speak not in this strain—She turned her face from me.

The sooner the better—But your pleasure, madam—

I thank you, Sir—But did I not tell you, that I have pride, Chevalier?—Ah, Sir, you have long ago found it out! *Pride* will do greater things for women, than *Reason* can—Let us walk to that seat, and I will tell you more of my pride.

She sat down; and making me sit by her—I will talk to these myrtles, fancifully said she, turning her head from me. “Shall the Chevalier Grandison be acquainted with the weakness of thy heart, Clementina? Shall he, in compassion to thy weakness, leave his native country, and come over to thee?—Shall the success that has attended his generous effort, shew *his* power to the confirmation of *thy* weakness to take a resolution becoming thy character, be doubtful whether thou canst adhere to it, and give him room to think thee doubtful?—Shall he, in consequence of this doubtfulness, make *officious* absences, to try thy strength of mind?—And shalt thou fail in the trial his compassionate generosity puts thee to?”—No, Clementina!

Then turning to me, with a down-cast-eye—I thank you, Sir, for all the instances of generous compassion you have shewn me. My unhappy disorder had *intituled* me in some measure to it. It was the hand of God. Perhaps a punishment for my pride; and I submit to it. Nor am I ashamed to acknowledge the kindness of your compassion to me. I will retain a grateful sense of it to the last hour of my life. I wish to be remembered by you with tenderness to the last hour of yours. I may not live long: I will therefore yield to your request, so earnestly made, and to the *wishes* of my dearest friends, in suspending at least *my own*. I will hope to see you (in the happy state I have

hinted at) in England, and afterwards in Italy. I will suppose you of my family. I will suppose myself of yours. On these suppositions, in these hopes, I can part with you; as, if I live, it will be a temporary parting only; an absence of a few months. And have I not behaved well for the whole last month, and several days over; though I reckoned to myself the time as it passed, more than once every day, as so much elapsed, and nearer to the time of your return?—I own it (blushing)—And now, Sir, I return to you the option you offered me. Be the day, the solemn day, at *your* nomination—Your *Sister* Clementina will surrender you up to *her* sisters and *yours*—O Sir! lifting up her eyes to me, beholding an emotion in me which I tried to conceal, but could not, how good, how compassionate, how affectionate, you are!—But name to me *now* your day! This feat, when you are far, far distant from me, shall be a feat consecrated to the remembrance of your tenderness. I will visit it every day; nor shall the summer's sun, nor the winter's frost, keep me from it.

It will be best, taking her hand, admirable lady! it will be best for us both, for *me* I am sure it will, that the solemn day be early. Next Monday morning let me set out—Sunday evening—The day, on my part, shall be a day passed in imploring health, happiness, and every blessing, on my dearest Clementina, on our Jeronimo, and their whole family; and for a happy meeting to us all in England—SUNDAY EVENING, if you please, I will—I could not speak out the sentence.

She burst into tears; reclined her face on my shoulder—her bosom heaved—and she sobbed out—Oh, Chevalier!—*Must, must*—But *be* it—*Be* it so!—And God Almighty strengthen the minds of both!

The Marchioness, who was coming towards us, saw at a distance the emotion of her beloved daughter,

ter, and fearing she was fainting, hastened to her, and clasping her arms about her—My child, my Clementina, said she—Why these streaming eyes? Look upon me, love.

Ah, madam! The day, the day is set!—Next Monday!—The Chevalier will leave Bologna!

God forbid—Chevalier, you will not so soon leave us? My dear, we will prevail upon the Chevalier—

I arose, and walked into a cross alley from them. I was greatly affected!—O Dr Bartlett! These good women!—Why have I a heart so susceptible; yet such demands upon it for fortitude?

The General, the Bishop and Father Marescotti, came to me. I briefly recounted to them the substance of the conversation that had passed between Lady Clementina and me. The Marquis joined his lady and daughter; and Clementina, in her tender way, gave her father and mother an account of it also.

The Marquis and his lady, leaving her to her Camilla, joined us: O Chevalier! said the Marquis, how can we think of parting with you!—And so soon!—You will not so suddenly leave us?

Not if Lady Clementina commands the contrary. If she do not the sooner, the better it will be for me. I cannot bear her generous excellence. She is the most exalted of women—See! the dear lady before us leaning on her Camilla, as if she wanted support!

My sister and you, Chevalier, said the general, will no doubt correspond. We shall none of us deny her that liberty. As she has already expressed to you her wishes that you would marry; may we not hope, that you will try her influence over her, upon the same subject, in your future letters? The marriage of *either* will answer the end she proposes to herself, by urging yours.

Good heaven! thought I—Do they believe me absolutely divested of human passions?—I have been

at continual war, as you know, Dr Bartlett, with the most ungovernable of mine; but without wishing to overcome the tender susceptibilities, which, properly directed, are the glory of human nature.

This is too much to be asked, said the young Marchioness. How can this be expected?

You know not, madam, said the Bishop, seconding his brother's wishes, what the Chevalier Grandison can do, to make a whole family happy, tho' against himself.

Lady Clementina, said the equally unfeeling, tho' good Father Marescotti, thinks she is under the divine direction, in the resolution she has taken. This world, and all its glories, are but of second consideration with her. Were it to cost her her life, I am confident, she would not alter it. As therefore the Chevalier can have no hopes—

I cannot ask this, said the Marquis. You see how hard a task (*referring to me*)—O that the great obstacle *could* be removed! My dear Grandison, taking my hand, cannot, cannot—But I dare not ask—If it could, my own sons would not be more dear to me than you.

My lord, you honour me. You engage my utmost gratitude. It is with difficulty that I am able to adhere to my engagement, not to press her to be mine, when I have the honour to be with her. I have wished her to resign her will to that of her father and mother, as you have seen, *knowing* the consequence. I am persuaded, that if *either* were to marry, the other would be more easy in mind! and I had much rather follow *her* example, than set her one—You will see what my return to my native country will do for us *both*. But she must not be precipitated. If she is, her wishes to take the veil may be resumed. Punctilio will join with her piety; and if not complied with, she may then again be unhappy.

They

They agreed to follow my advice; to have patience; and leave the issue to time.

I left them, and went to Jeronymo. I communicated to him what had passed, and the early day I had named for setting out on my return to England. This I did with as much tenderness as possible. Yet his concern was so great upon it, that it added much to mine; and I was forced, with some precipitation, to quit his chamber, and the house; and to retire to my lodgings in order to compose myself.

And thus, my dear Dr Bartlett, is the day of my setting out fixed. I hope I shall not be induced to alter it. Mrs Beaumont, I know will excuse me going back to Florence. Olivia must. I hope she will. I shall write to both.

I shall take my route through Modena, Parma, Placentia. Lady Sforza has desired an interview with me. I hope she will meet me at Pavia, or Turin. If not, I will attend her at Milan. I promised to pay her a visit before I quitted Italy: But as her request to see me was made while it was thought there might have been a relation between us, I suppose the interview now can mean nothing but civility. I hope, if I see her, her cruel daughter will not be present.

LETTER XXII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

*Parma, Monday Night, { Aug. 21.
Sept. 1.*

HERE I am, my dear Dr Bartlett. Just arrived. The Count of Belvedere allows me to be alone. I am not fit for company.

The whole family, Jeronymo and Clementina, excepted,

excepted, dined with me on Saturday. Clementina was not well enough to leave her chamber. She would endeavour, she said, on Sunday night, when I was to take my leave of them all, to behave with as much presence of mind as she did on a former occasion. All the intervenient time, she said, was necessary to fortify her heart. But, alas! the circumstances between us, then and now, were not the same. We had, for some time past, been allowedly too dear to each other, to appear, either of us, so politely distant as we did then.

She never once asked me to suspend the day of my departure. Every one else repeatedly did. We *both* thought it best, as the separation was necessary, that it should *not* be suspended.

I had many things to do; many letters to write; much to say to Mr Lowther, and he to me. I declined therefore their invitation to attend them home in the evening, as well as to dine with them next day. The solemn visit was to be made yesterday in the evening; and every visit near the time would have been as so many farewells. My own heart, at least, told me so, and forbade me more than one parting scene. The time *so* near, they themselves wished it passed.

The Count had come from Urbino on purpose, with the two young lords, to take leave of me: What blessings did that nobleman, and the Marquis and Marchioness, invoke upon me! The general had more than once tears in his eyes: He besought me to forgive him for every thing, in his behaviour, that had been disagreeable to me. His lady permitted me to take leave of her in the most affectionate manner; and said, that she hoped to prevail on her lord to visit me himself, and to allow her to bear him company, in my own country. The bishop supplicated Heaven to reward me, for what he called my goodness to their family. Father Marescotti joined in his supplications, with

with a bent knee. The Marquis and Marchioness both wept, and called me by very endearing names, vowing everlasting love and gratitude to me. Jeronymo! my dear Jeronymo; one of the most amiable of men! how precious to my soul will ever be the remembrance of his friendly love! *His* only consolation was, and it is *mine*, that in a few months we shall meet in England. They wanted to load me with presents. They pained me with their importunities, that I would accept of some very valuable ones. They saw my pain; and, in pity to me, declined their generous solicitations.

Clementina was not present at this parting scene. She had shut herself up for the greatest part of the day. Her mother, and her sister-in-law, had been her only visitors: And she having declared that she was afraid of seeing me, it was proposed to me, whether it were not best for me to depart without seeing her. I can well spare to myself, said I, the emotions which, already so great, will, on taking leave of her, be too powerful for my heart, if you think, that, when I am gone, she will not wish (as once she was so earnest, even to discomposure, for a farewell visit) that she had allowed herself to see me.

They all were then of opinion that she should be prevailed upon. Camilla at that instant came down with her lady's desire, that I would attend her. In what way, Camilla, is my Clementina? asked the Marchioness; every one attending the answer. In great grief, madam: Almost in agonies. She was sending me down with her warmest wishes to the Chevalier, and with her excuses; but called me back, saying, she would subdue herself; she would see him: And bid me hasten, for fear he should be gone.

The two Marchionesses went up directly. I was in tremors. Surely, thought I, I am the weakest
of

of men!—The Bishop and General took notice of my emotions, and pitied me. They all joined in the wish so often repeated, that I could yet be theirs.

I followed Camilla. Lady Clementina, when I entered, sat between the mother and sister; an arm round each of their necks: Her face was reclined, as if she were ready to faint, on the bosom of her mother, who held her fast to her. I was half-way in the room, before either mother or daughter saw me. The Chevalier Grandison, my best sister! said the young Marchioness: Look up, my love.

She raised her head: Then stood up, courtessed; and gushing into tears, turned her face from me.

I approached her: Her mother gave me the hand of her Clementina—Comfort her, comfort my Clementina, good Chevalier—You only can—Sit down, my love. Take my seat, Sir.

The young lady trembled. She sat down. Her mother seated herself; tears in her eyes. I sat down by Clementina. The dear lady sobbed; and the more, as she endeavoured to suppress her emotion.

I addressed myself to her sister-in-law, who had kept her seat—Your ladyship, said I, gives me a very high pleasure, in the hope of seeing you and your lord, a few months hence, in company with my Jeronymo. What a blessing is it to us all, that that dear friend is so well recovered! I have no doubt but change of climate, and our salutary springs, will do wonders for him. Let us, by our *patience* and *resignation*, intitle ourselves to greater blessings; the consequence, as I hope, of those we have *already* received.

Please God, I will see you in England, Chevalier, said the young Marchioness, if my lord is in the least favourable to my wishes: And I hope my
beloved

beloved sister may be of the party. You, madam, and the Marquis, I hope—looking at her mother-in-law.

I hope you will not go without *us*, my dear, replied the Marchioness. If our Clementina shall be well, we will not leave her behind us.

Ah, madam!—Ah, Sir!—said Clementina, how you flatter me! But this, *this* night, if the Cavalier goes early in the morning, is the last time I shall ever see him.

God forbid! replied I—I hope that we may, many, many years rejoice, in each other's friendship. Let us look forward with what pleasure we may. My heart, madam, wants your comfortings. I have a greater opinion of your magnanimity than I have reason to have of my own. I depart not but in consequence of your will—Enable me, by your example, to sustain that consequence. In every thing you must be an example to me. I could not have done as *you* have done: Bid me support my spirits in the hope of seeing you again, and seeing you happy. Tell me, that your endeavours shall not be wanting to be so: And I shall then be so too: Dear Lady Clementina, my happiness is bound up with yours.

Ah, Sir, I am *not* greater than you: And I am less than myself. I was afraid when I came to the trial—But *is* your happiness bound up with mine? O that I may be happy for *your* sake! I will *endeavour* to make myself so. You have given me a motive. Best of men! How much am I obliged to you! Will you cherish the remembrance of me? Will you forgive all my foibles?—The trouble I have given you?—I know you depart in consequence of my—*Perverseness*—perhaps you think it, though you will not call it so—What shall I do, if you think me either perverse or ungrateful? I *do* not, I cannot think you either. May I be assured of your correspondence, madam? Your ladyship,

ladyship, turning to her mother, will give it your countenance—

By all means, answered the Marchioness. We shall *all* correspond with you. We shall pray for you, and bless you, every day that we live. You will be to me, as you have always been, a fourth son—My dearest Clementina, say if your mind is changed, if it be *likely* to change, if you think that you shall not be happy, if the Chevalier—

O madam, permit me to withdraw for one moment.

She hurried to her closet. She shut the door, and poured out her soul in prayer; and soon returning—It *must* be so—with an air of assumed greatness. Let thy steadiness, O Grandison, excuse and keep mine in countenance—Bear witness, my sister; forgive me, my mamma: But never did one mortal love another as I do the man before us. But you both, and you, my dear Chevalier, know the competition; and shall not the UNSEEN (casting up her eyes surcharged with tears) be greater with me than the *seen*? Be you my brother, my friend, and the lover of my *soul*: This *person* is unworthy of you. The mind that animates it is broken, disturbed—Pray for me, as I will for you—

Then dropping down on one knee, God preserve and convert thee, best of Protestants, and worthiest of men! Guide thy footsteps, and bless thee in thy future and better lot! But if the woman whom thou shalt distinguish by thy choice, loves thee not, person and mind, as well as she before thee, she *deserves* thee not.

I would have raised her, but she would not be raised—seeming full of some other great sentiments. I kneeled to her, clasping my arms about her: May you, madam, be ever, ever happy!—I resign to your will—And equally admire and reverence you for it, though a sufferer by it. Lasting, as
servent,

fervent, be our friendship!—And may we know each other hereafter, in a place where all is harmony and love; where no difference in opinion can funder, as now, persons otherwise formed to promote each other's happiness!

I raised her, and arose; and kissing first one hand, then the other, and bowing to the two Marchionesses, was hastening from her.

She clapt her hands together—He is gone!—O stay, stay, Chevalier—And *will* you go?—

I was in too much emotion to wish to be *seen*—She hastened after me to the stairs—O stay, stay! I have not said half I had to say—

I returned, and, taking her hand, bowed upon it, to conceal my sensibility—What further commands, with a faltering voice, has Lady Clementina for her Grandison?

I don't know—But will you, must you, *will* you go?

I go; I stay; I have no will but yours, madam.

The two Marchionesses stood together, wrapt in silent attention, leaning on each other.

Clementina sighed, sobbed, wept; then turning from me, then towards me; but not withdrawing her hand; I thought, said she, I had a thousand things to say—But I have lost them all!—Go thou in peace, and be happy! And God Almighty make *me* so! Adieu, dearest of men!

She condescendingly inclined her cheek to me: I shuted her; but could not utter to her what yet was upon my lips to speak.

She withdrew her hand. She seemed to want support. Her mother and sister hastened to her. I stopt at the door. Her eyes pursued my motions. By her uplifted hands she seemed praying for me. I was apprehensive of her fainting. I hastened towards her; but restraining myself just as I had reached her, again hurried to the door: And on my knees, with clasped hands, audibly there besought

sought God to sustain, support, preserve the noble Clementina: and seeing her seated in the arms of both ladies, I withdrew to Mr Lowther's apartment, and shut myself in for a few moments. When a little recovered, I could not but step in to my Jeronymo. He was alone, drying his eyes as he sat: But seeing me enter, he burst out into fresh tears.

Once more, my Jeronymo—I would have comforted him, but wanted comfort myself.

O my Grandison!—embracing me, as I did him—

CLEMENTINA! The angel! CLEMENTINA! *Ah my Jeronymo*—Grief again denied me further speech for a moment. I saw that my emotion increased his—*Love, love, said I, the dear*—I would have added CLEMENTINA, but my trembling lips refused distinct utterance to the word—I tore myself from his embrace, and with precipitation left the tenderest of friends.

About eleven, according to the English numbering of the hours, I sent to know how the whole family did. Father Marescotti returned with my servant. He told me, that the lady fainted away after I was gone: But went to rest as soon as recovered. They all were in grief, he said. He was charged with the best wishes of every one; with those of the two Marchionesses in particular. Signor Jeronymo was so ill, that one of his Italian surgeons proposed to sit up with him all night; for Mr Lowther had desired to accompany me as far as Modena: And him I charge with my compliments to each person of the family; and with my remembrances to servants, who well deserved kindness from me; and who, Father Marescotti told me, were all in tears on my departure. I prevailed on the father himself to make my acknowledgments to the good Camilla. He offered, and I thankfully accepted of, his prayers for my health

and happiness, which he put up in the most fervent manner on his knees, and then embracing me with a tenderness truly paternal, we parted, blessing each other.

This morning early I set out from Bologna. The Count of Belvedere rejoiced to see me, and called me kind for being his guest, though but for one night; for I shall pursue my journey in the morning. He assures me, that he will make me a visit in England.

You will hardly, till I arrive at Paris, have another letter, my dear Dr Bartlett, from

Your ever-affectionate

CHARLES GRANDISON.

L E T T E R XXIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.

Paris, { Aug. 31.
 { Sept. 11.

I SET out from Parma early on Tuesday morning, as I intended. The Count of Belvedere was so obliging as to accompany me to Pavia, where we parted with mutual civilities.

I paid my respects to Lady Sforza at Milan, as I had promised. She received me with great politeness. Our conversation chiefly turned on the differences between the other branches of her family on one part, and herself and Lady Laurana on the other. She owned, that when she sent to desire a visit from me, she had supposed that the alliance between them and me was a thing concluded upon; and that she intended, by my mediation, to reconcile herself to the family, if they would meet her half-way.

She was so indiscreet as to lay general blame on her noble niece, as a person given up to a zeal that wanted government: She threw out hints injurious to the sincerity of the three brothers, as well as to that of the father and mother, with regard to me: All which I discountenanced.

I have hardly ever conversed with a woman so artful as Lady Sforza. I wonder not that she had the address to fire the Count of Belvedere with impatience, and to set him on seeking to provoke me to an act of rashness, which, after what had happened between me and the young Count Altieri some years ago at Verona, might have been fatal to one, if not to both, and by that means rid Italy, if not the world, of me, and at the same time revenged herself on the Count for rejecting her daughter (who, as I have told you before, has a passion for him) in a manner that she called too contemptuous to be passed over.

She told me, that she doubted not, *now* that I had been circumvented by (what even she, an Italian, called) *Italian finesse*, but her niece would be prevailed upon to marry the Count, and bid me remember her words. Ah! my poor Laurana! added she—But I will renounce her, if she can be so mean as to retain love for a man who despises her.

A convent, she said, after such a malady as Clementina had been afflicted with, would be the fittest place for her. She ascribed to hers and Laurana's treatment of her (with great vehemence, on my disallowing her assertion) the foundation of her cure. She wished that, were Clementina to marry, it might have been me preferably to any other man, since the love she bore me was most likely to complete her recovery, which was not to be expected were she to marry a man to whom she was indifferent—But, added she, they must take their own way.

Lady

Lady Laurana was on a visit at the Borromeo palace: Her mother sent for her unknown to me. I could very well have excused the compliment. I was civil, however: I could be no more than civil: And, after a stay of two hours, pursued my route.

Nothing remarkable happened in my journey. I wrote to Jeronymo and his beloved sister from Lyons.

At the post-house there I found a servant of Lady Olivia with a letter. He was ordered to overtake, and give it into my own hands, were he to travel with it to Paris, or even to England. Lady Olivia will be obeyed. The man missed me, by my going to visit Lady Sforza at Milan. I inclose the letter, as also a copy of mine, to which it is an answer. When you read them, you will be of opinion that they ought not to pass your own hands. Perhaps you will chuse to read them in this place.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Lady OLIVIA.

Bologna, Saturday, Aug. 19-30.

NOW at last is the day approaching, that the writer of this will be allowed to consider himself wholly as an Englishman. He is preparing to take, perhaps, an everlasting leave of Italy. But could he do this, and not first bid adieu to two ladies at Florence, whose welfare will be ever dear to him—Lady Olivia, and Mrs Beaumont? It must be to *both* by letter.

I told you, madam, when I last attended you, that possibly I should never see you more. If I told you so in anger, pardon me. Now, in a fare-

wel letter, I would not upbraid you. I will be all in fault if you please. I never incurred the displeasure of Olivia, but I was more concerned for her, than for what I suffered from it; and yet her displeasure was not a matter of indifference to me.

I wish not, madam, for my own happiness, with more sincerity than I do for yours. Would to Heaven it were in my power to promote it! I will flatter myself, that my true regard for your honour, daughter as you are of a house next to princely, and of fortune more than princely, will give mean influence which will awaken you to your glory. Allow, madam, the friendly, the brotherly expostulation—Let me think, let me speak of Olivia in absence, as a fond brother would of a sister most dear to him. I *will* so speak, so think of you, madam, when far distant from you. When I remember my Italian friends, it will always be with tender blessings, and the most affectionate gratitude. Allow me, Olivia, to number you with the dearest of those friends. Your honour, your welfare, present and future, is, and ever will be, the object of my vows.

God and nature have done their parts by you: Let not your own be wanting. To what purpose live we, if not to grow wiser, and to subdue our *passions*? Dear lady! Illustrious woman! How often have *you* been subdued by the violence of *yours*; and to what submissions has your generous repentance subjected you, even to your inferiours! Let me not be thought a boaster—But I will presume to say, that I am the rather intitled to advise, as I have made it my endeavour (and, I bless God, have not been always unsuccessful) to curb my passions. They are naturally violent. What do I owe to the advice of an excellent man, whom I early set up as *my* monitor? Let me, in this letter, be *yours*.

Your

Your situation in life; your high birth, your illustrious line of ancestors, are so many calls upon you, in whom the riches and the consequences of so many noble progenitors center, to act worthy of their names, of their dignities, of your own, and of the dignity of your sex. The world looks up to you (your education too so greatly beyond that of most Italian ladies) with the expectation of an example—Yet have not evil reports already gone out upon your last excursion? The world will not see with our eyes, nor judge as we would have it, and as we sometimes know it *ought* to judge. My visit to Italy, when you were absent from it, and in England, was of service to your fame. The malignant world at present holds itself suspended in its censures; and expects, from your future conduct, either a confutation or a confirmation of them. It is therefore still in your power (rejoice, madam, that it is!) for ever to establish, or for ever to depreciate your character, in the judgment both of friends and enemies.

How often have I seen passion, and even rage, deform features that are really lovely! Shall it be said, that your great fortune, your abundance, has been a snare to you? That you would have been a happier, nay a *better* woman, had not God so bountifully blessed you?

Can your natural generosity of temper allow you to bear such an imputation, as that the want of power only can keep you within the limits (Pardon, Olivia, the lover of your fame!) which the gentleness of your sex, which true honour prescribe!!

You are a young lady. Three fourths of your natural life (Heaven permitting) are yet to come. You have noble qualities, shining accomplishments. You will probably, in very few years, perhaps in few months, be able to establish yourself in the world. So far only as you have gone, the incon-

sideration of youth will be allowed an excuse for your conduct. Blest with means as you are, you *still* have it in your power, let me repeat, to be an honour to your sex, to your country, to your splendid house, and to the age to which you are given.

The monitor I mentioned (you know him by person, by manners) from my earlier youth, born, as he knew me to be, the heir of a considerable fortune, suggested to me an address to Heaven, which my heart has had no repugnance to make a daily one; "That the Almighty will, in mercy, " with-hold from me wealth and affluence, and " make my proud heart a dependent one, even for " my daily bread, were riches to be a snare to me; " and if I found not my inclinations to do good, " as occasions offered, enlarge with my power."

—O that thou, Olivia, were poor and low, if the being so, and nothing else, would make you *know yourself*, and act accordingly!—And that it were given to me, by acts of fraternal love, to restore you, as you could bear it, to an independence large as your own wishes!

What an uncontrollable MAN would Lady Olivia have made, had she been a man, with but the same passions, that now diminish the grandeur of her soul, and so large a power to gratify them!—What a *Sovereign*!—Look into the characters of absolute princes, and see whose, of all those who have sullied royalty by the violence of their wills, you would have wished to copy, or to have been compared with.

How has the unhappy Olivia, though but a subject, dared!—How often has that tender bosom, whose glory it would have been to melt at another's woe, and to rejoice in acts of kindness and benevolence to her fellow-creatures, been armed by herself (not the mistress, but the slave of her passions) not with defensive, but offensive steel*! Hi-

therto

* Alluding to the poinard she carried in her bosom.

therto Providence has averted any remediless mischief; but Providence will not be tempted.

Believe me, *still* believe me, madam, I mean not to upbraid you. *My dear Olivia*, I *will* call you, how often has my heart bled for you! How *paternally*, though but of years to be your *brother*, have I lamented for you in secret! I will own to you, that, but for the with-holding prudence, and with-holding honour, that I owed to both our characters, because of a situation which would not allow me to express my tenderness for you, I had folded you, in your contrite moments, to my bosom, and on my knees besought you to act up to your own knowledge, and to render yourself worthy of your illustrious ancestry. And what but your *glory* could have been, what but *that* is now my motive?

With what joy do I reflect, that I took *not* (God be praised for his restraining goodness!) advantage of the favour I stood in, with a most lovely and princely-spirited woman; an advantage that would have given me cause to charge myself with baseness to her, in the hour wherein I should have wanted most consolation! With what apprehension (dreading for myself, because of the great, the sometimes almost irresistible temptation), have I looked upon myself to be (shall I say?) the *sole* guardian of Olivia's honour! More than once, most generous and *confiding* of women, have I, from your unmerited favour for me, besought you to spare me my *pride*, and as often to permit me to spare you *yours*—Not the odious vice generally known by that name (the fault of fallen angels) but that which may be called a prop, a support to an imperfect goodness, which, properly directed, may in time grow into virtue:—That friendly pride, let me add, which has ever warmed my heart with wishes for your temporal and eternal welfare.

I call

I call upon you once more, my FRIEND! How unrepublishing may we call each other by that sacred name! The friend of your fame, the friend of your soul, calls upon you once more, to rejoice with him, that you have it still in your power to tread the path of honour. Again I glory, and let us *both*, that we have nothing to reproach each other with. I leave Italy, a country that ever will have a title to my grateful regard; without one *self*-upbraiding sigh; though not without *many* sighs. I own it to Olivia. *Justice* requires it. Justice to a lady Olivia loves not; but who deserves, not only hers, but the love of every woman; for she is an ornament to her sex, and to human nature. Yet, be it known to Olivia, that I am a sufferer by that very magnanimity for which I revere *her*—A rejected man!—Will Olivia rejoice that I am!—She will. What inequalities are there in the greatest minds! But subdue them in yours. For your own sake, not for mine, subdue them. The conquest will be more glorious to you, than the acquisition of an empire could be.

Let me conclude, with an humble, but earnest wish, that you will cultivate, as once you promised me, the friendship of one of the best of women, Mrs Beaumont, disposed as she, your neighbour, is to cultivate yours. I shall then hear often from you, by the pen of that excellent woman. Your compliance with this humble advice will give me, madam, for your own sake; and for the pleasure I know Mrs Beaumont will have in it, the greatest joy that is possible for you to give to a heart, that overflows with sincere wishes for your happiness: A heart that will rejoice in every opportunity that shall be granted to promote it: For I am, and ever will be,

*The Friend of your Fame, and of your true Glory,
and your devoted Servant,*

GRANDISON.
LETTER

LETTER XXV.

*Lady OLIVIA, To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.**(Translated by Dr Bartlett.)**Florence, Aug. 22. N. S.*

I AM to take it kindly, that you have thought fit to write to the unhappy Olivia before you leave Italy. I could not have expected even this poor favour, after the parting it was your pleasure to call *everlasting*. Cruel man!—Can I *still* call you so? I *did*, before I had this letter; and was determined that you should have reason to repent your cruelty: But this letter has almost reconciled me to you; so far reconciled me, however, as to oblige me to lay aside the intended vengeance that was rolling towards you from slighted love. You have awakened me to my glory, by your dispassionate, your tender reasonings. Your letter (for I have erased one officious passage in it *) is in my bosom all day. It is on my pillow at night. The last thing, and the first thing, do I read it. The contents make my rest balmy, my uprising serene. But it was not till I had read it the seventh time, and after I had erased that obnoxious passage, that it began to have that happy effect upon me. I was above advice, for the first day. I could not relish your reasonings. Resolutions of vengeance had possessed me wholly. What a charm could there be in a *letter*, that should make a slighted woman lay aside her meditated vengeance? A woman too that had fallen beneath herself in the object of that despised love.

Allow

* *This passage is that where he hints at Lady Clementina's noble rejection of him, P. 176. L. 8. beginning, "I leave Italy," to the end of the paragraph.*

Allow me, Grandison, to say so. In the account of worldly reckoning it *was* so. And when I thought I hated you, it was so in my *own* account. Yet, could you have returned my love, I would have gloried in my choice; and attributed to envy all the insolent censures of maligners.

But even at the seventh perusal, when my indignation began to give way, *would* it have given way, had you not, in the same letter hinted, that the proud Bologna had given up all thoughts of a husband in the man to whom my heart had been so long attached?—Allow me to call her by the name of her city. I love not her, nor her family. I hate them by their own proud names. It is an hereditary hatred, augmented by rivalry, a rivalry that had like to have been a successful one: And *is she* not proud, who, whatever be her motive, can refuse the man, who has rejected a nobler woman? Yet I think I ought to forgive her; for has she not avenged *me*? If *you* are grieved that she has refused you, I am rejoiced. Be the pangs she has so often given me, if possible, forgotten!

What a miserable wretch, however, from my own reflections, did this intelligence make me! Intelligence that I received before your letter *blest* my hands. Let me so express myself; the contents, I hope, will be the means of blessing, by purifying my heart!—And why a miserable wretch—O this man, of sentiments the most delicate, of life and manners the most unblameable; yet of air and behaviour so truly gallant, had it not been for thy forwardness, Olivia; had it not been for proposals, shame to thyself! shame to thy sex! *too plainly* intimated to him; proposals that owed their existence to inconsiderate love; a love mingled, I will now confess, with passions of the darkest hue—envy, malice—and those aggravated by despair—would, on this disappointment from the Bologna, have offered his hand to the Florentine!—

Florentine!—But now do I own, that it cannot, that it ought not to be. For what, Olivia, is there in the glitter of thy fortune, thy *greatest* dependence, to attract a man, whom worldly grandeur cannot influence? Who has a fortune of his own so ample, that hundreds are the better for it?—A man, whose œconomy is regulated by prudence? Who cannot be in such difficulties as would give some little merit to the person who was so happy as to extricate him from them?—A man, in short, who takes pleasure in conferring obligations, yet never lays himself under the necessity of receiving returns? Prince of a man! What prince, king, emperor, is so truly great as *this* man?—And is he not likewise surrounded by his nobles?—What a number of people of high interior worth, make up the circle of his acquaintance!

And is there not, cannot there yet be hope; the proud Bologna now (as she is) out of the question?—The Florentine wants not pride; but betrayed by the violence of her temper, she has not had the caution to confine herself within the bounds of female (shall I say?) *hypocrisy*. What she could not hide from herself, she revealed to the man she loved: But never, however, was there any other man whom she loved. Upon whom but one man, the haughty object of her passion, did she ever condescend to look down? Who but he was ever encouraged to look up to her?—And did not his gentle, his humane, his unrepublishing heart, seem to pity rather than despise her, till she was too far engaged? At the time that she *first* cast her eyes upon him, his fortune was not high: His father, a man of expence, was living, and likely to live: His sisters, whom he loved as himself, were hopeless of obtaining from their father fortunes equal to their rank and education. Olivia knew all this from unerring intelligence. His friends, his Bartlett, his Beauchamp, and others, were not in circumstances

cumstances that set them above owing obligations to him, slender as were his own appointments—*Then* it was that thou, Olivia, valuedst thyself for being blest with means to make the power of the man thou lovedst as large as his heart. Thou wouldst have vested it *all* in him. Thou wouldst have conditioned with him, that this he should do for one sister; this for the other; this for one friend; this for another; and still another, to the extent of his wishes: And with *him*, and the *remainder*, thou wouldst have been happy.

Surely there was some merit in Olivia's love.

But, alas! she was not prudent: Her temper, supposed to be naturally haughty and violent, hurried her into measures too impetuous. The soul of the man she loved, too great to be attracted by riches, by worldly glory, and capable of being happy in a mere competence, was (how can I say it? I blush while I write it!) disgusted by a violence that had not been used to be restrained by the accustomed reserve. It was all open day, no dark machinating night, in the heart of the undissembling Olivia. She persecuted the object of her passion with her love, because she thought she could lay him under obligation to it. By hoping to prove herself more, she made herself appear less than woman. She despised that affectation, that hypocrisy, in her sex, which unpenetrating eyes attribute to modesty and shame—Shame of what?—of a natural passion!

But you, Grandison, were too *delicate*, to be taken with her *sincerity*. If you had penetration to distinguish between reserve and openness of heart, you had not greatness of mind enough to break through the low restraints of custom; and to reward the latter in preference to the former: Yet who, better than you, knows that women in love are actuated by *one* view, and differ only in outward appearance? Will bars, bolts, walls, ri-

vers, seas, any more with-hold the supercilious, than the less reserved? That passion which made the Florentine compass earth and seas, in hopes of obtaining its end, made, perhaps, the prouder Bologna (and *from* pride) a more pitiable object—Yet, who ever imputed immodesty to Olivia? Who ever dared to harbour a thought injurious to her virtue? You only (custom her judge) *have* the power, but not, I hope, the will to upbraid her. You *can*. The creature, who, conscious of having alarmed you by the violence of her temper, would have lived with you on terms of *probation*, and left it to your honour, on full consideration and experience of that temper, to reward her with the celebration, or punish her with rejection (her whole fortune devoted to you), had subjected herself to your challenges. But nobody else could harbour a thought inglorious to her.

And must she yield to the consciousness of her own unworthiness, from a proposal made by herself, which tyrant custom only can condemn?

O yes, she must. There is among your country-women one who seems born for *you*, and you for *her*. If *she* can abate of a dignity, that a first and only love alone can gratify, and accept of a second-placed love, a widower-bachelor, as I may call you, *she*, I know, must, will, be the happy woman. To *her* the slighted Florentine can resign, which, with patience, she never could to the proud Bologna; and the sooner, because of the immortal hatred she bears to that woman of Bologna. You, Grandison, have been accustomed to be distinguished by women who in degree and fortune might claim rank with princesses. Degree and fortune captivate you not—This humbler fair one is more suitable to your own degree: And in the beauties of person and mind (at least in those beauties of the latter, which *you* most admire) she

is superior either to your Bolognese or Florentine. Let my pen praise her, though malice to Clementina, and despair of obtaining my own wishes, mingle with my ink—She is mild, though sparkling: She is humble, yet has dignity: She is reserved, yet is frank and open-hearted: Nobody can impute to her either dissimulation or licence of behaviour. We read her heart in her countenance; and have no thought of looking further for it: Wisdom has its seat on her lips; modesty on her brow: Her eyes avow the secrets of her soul; and demonstrate that she has no one that she need to be ashamed of: She can blush for others; for the unhappy Olivia she *did* more than once: But for herself she need not blush. I loved, yet feared her, the moment I saw her. I dared not to try myself by her judgment. It was easy for me to see, that she loved you; yet such were your engagements, your *supposed* engagements, that I pitied her: And can we be alarmed by, or angry at, her whom we pity?—Unworthy Grandison! Unworthy I *will* call you; because you cannot merit the love of such a spotless heart. You who could leave her, and, under colour of honour, when there was no pre-engagement, and when the proud family had rejected you, prefer to such a fine young creature a romantic enthusiast—O may the sweet maiden, who wants not due consciousness of interior worth, assert herself; and, by refusing your *second-placed* addresses, vindicate the dignity of beauty and innocence unequalled!

If you, Grandison, cannot forgive Olivia for loving you too well, for rendering herself too cheap to you; if you cannot repair in her own eyes, the honour of one, who, in that case, must be sunk in yours beyond the power of restoration; if you cannot forgive attempts of the hand, in which the heart had no share, but resisted; in a word,

word, if you cannot forgive the fervor of a love, that, at times, combating my pride, had nearly overturned *my* reason also—Then, let this virgin goodness be yours, and Olivia will endeavour to forgive *you*—Yet—O that yet—Ah, Grandison!—But how can a woman bear that refusal, which, however superior she may be in rank, in fortune, gives her an inferiority to the man of her wishes, in the very article in which it should be a woman's glory to retain dignity, even were the man superior to her in birth, and in all other outward advantages? I disdain thee, Grandison, in this light. I will tear thy proud image from my heart, or die.

One request only let me make, and permit your pride to comply with it. Return not to me, but accept (accept as a token of love) the cabinets which perhaps will be in England before you. They will be thought by you of too great value; but they are not too great for the grandeur of my fortune, and the magnificence of my spirit. The medals alone make a collection that would do credit to the cabinet of a sovereign prince. These are in your taste. They are *nothing* to Olivia, but for your sake. Accept of these cabinets, as some atonement for the trouble I have given you; for the attempts I have made upon your liberty, and more than once (but Oh! with how feeble a hand!) upon your life! How easy had it been to take the latter, your soul so fearless, braving menaces and danger, had I been resolved to take it! How many ministers of vengeance, in my country, had I been determined to execute it, would my fortune have procured me! How easy would it have been for me to conceal my guilt from all but myself, had the slow-working bowl, or even the sharp-pointed poniard, given thee up to my great revenge!—It is, however, happy for us *both*, that the proud bigot rejected you—Your death, and my

Q 2

distraction,

distraction, had, probably, been the consequence of her acceptance of you—Yet, how I rave!—The moment I had seen you, my vengeance would have been arrested, as more than once it was. O Grandison! How dear are you (*were you, now I will endeavour to say*) to the soul of Olivia! Dearer than fame, than glory, and whatever the world deems valuable.

All that I ask of you, now that the Bologna, in disappointing *you*, has disappointed *herself*, (great revenge!) is within your own power to grant, without detriment to yourself, and I hope without regret. It consists of two or three articles: The first is, to resolve within yourself, that you will not *now*, should that heat of the zealot's imagination, which has seemed to carry her above herself, subside (as I have no doubt but it *will*); and should she even follow you to your native place, as a still nobler woman ignobly did; that you will not now receive her offered hand!—O Grandison!—If you do—

Next, that you will (thus fairly, though *foolishly*, dismissed, and the whole family rejoicing in your dismissal, well as they pretend to love you) put it out of your own power, since the Florentine can have no hope, to give the Bolognese any. My soul thirsts to see her in a nunnery: I could myself assume the veil in the same convent, I *think* I could, for the pleasure of exulting over her for the pangs she has occasioned me. But for *her*, Olivia would have been mistress of her own wishes.

Preach not to me, Grandison, against that spirit of revenge, which ever did, and ever must, actuate my heart. Slighted love will warrant it, or nothing can! Have I not lost the man I loved by it? Can I regain him, if I conquer that not ignoble vehemence of a great mind?—No! Forbear then the unavailing precept. I am not of Bologna. I am no zealot! While the warm blood flows in my veins,

veins, I pretend not to be above human nature. When I can divest myself of that, *then*, perhaps, I may follow your advice: I may seek to cultivate the friendship of Mrs Beaumont: But *till* then, she would not accept of mine.

O Grandison! born to distinction! princely in your munificence! amiable in your person! great in your mind, in your sentiment! you have conquered your ambition—You may therefore unite yourself to the politest country maid, and the loveliest that ever adorned your various climate: Yet, O that in the same hour the Bolognese might assume the veil, and the lovely English maid refuse your offered hand!

My third request is (as before requested), that you will not refuse the cabinets which will be soon embarked for you. Be not *afraid* of me, Grandison; I form no pretensions upon you from this present; valuable as you, perhaps, may think it. Your simple acceptance is all the return I hope for. Write only these words with your own hand—“Olivia, I accept your present, and thank you for it.” Receive it only as a token of my past love for a man whose virtues I admire, and, by degrees, shall hope to imitate. That, Sir, when a certain event was *most* my wish, was not the least motive for that wish: But now, what will be the destiny of the bewildered creature, who is left at large to her own will, who can tell? A will, that only one man in the world could have subjugated. His controul would have been freedom.

I would not have you imagine, that a correspondence by letter is hoped for as a *return* for the present of which I entreat your acceptance: But when I can assure you, that your advice will probably be of great service to me, in the conduct of my future life, as I have no doubt it will, from the calm effects that the letter, which has now a place in my bosom, has already produced there, I am

ready to flatter myself, that a wish so ardent, and so justifiable, will be granted to the repeated request of

OLIVIA.

*Continuation of Sir CHARLES GRANDISON's Letter,
No. XXIII. Begun P. 169.*

OLIVIA, you see, my dear Dr Bartlett, concludes her letter with a desire of corresponding with me. As she has put it, I cannot refuse her request. How happy should I think myself, if I could be a means effectually to serve her in the conduct of her future life!

I have written to her, that I shall think an intercourse by letter an honour done me, if she will allow me to treat her with the freedom and the singleness of heart of an affectionate brother.

As to her particular recommendation of a *third person*, I tell her, that must be the subject of the future correspondence to which she is pleased to invite me.

Olivia *may be* in earnest, in her warm commendations of a lady, of whose excellencies nobody can write or speak with indifference: But I have no doubt, that she is very earnest to know my sentiments on the subject. But what must be the mind of the *bachelor widower*, as she calls me, if already I can enter into the subject with *any-body*, with Lady Olivia especially? The most *sensible*, I will not say *subtle* creature on earth, is certainly a woman in love. What can escape her penetration? What can bound her curiosity!

I tell her, that I can neither decline nor accept of her present, till I see the contents of the cabinets she is pleased to mention. It will give me pain, I say, to refuse any favour from Lady Olivia, by which she intends to shew her esteem of me: But
favour

favours of so a high price will, and ought to give scruples to one who would not be thought ungenerous.

I had always admired, I tell her, her collection of medals : But they are a family collection, of two or three generations : And I should not allow myself to accept of such a treasure, unless I could have an opportunity given me to shew, if not my merit, my gratitude ; and *that* I saw no possibility of being blessed with, in any manner that could make the acceptance tolerably easy to myself. I cannot, my dear Dr Bartlett, receive from this munificent lady a present of such high intrinsic worth. Had she offered me any thing that would have had its value *from* the giver, or to the receiver, for its own sake, and not equally to any body else ; for instance, had she desired me to accept of her picture, since the original could not be mine ; I would not have refused it, though it had been encircled with jewels of price. But circumstanced as this unhappy lady and I are, could I have asked her for a favour of that nature !

I think I have broken through one delicacy in consenting to correspond with this lady. She should not have asked it. I never knew a pain of so particular a nature as this lady (a not ungenerous, though a rash one) has given me. My very heart recoils, Dr Bartlett, at the thought of a denial of marriage to a woman expecting the offer, whom delicacy has not quite forsaken.

But a word or two more on this subject of presents. When the whole family at Bologna were so earnestly solicitous to shew their gratitude to me by some permanent token, I had once the thought of asking for their Clementina's picture in miniature : But as I was never to think of her as mine, and as, probably, my picture, if but for politeness-sake, would have been asked for in exchange, I was afraid of cherishing, by that means,
in

in her mind, the tender ideas of our past friendship, and thereby of making the work of her parents difficult. And do they not the more *excusably* hope to succeed in their views, as they think their success will be a means to secure health of mind to their child? But if they visit me in England, I will then request the pictures of the whole family in one large piece, for the principal ornament of Grandison-hall.

By what Olivia says, of designs on my liberty, I believe she means to include the attempt made upon me at Florence; which I hinted at in my last, and supposed to come from that quarter. What she would have done with me, had the attempt succeeded, I cannot imagine. I should not have wished to have been the subject of so romantic an adventure—A prisoner to a lady in her castle! She is certainly one of the most enterprising women in Italy; and her temper is too well seconded by her power. She would not, however, in that case, have had recourse to *fatal* acts of violence. Once, you know, she had thoughts of exciting against me the Holy Tribunal: But I was upon such a foot, as a traveller, and as an English Protestant, though avowed, not behaving indiscreetly, that I had friends enow, even in the Sacred College, to have rendered ineffectual any steps of that sort. And after all, her machinations were but transitory ones, and, the moment she saw me, given over.

My first enquiry, after my arrival here, was after my poor cousin Grandison. My *poor* cousin, indeed! What a spiritless figure does he make! I remember you once said, That it was more difficult for a man to behave well in prosperity, than in adversity: But the man who will prove the observation to be true, must not be one, who, by his own extravagance and vice, has reduced himself, from an affluence to which he was born, to penury, at least to a state of obligation and dependance. Good God!

God! that a man should be so infatuated, as to put on the cast of a dye the estate of which he is in *unquestioned* possession from his ancestors! Yet who will say, that he who hopes to win what belongs to another, does not deserve to lose his own?

I soothed my cousin in the best manner I could, consistently with justice: Yet I told him, that his repentance must arise from his *judgment*, as well as from his *sufferings*; and that he would have less reason for regretting the unhappy situation to which he had reduced himself, if the latter brought him to a right sense of his errors. I was solicitous, Dr Bartlett, for the sake of his own peace of mind, that he should fall into a proper train of thinking: But I told him that preachment was no more my intention than recrimination.

I have two hands to one tongue, my cousin, said I; and the latter I use not but to tell you, that both the former are cordially at your service. You have considered this matter well, no doubt, added I: Can you propose to me any means of retrieving your affairs?

There is, said he, one way. It would do everything for me: But I am afraid of mentioning it to you.

If it be a just way, fear not. If it be any thing I can do for you out of my own single purse, without asking any second or third person to contribute to it, command me—He hesitated.

If it be any thing, my cousin, said I, that you think I ought not, in justice, in honour, to comply with, do *not*, for your own sake, mention it. Let me see that your calamity has had a proper effect upon you. Let not the *just man* be sunk in the man in adversity; and then open your mind freely to me.

He could not, he said, trust the mention of the expedient to me, till he had given it a further consideration.

Well,

Well, Sir, be pleased to remember, that I will never *ask* you to mention it; because I cannot doubt but you *will*, if, on consideration, you think it a *proper* expedient.

When some friends, who came to visit me on my arrival, were gone, my cousin resumed the former subject: But he offered not to mention his expedient. I hope it was not that he had a view to my Emily. I am very jealous for my Emily. If I thought poor Everard had but an imagination of retrieving his affairs by her fortune, nothing but his present calamity should hinder me from renouncing for ever my cousin.

I enquired particularly into the situation he was in; and if there was a likelihood of doing any thing with the gamesters. But he could not give me room for such an expectation. I find he has lost all his estate to them, Dunton-farm excepted; which, having been much out of repair, is now fitting up for a new tenant; and will not, for three or four years to come, bring him in a clear fifty pounds a-year.

I have known more men than one, who could not live upon fifteen hundred a-year, bring themselves to be contented with fifty. But Mr Grandison is so fallen in spirit, that he never will be able to survive such a change in fortune, if I do not befriend him. Poor man! he is but the shadow of what he he was. The *first* formerly in the fashion: In body and face so erect; his steps so firm, gait so assured, air so genteel, eye so lively—But now, in so few months, gaunt sides; his half-worn, tarnished laced coat big enough to lap over him; hollow cheeks, puling voice, sighing heart, creeping feet—O my dear Dr Bartlett, how much does it behove men so little able to *bear* distress, to avoid falling into it by their own extravagance! But for a man to fall into indigence through *avarice* (for what is a spirit of gaming but a spirit of avarice, and that
of

of the worst sort? How can such a one support his own reflections?

I had supposed, that he had no reason, in this shattered state of his affairs, to apprehend any thing from the prosecution set on foot by the woman who claimed him on promise of marriage; but I was mistaken; she has, or pretends to have, he told me, witnesses of the promise. Poor shameful man! What witnesses *needed* she, if he *knows* he made it, and received the profligate consideration?

I am not happy, my dear friend, in my mind. I hope to be tolerably so, if my next letters from Bologna are favourable, as to the state of health of the beloved sister and brother there.

It would have been no disagreeable amusement to me, at this time, to have proceeded directly to Ireland; the rather, as I hope a visit to my estate there is become almost necessary, by the forwardness the works are in which I set on foot when I was on that more than agreeable spot. But the unhappy situation of Mr Grandison's affairs, and my hopes of bringing those of Lady Mansfield to an issue, together with the impatience I have to see my English friends, determine me to the contrary. To-morrow will be the last day of my stay in this city; and the day after, my cousin and I shall set out for Calais—Very quickly therefore, after the receipt of this letter, which shuts up the account of my foreign excursions, will you, by your paternal goodness, if in London, help to calm the disturbed heart of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

*Lady G. To Miss BYRON.**London, Tuesday, Sept. 5.*

Congratulate us, my dearest Miss Byron, on the arrival of my brother. He came last night. It was late. And he sent to us this morning; and to others of his friends. My lord and I hurried away to breakfast with him. Ah, my dear! we see too plainly that he has been very much disturbed in mind. He looks more wan, and is thinner than he was: But he is the same kind brother, friend, and good man.

I expected a little hint or two from him on my past vivacities; but not a word of that nature. He felicitated my good man and me; and when he spoke of Lord and Lady L. and his joy in their happiness, he put two sisters and their good men together, as two of the happiest pairs in England. Politic enough; for as we sat at breakfast, two or three *toysome* things were said by my lord (no ape was ever so fond!), and I could hardly forbear him: But the reputation my brother gave me was a restraint upon me. I see one may be flattered by undeserved compliments, into good behaviour, when we have a regard to the opinion of the complimenter.

Aunt Nell was all joy and gladness: She was in raptures last night, it seems, at her nephew's first arrival. He rejoiced to see her; and was so thankful to her for letting him find her in town, and at his house, that she resolves she will not leave him till he is married. The good old soul imagines she is of importance to him, in the direction of the family matters, now I have left him—I, Harriet! there's self-importance!—But, good creatures, these old virgins! they do *so* love to be thought useful—

||

Well,

Well, and is not that a good sign, on Aunt Nell's part? Does it not look as if she would have been an useful creature in the days of nightrail and notableness, had she been a wife in good time? I always think, when I see those badgerly virgins fond of a parrot, a squirrel, a monkey, or a lap-dog, that their imagination makes out husband and children in the animals—Poor things!—But as to her care, I dare say, that will only serve to make bustle and confusion, where else would be order and regularity; for my brother has the best of servants.

I wished her in Yorkshire fifty times, as we sat at breakfast; for when I wanted to ask my brother twenty thousand questions, and to set him on talking, we were entertained with her dreams of the night before his arrival, and last night—Seas crossed, rivers forded—Dangers escaped by the help of angels and saints, were the reveries of the former night; and of the last, the music of the spheres, heaven, and joy, and festivity—The plump creature loves good cheer, Harriet. In short, hardly a word could we say, but what put her upon recollecting a part of one of her dreams: Yet some excuse lies good, for an old soul, whose whole life has been but one dream, a little fal-lalishly varied—And, would you think it? (yes, I believe you would), *My* odd creature was once or twice put upon endeavouring to recollect two or three dreams of his own, of the week past; and would have gone on, if I had not silenced him by a frown, as he looked upon me for his cue, as a tender husband ought.

Beauchamp came in, and I thought would have relieved us: But he put my aunt in mind of an almost forgotten part of her dream; for *just* such a joyful meeting, *just* such expressions of gladness, did she dream of, as she now beheld, and heard, between my brother and him felicitating each other. Duce take these dreaming souls, to remember their reveries, when realities infinitely more affecting are

before them ! But reflection and prognostic are ever inspiriting parts of the pretension of people who have lived long ; dead to the present ; the past and the future filling their minds : And why should not they be indulged in the thought that they know something more than those who are less abstracted ; and who are contented with looking no further than the present ?

Sir Charles inquired after Sir Harry's health. Mr Beauchamp, with a concern that did him credit, lamented his declining way ; and he spoke so respectfully of Lady Beauchamp, and of her tenderness to his father, as made my brother's eyes gladden with pleasure.

Lord and Lady L. Dr Bartlett, and Emily, were at Colnebrook : But as they had left orders to be sent for the moment my brother arrived (for you need not doubt but this last letter prepared us to expect him soon), they came time enough to dine with us. There was a renewal of joy among us.

Emily, the dear Emily, fainted away, embracing the knees of her guardian, as she, unawares to him, threw herself at his feet, with joy that laboured for expression, but could not obtain it. He was affected. So was Beauchamp. So were we all. She was carried out, just as she was recovering to a shame and confusion of face, for which only her modesty could reproach her.

There are susceptibilities which will shew themselves in outward acts ; and there are others which cannot burst out into speech. Lady L.'s joy was of the former, mine of the latter sort. But she is used to tenderness of heart. My emotions are ready to burst my heart, but never hardly can rise to my lips—My eyes, however, are great talkers.

The pleasure that Sir Charles, Lord L. and Dr Bartlett, mutually expressed to see each other, was great, tender, and manly. My bustling nimble lord enjoyed over again his joy, at that of every other

ther person ; and he was ready, good-naturedly, to sing and dance—That's *his* way, poor man, to shew his joy ; but he is honest, for all that. Don't despise him, Harriet ! He was brought up as an only son, and to know that he was a lord, or else he would have made a better figure in *your eyes*. The man wants not sense, I assure you. You may think me partial ; but I believe the most foolish thing he ever did in his life was at church, and that at St George's, Hanover-square. Poor soul ! He *might* have had a wife better suited to his taste, and then his very foibles would have made him shine. But, Harriet, it is not always given to us to know what is best for ourselves. Black women, I have heard remarked, like fair men ; fair men, black women ; and tempers suit best with contraries. Were we all to like the same person or thing equally, we should be for ever engaged in broils : As it *is*, human nature (*vile rogue !* as I have heard it called) is quarrellsome enough : So, my lord, being a soft man, *fell in love*, if it please you, with a saucy woman. He *ought* to be meek and humble, you know. He would not let me be quiet till I was his. We are often to be punished by our own choice. But I am very good to him *now*. I don't know, Harriet, whether it is best for me to break him of his trifling, or not : Unless one were sure, that he could creditably support the alteration. Now can I laugh at him ; and if the baby is froppish, can coax him into good-humour. A sugar plumb, and courtesy, will do at any time ; and by setting him into a broad grin, I can laugh away his anger. But should I endeavour to make him wise, as the man has not been used to it, and as his education has not given him a turn to significance, don't you think he would be awkward ; and, what is worse, assuming ? Well, I'll consider of this, before I attempt to new-cast him. Mean time, I repeat—Don't you, my dear, for *my* sake, think meanly of Lord G.—Ha, ha, ha,

hah!—What do I laugh at, do you ask me, Harriet?—Something so highly ridiculous—I have—I have—sent him away from me, *so* much ashamed of himself—He bears any-thing from me *now*, that he knows I am only in play with him, and have so *very* right a heart—I must lay down my pen—Poor soul! Hah, hah, hah, hah! I do love him for his simplicity!

WELL, I won't tell you what I laughed at just now, for fear you should laugh at us both. My brother's arrival has tuned every string of my heart to joy. The holding up of a straw will throw me into a *titteration*—I can hardly forbear laughing again, to think of the shame the poor soul shewed, when he slunk away from me. After all, he ill brooks to be laughed at. Does not that look as if he were conscious?—But what, Harriet (will you ask), mean I, by thus trifling with you, and at *this* time particularly?—Why, I would be glad to make you smile, either *with* me, or *at* me: I am indifferent which, so that you do but smile—You do!—I protest you do!—Well! now that I have obtained my wishes, I will be serious.

We congratulated my brother on the happy turn in the healths of his Italian friends, without naming names, or saying a word of the sister we had like to have had. He looked earnestly at each of us; bowed to our congratulations; but was silent. Dr Bartlett had told us, that he never, in his letters to my brother, mentioned your being not well; because he knew it would disturb him. He had many things to order and do; so that, except at breakfast, when Aunt Nell invaded us with her dreams, and at dinner, when the servants attendance made our discourse general, we had hardly any opportunity of talking to him. But in the space between tea-time and supper, he came and told us, that he was devoted to us for the remain-
der

der of the day. Persons present were, Lord and Lady L. myself, and my good man, Dr Bartlett, Mr Beauchamp, and Emily, good girl, quite recovered, and blyth as a bird, attentive to every word that passed the lips of her guardian—O, but aunt Nell was also present!—Poor soul! I had like to have forgot her!

In the first place, you must take it for granted, that we all owned we had seen most of what he had written to Dr Bartlett.

What troubles, what anguish of mind, what a strange variety of conflicts, has your heart had to contend with, my dear Sir Charles, began Mr Beauchamp; and, at last, What a strange disappointment from one of the noblest of women!

Very true, my Beauchamp. He then said great and glorious things of Lady Clementina. We all joined in admiring her. He seemed to have great pleasure in hearing us praise her—Very true, Harriet!—But you have generosity enough to be pleased with him for that.

Aunt Eleanor (I won't call her aunt Nell any more if I can help it) asked him, if he thought it were possible for the lady to hold her resolution! Now you have actually left Italy, nephew, and are at such a distance, don't you think her love will return?

Good soul! She has *substantial* notions still left, I find, of *ideal* love! Those notions, I fancy, last a long time, with those who have not had the opportunity of gratifying the *silly* passion!—Be angry, if you will, Harriet, I don't care.

Well, but, thus gravely, as became the question, answered my brother—The favour which this incomparable lady honoured me with, was never disowned: On the contrary, it was always avowed, and to the very last. She had therefore no uncertainty to contend with: She had no balancings in her mind. Her contention, as she supposed, was

altogether in favour of her duty to heaven. She is exemplarily pious. While she remains a zealous Roman Catholic, she must persevere; and I dare say she will.

I don't know what to make of these *Papists*, said our old Protestant Aunt Nell—(Aunt Nell, did I say? Cry mercy!)—Thank God you are come home safe and sound, and without a *papistical* wife!—It is very hard, if England cannot find a wife for you, nephew.

We all smiled at aunt Nell—The duce is in me, I believe!—Aunt Nell again!—But let it go.

When, Lady G. (asked Lady L.) saw you or heard you from the Dowager Countess of D.?

Is there any other Countess of D. Lady L. ? said Sir Charles: A fine glow taking possession of his cheeks.

Your servant, brother, thought I; I am not sorry for your charming apprehensiveness.

No, Sir, replied Lady L.

Would you, brother, said *Boldface* (you know who that is, Harriet), that there should be another Countess of D.?

I wish my Lord D. happy, Charlotte. I hear him as well spoken of as any of our young nobility.

You don't know what I mean, I warrant, Sir Charles! resumed, with an intentional archness, your saucy friend.

I believe I do, Lady G. I wish Miss Byron to be one of the happiest women in the world, because she is one of the best—My dear, to Emily, I hope you have had nothing to disturb or vex you, from your mother's husband—

Nor from my mother, Sir—All is good, and as it should be. You have overcome—

That's well, my dear—Would not the Bath waters be good for Sir Harry? my dear Beauchamp.

A second remove, thought I! But I'll catch you, brother,

brother, I'll warrant (as rustics sometimes, in their play, do a ball) on the rebound.

Now, Harriet, you will be piqued, I suppose. Your delicacy will be offended, because I urged the question. I see the blush of disdain arising in your lovely cheek, and conscious eye, restoring the roses to the one, and its natural brilliancy to the other. Indeed we all began to be afraid of a little affectation in my brother. But we needed not. He would not suffer us to put him into the subject again. After a few other general questions and answers, of *who* and *who*; and *how* and *how*; and *what*, and *when*, and so forth; he turned to Dr Bartlett.

My dear friend, said he, you gave me pain a little while ago, when I asked you after the health of Miss Byron, and her friends: You evaded my question, I thought, and your looks alarmed me. I am afraid poor Mrs Shirley—Miss Byron spoke of her always as in an infirm state: How, Charlotte, would our dear Miss Byron grieve, were she to lose so good a relation!

I intended not, answered the Doctor, that you should see I was concerned: But I think it impossible that a father can love a daughter better than I love Miss Byron.

You would alarm me indeed, my dear friend, if Lady G. had not, by her usual *liveliness* just now, put me out of all apprehensions for the health of Miss Byron. I hope Miss Byron is well.

Indeed she is not, said I, with a gravity becoming the occasion.

God forbid! said he; with an emotion that pleased every body—

Not for *your* sake, Harriet—Be not affectedly nice now; but for your own—

His face was in a glow—What, Lady L. what, Charlotte, said he, ails Miss Byron?

She is not well, brother, replied I; but the most charming

charming sick woman that ever lived. She is chearful, that she may give no uneasiness to her friends. She joins in all their conversations, diversions, amusements. She would fain be well; and likes not to be thought ill. Were it not for her faded cheeks, her pale lips, and her changed complexion, we should not know from herself that she ailed any-thing. Some people reach perfection sooner than others; and are as swift in their decay—Poor Miss Byron seems not to be built for duration.

But should I write these things to you my dear? Yet I know that Lady Clementina and you are sisters in magnanimity.

My brother was quite angry with me—Dear Dr Bartlett, said he, explain this speech of Charlotte. She loves to amuse—Miss Byron is blessed with a good constitution: She is hardly yet in the perfection of her bloom. Set my heart at rest. I love not either of my sisters more than I do Miss Byron. Dear Charlotte, I am really angry with you.

My good-natured lord reddened up to his naked ears, at hearing my brother say he was angry with me. Sir Charles, said he, I am sorry you are so soon angry with your sister. It is *too* true, Miss Byron is ill: She is, I fear, in a declining way—

Pardon me, my dear Lord G.—Yet I am ready to be angry with any-body that shall tell me, Miss Byron is in a declining way—Dr Bartlett—Pray—

Indeed, Sir, Miss Byron is not well—Lady G. has mingled her fears with her love, in the description. Miss Byron cannot but be lovely: Her complexion is still fine. She is chearful, serene, resigned—

Resigned, Dr Bartlett!—Miss Byron is a saint. She cannot but be resigned, in the solemn sense of the word—Resignation implies hopelessness. If she is so ill, would not you, my dear Dr Bartlett, have informed

informed me of it—Or was it from tenderness—
You must be kind in all you do.

I did not apprehend, said Lady L. that Miss Byron was so very much indisposed. Did you, my lord? (to Lord L.) Upon my word, doctor, sister, it was unkind, if so, that you made me not acquainted—

And then her good-natured eye dropt a tear for her Harriet.

I was sorry this went so far. My brother was very uneasy. So was Mr Beauchamp for him, and for you, my dear.

That she is, and endeavours to be, so chearful, said Beauchamp, shews, that nothing lies upon her mind—My father's illness can only more affect me, than Miss Byron's.

Emily wept for her Miss Byron. She has always been afraid that her illness would be attended with ill consequences.

My dear love, my Harriet, you must be well. See how *every-body* loves you. I told my brother, that I expected a letter from Northamptonshire, by the next post; and I would inform him truly of the state of your health, from the contents of it.

I would not for the world have you think, my Harriet, that I meant to excite my brother's attention to you, by what I said. Your honour is the honour of the sex. For are you not one of the most delicate-minded, as well as frankest, of it? It is no news to say, that my brother dearly loves you. I did not want to know his solicitude for your health. Where he *once* loves, he *always* loves. Did you not observe, that I supposed it a *natural* decline? God grant that it may *not* be so. And thus am I imprudently discouraging you, in mentioning my apprehensions of your ill health, in order to shew my regard for your punctilio: But you *shall*, you *will*, be well; and the wife of—the best of men—God grant it may be so!—But, however
that

that is to be, we have all laid our heads together, and are determined, for your delicacy sake, to let this matter take its course, since, after an opening so undesignedly warm, you might otherwise imagine our solicitude in the affair capable of being thought too urgent. I tell you, my dear, that worthy as Sir Charles Grandison is of a princess, he shall not call you by his name, but with all his soul.

As my brother laid it out to us this evening, I find we shall lose him for some days. The gamblers whom Mr Grandison permitted to ruin him, are at Winchester; dividing, I suppose, and rejoicing over, their spoils of the last season. Whether my brother intends to see them or not, I cannot tell. He expects not to do any thing with them. They, no doubt, will shew the foolish fellow, that *they* can keep what *he* could not: And Sir Charles aims only at practicable and legal, not at romantic redresses.

Sir Charles intends to pay his respects to Lord and Lady W. at Windsor; and to the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, who are at their Berkshire seat. My honest lord has obtained my leave, at the first asking, to attend him thither.—My brother will wait on Sir Harry, and Lady Beauchamp, in his way to Lady Mansfield's.—Beauchamp will accompany him thither. Poor Grandison, as humble as a mouse, though my brother does all he can to raise him, desires to be in his *train*, as he calls it, all the way; and never to be from under his wing. My brother intends to make a short visit to Grandison-hall, when he is so near as at Lady Mansfield's: Dr Bartlett will accompany him thither, as all the way; and hopes he will approve of every thing he has done there, and in that neighbourhood, in his absence. The good man has promised to write to me. Emily is sometimes to be with me, sometimes with aunt Eleanor, at the antient's request; though Lord and Lady

L. mutter

L. mutter at it. My brother's trusty Saunders is to be left behind, in order to dispatch to his master, by man and horse, any letters that may come from abroad; and I have promised to send him an account of the healths, and so forth, of our Northamptonshire friends. I think it would be a right thing in him to take a turn to Selby-house. I hope you think so too. Don't fib, Harriet.

Adieu, my dear. For God's sake be well, prays your sister, your friend, and the friend of all your friends, ever affectionate and obliged,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXVII.

Miss HARRIET BYRON, *To* Lady G.

Thursday, Sept. 7.

I WILL write to your letter as it lies before me.

I do most heartily congratulate you, my dear Lady G. on the arrival of your brother. I do not wonder that his fatigues, and his disappointment, have made an alteration in his person and countenance. Sir Charles Grandison would not be the man he is, if he had not sensibility.

You could not know your brother, my dear, if you expected from him recriminations on your past odd behaviour to Lord G. I hope he does not yet know a tenth part of it: But if he did, as he hoped you saw your error, and would be good for the future, he was right surely to forget what you ought not, but with contrition, to remember. You are very naughty in the letter before me; and I love you too well to spare you.

What

What can you mean, my dear, by exulting so much over your aunt, for living to an advanced age a single woman? However ineffectual, let me add to my former expostulatory chidings on this subject: Would you have one think you are overjoyed, that you have so soon put it out of any one's power to reproach you on the like account? If so, you ought to be more thankful than you seem to be to Lord G. who has extended his generosity to you, and kept you from the odium. Upon my word, my dear Lady G. I think it looks like a want of decency in women, to cast reflections on others of their sex, possibly for their prudence and virtue. Do you consider, how you exalt, by your ludicrous freedoms, the men whom sometimes you affect to despise. No wonder if *they* ridicule old maids. It is their interest to do so. *Lords of the creation*, sometimes you deridingly call the insulters; lords of the creation indeed you make them!—And pray, do you think, that the same weakness which made your aunt Grandison tell her dreams, in the joy of her heart, as an old maid, might not have made her guilty of the same foible, had she been an old wife? Joy is the parent of many a silly thing. Don't you own, that the arrival of your brother, which made your aunt break out into dream-telling, made you break into laughter (even in a letter), of which you were ashamed to tell the cause?—*Wives*, my dear, should not fall into the mistakes, for which they would make *maids* the subject of their ridicule. You *know* better; and therefore should be above joining the foolish multitude, in a general cry to hunt down an *unfortunate* class of people (as you reckon them) of your own sex. Your aunt Grandison's dreams, let me add, were more innocent, than your waking mirth—You *must* excuse me—I could say a great deal more upon the subject; but if I have not said enough to make you sorry for your fault, a great deal

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deal more would be ineffectual—So much therefore for this subject.

Poor dear Emily!—I wonder not at the effect the arrival, and first sight of her guardian, had upon her tender heart.

But how wickedly do you treat your lord!—Fie upon you, Charlotte!—And fie upon you again, for writing what I cannot, for your credit-sake, read out to my friends. I wish, my dear, I could bring you to think, that there cannot be wit without justice, nor humour without decorum: My lord has some few foibles: But shall a wife be the first to discover them, and expose him for them? Cannot you cure him of them, without treating him with a ridicule which borders upon contempt?—O my dear, you shew us much greater foibles in yourself than my lord ever yet had, when you make so bad an use of talents that were given you for better purposes. One word only more on this subject—You cannot make me smile, my dear, when you are thus unseasonable in your mirth. Henceforth, then, remember, that your *excursiveness* (allow me the word, I had a rather in my head) upon old maids, and your lord, can only please *yourself*; and I will not accept of your compliment. Why? Because I will not be a partaker in your fault; as I should be, if I could countenance your levity.

Levity, Harriet!

Yes, *levity*, Charlotte—I will not spare you. Whom do you spare?

But do you really think me so ill as you represented me to be to your brother? I do not think I am. If I did, I am sure I should endeavour to put my thoughts into an absolutely new train: Nor would I quit the hold which at proper times I do let go, to re-enter the world, as an individual who imagines herself of some little use in it; and who is therefore obliged to perform, with cheer-

fulness, her allotted offices, however *generally* insignificant I may comparatively be.

You say you had no thoughts of exciting your brother's *attention*, by your strong colouring, when you described the effects of my indisposition to him. *Attention!*—*Compassion* you might as well have said—I hope *not*. And I am obliged to Mr Beauchamp for his inference, from my cheerfulness, that nothing lay upon my mind. Now, though that inference seemed to imply, that he thought, if he had not made the observation, something *might* have been supposed to lie upon my mind, I am much better satisfied that *he* made it than if Sir Charles had.

Upon the whole, I cannot but be pleased at two things in your letter: The one, that Sir Charles expressed so great a concern for my health: The other, that you have all promised, and that voluntarily, and from a sense of the fitness of the measure, that every thing shall be left to its natural course—For my sake, and for goodness-sake, pray let it be so. I think the opening, as you call it, was much, *very* much, too *warm*. Bless me, my dear, how I trembled as I read that part!—I am not, methinks, quite satisfied with it, though I am with your intention.

Consider, my dear, half a heart—A preferred lady!—For quality, fortune, and every merit, so greatly preferable—O my Charlotte! I cannot, were the *best* to happen than *can*, take such *exceeding* great joy, as I once could have done, in the prospect of that *best*—I have pride—But let us hear what the next letters from Italy say; and it will be then time enough (if the truly admirable lady shall adhere to her resolution) to come with my scruples and drawbacks. Your aunt Grandison is of opinion that she will *not* adhere. Who can tell what to say? Imagination, unnaturally heightened, may change into one altitude from another.

I myself

I myself sincerely think (and have so often said it, that an uncharitable mind would perhaps charge me with affectation), that Lady Clementina, and no other woman, can deserve Sir Charles Grandison.

Adieu, my dear. Pray tell your brother that I never thought myself so ill as your friendly love made you apprehend me to be: And that I congratulate you with all my heart, and him also (it would be an affectation to forbear it, which would imply too much) on his safe arrival in England. But be sure, remember, that I look upon you and your lord, upon my Lord and Lady L. and upon my sweet Emily, if she sees what I write, as guardians of the honour (of the *punctilio*, if you please, since no *dis*-honour can be apprehended from Sir Charles Grandison) of

Your and Their

HARRIET BYRON.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Dr BARTLETT, To Lady G.

Monday, Sept. 11.

IN obedience to your ladyship's commands, I write, but it must be briefly, an account of our motions.

Sir Charles would not go out of town till he had made a visit to Mr and Mrs Reeves, and enquired after Miss Byron's health, of which he received an account less alarming, than we, from our love and our fears, had given him.

We arrived at Windsor on Wednesday evening.

My Lord and Lady W. expected him not till the next day.

I cannot find words to express the joy with which they received him. My lord acknowledged before us all, that he owed it to God, and to him, that he was the happiest man in the world. My lady called herself, with tears of joy, a happy woman: And Sir Charles told me, that when he was led by her to her closet, to talk about the affairs of her family, she exceedingly abashed him, by expressing her gratitude to him for his goodness to them all, on her knees; while he was almost ready, on *his*, he said, to acknowledge the aunt, that had done so much honour to his recommendation, and made his uncle so happy.

Sir Charles, in order to have leave to depart next morning, as soon as he had breakfasted, promised to pass several days with them, when he could think himself a *settled Englishman*.

You, madam, and Lady L. equally love and admire Lady W.: I will not therefore enlarge to you on her excellencies. Every body loves her. Her servants, as they attend, look at their lady with the same delight, mingled with reverence, as those of my patron look upon him.

Poor Mr Grandison could not help taking notice to me, with tears, on the joint acknowledgments of my lord and lady made to my patron, that goodness and beneficence brought with them their own rewards. Saw you not, my good Dr Bartlett, said he, how my cousin's eyes shone with modest joy, as my lord and lady ran over with their gratitude? I thought of him, as an angel among men—What a wretch have I been! How can I sit at table with him! Yet how he overwhelms me with his goodness!

Sir Charles having heard that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen was at his house on the forest, he rode to make him a visit, though some few miles out of his way. I attended him.

Sir

Sir Hargrave is one of the most miserable of men. He is not yet fully recovered of the bruises and rough treatment he met with near Paris: And he is so extremely funk in his spirits, that my patron could not but be concerned for him. He received him with grateful acknowledgments, and was thankful for his visit: But he told him, that he was so miserable in himself, that he could hardly thank him for saving a life so wretched.

Mr Merceda, it seems, died about a fortnight ago.

The poor man was thought to be pretty well recovered, and rode out several times: But was taken, on his return from one of his rides, with a vomiting of blood, (the consequence, as imagined, of some inward bruises,) and died miserably. His death, and the manner of it, have greatly affected Sir Hargrave.—And poor Bagenhall, Sir Charles, said he, is as miserable a dog as I am!

Sir Hargrave understanding, as he said, that I was a *parson*, begged me to give him *one prayer*—

He was so importunate, and for Sir Charles to join in it, that we both kneeled with him.

Sir Hargrave wept. He called himself a hardened dog.

Strange man!—But I think I was still *more* affected (Sir Hargrave *shocked* me!) by your noble brother's humanity, than by Sir Hargrave's wretchedness; tears of compassion for the poor man stealing down his manly cheek—God comfort you, Sir Hargrave, said he, wringing his hands—Dr Bartlett is a good man. You shall have the prayers of us both.

He left him. He *could* stay no longer; followed by the unhappy man's blessings, interrupted by violent sobbings.

We were both so affected, that we broke not silence, as we rode, till we joined our company at my lord's.

I recounted what passed at this interview to Mr Grandison. Your ladyship will not want me to be very particular in relating what were his applications to, and reflections on himself, when I tell you, that he could not have been more concerned had he been present on the occasion.

Mr Beauchamp was with us when I gave this relation to Mr Grandison. He was affected at it, and with Mr Grandison's sensibility: But how happy for himself was it that his concern had in it no mixture of self-reproach! It was a generous and humane concern, like that of his dear friend.

Sir Charles's next visit was to the good Earl of G. And here we left my Lord G.; the best-natured, and one of the most virtuous and prudent young noblemen in the kingdom. Your ladyship will not accuse me of flattery when you read this; but you will, perhaps, of another view—Yet, as long as I know that you love to have justice done to my lord, and in your heart are sensible of the truth of what I say, and I am sure rejoice in it, I give cheerful way to the justice; and the rather, as you look upon my lord as so much *yourself*, that if you receive his praises with some little reluctance, it is with such a modest reluctance as you would receive your own, glad, at the same time, that you were so justly complimented.

My lord will acquaint your ladyship with all that passed at the good Earl's; and how much overjoyed he and Lady Gertrude were at the favour they thought your brother did them in dining with them. His lordship will tell you also how much they wish for you; for they propose to winter there, and not in Hertfordshire, as once they thought to do.

Here Sir Charles enquired after their neighbour Mr Bagenhall.

He

He is become a very melancholy man. His wife is as obliging as he will let her be; but he hates her; and the less wonder, for he hates himself.

Poor woman! she could not expect a better fate. To yield up her chastity; to be forced upon him afterwards, by way of doing her poor justice; what affiance can he have in her virtue were she to meet with a trial?

But that is not all; for though nobody questions her fidelity, yet what weight with him can her arguments have, were she to endeavour to enforce upon his mind those doctrines which, were they to have proceeded from a pure heart, might now and then have let in a ray of light on his benighted soul: A gloomy mind must occasionally receive great consolation from the interposal and soothing of a companionable love, when we know it comes from an untainted heart!

Poor Mr Grandison found in *this* case also great room for self-application and regret, without my being so officious as to remind him of the similitude, though the woman who is endeavoured to be imposed on him for a wife, is a more guilty creature than ever Mrs Bagenhall was.

And here, madam, allow me to observe, that there is such a sameness in the lives, the actions, the pursuits of libertines, and such a likeness in the accidents, punishment, and occasions for remorse which attend them, that I wonder they will not be warned by the beacons that are lighted up by every brother libertine whom they know; and that they will so generally be driven on the same rock, overspread and surrounded as it is in their very sight, by a thousand wrecks!—Did such know your brother, and learn from his example and history what a *variety* there is in goodness, as he passes on from object to object, exercising, not officiously,

ficiouſly, but as opportunity offers, his noble talents to the benefit of his fellow creatures, ſurely they would, like honeſt Mr Sylveſter the attorney, endeavour to give themſelves ſolid joy, by following what that gentleman juſtly called *ſelf-rewarding* an example.

Forgive me, madam, if ſometimes I am ready to preach: It is my province. Who but your brother can make every province his, and accomodate himſelf to every ſubject?

We reached Sir Harry Beauchamp's that night, and there took up our lodgings.

Sir Harry ſeems to be in a ſwift decay; and he is very ſenſible of it. He rejoiced to ſee your brother. I was afraid, Sir Charles Grandiſon, ſaid he, that our next meeting would have been in another world. May it be in the *ſame* world, and I ſhall be happy!

This was a wiſh, a thought, not to be diſcouraged in a dying man. Sir Charles was affected with it. You know, madam, that your brother has a heart the moſt tender, and at the ſame time the moſt intrepid of human hearts. I have learned much from him. He preaches by *action*. Till I knew him, young man as he then was, and ſtill is, my preaching was by *words*: I was contented that my actions diſgraced not my words.

Lady Beauchamp, as my patron afterwards told me, confeſſed in tears, that ſhe ſhould owe to him all the tranquillity of mind which ſhe can hope for if ſhe ſurvive Sir Harry. O Sir, ſaid ſhe, till I knew you I was a narrow ſelfiſh creature. I was jealous of a father's love to a worthy ſon, whoſe worthineſs I knew not as a ſon and as a friend: That was the happieſt day of our Beauchamp's life which introduced him to an intimacy with you.

Here,

Here, on Friday morning, we left Mr Beauchamp, sorrowing for his father's illness, and endeavouring by every tender act of duty, to comfort his mother-in-law on a deprivation, with which, I am afraid, she will soon be tried.

Mr Beauchamp loves you, Sir Charles, said Sir Harry, at parting in the morning after breakfast, and so he *ought*. Where-ever you are, he wants to be, but spare him to his mother and me for a few days: He is her comforter and mine. Fain, very fain would I have longer rejoiced, if God had seen fit, in the love of both. But I resign to the divine will. Pray for me: You also, Dr Bartlett, pray for me. My son tells me what a good man you are—And may we meet in Heaven! I am afraid, Sir Charles, that I never shall see you again in this world—But why should I oppress your noble heart? God be your guide and protector! Take care of your precious health. You have a great deal to do before you finish your glorious course, and come to this last period of human vanity.

My patron was both grieved and rejoiced—Rejoiced to see Sir Harry in a frame of mind so different from that to which he had been a witness in Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; and grieved to find him past all hopes of recovery.

Sir Charles pursued his journey cross the country to Lady Mansfield's. We found no convenient place for dining, and arrived at Mansfield-house about five on Friday afternoon.

My Lady Mansfield, her daughter and sons, were overjoyed to see my patron. Mr Grandison told me, that he never, from infancy till this time, shed so many tears as he has shed on this short tour, sometimes from joy, sometimes from grief. I don't know, madam, whether one should wish him re-established in his fortune, if it could be done,

done, since calamity, rightly supported, is a blessing.

Here I left my patron, and proceeded on Saturday morning with Mr Grandison to the hall. If Sir Charles finds matters ripened for a treaty between the Mansfields and their adversaries, as he has been put in hopes, he will go near to stay at Mansfield-house, and only visit us at the hall incognito, to avoid neighbourly congratulations, till he can bring things to bear.

Mr Grandison just now told me, that Sir Charles, before he left town, gave him a 400*l.* bank note, to enable him to pay off his debts to tradesmen; of which, at his desire, he had given him in a list; amounting to 360*l.*

He owes, he says, 100*l.* more to the widow of a wine-merchant; but being resolved to pay it the moment money comes into his hands, he would not acquaint Sir Charles with it.

I have the honour to be

Your Ladyship's

Most faithful and obedient Servant,

AMBROSE BARTLETT.

LETTER XXIX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Dr BARTLETT.

Mansfield-house, Thursday, Sept. 14.

YOU will be so good, my dear friend, as to let my neighbours, particularly the gentlemen you mention, know, that the only reason I forbear paying my compliments to them, now I am so near, is, because I cannot as yet enjoy their company with that freedom and ease which I hope in a little while to do. Tell them, that I purpose after some particular affairs are determined (which

will

will for a little while longer engross me), to devote the greatest part of my time to my native place; and that then I will endeavour to make myself as good a neighbour, and as social a friend as they can wish me to be.

On Sunday I had a visit from the two Hartleys.

They gave me very satisfactory proofs of what they were able, as well as willing to do, in support of the right of the Mansfields to the estate of which they have been despoiled; and shewed me a paper which nobody thought was in being, of the utmost consequence in the cause.

On Monday, by appointment, I attended Sir John Lambton. Two lawyers of the Keelings were with him. They gave in their demands. I had mine ready, but theirs were so extravagant, that I would not produce them: But, taking Sir John aside, I love not, said I, to affront men of a profession; but I am convinced that we never shall come to an understanding, if we consider ourselves as lawyers and clients. I am no lawyer; but I know the strength of my friend's cause, and will risk half my estate upon the justice of it. The Mansfields will commission *me*, if the Keelings will *you*, and we perhaps may do something. If not, let the law take its course. I am now come to reside in England. I will do nothing for myself, till I have done what *can* be done to make all my friends easy.

Sir John owned, that he thought the Mansfields had hardships done them. Mr Keeling senior, he said, had heard of the paper in the Hartleys' hands; and, praising his honesty, told me in confidence, that he had declared, that if such a paper could have been produced in time, he would not have prosecuted the suit which he had carried. But Sir John said, that the younger Keeling was a furious young man, and would oppose a compromise on the terms he supposed the Mansfields would expect

to

to be complied with. But what are your proposals, Sir?

These, Sir John: The law is expensive; delays may be meditated; appeals may be brought if we gain our point.—What I think it may cost us to establish the right of the injured, which cannot be a small sum, that will I prevail upon the Mansfields to give up to the Keelings. I will trust you if you give me your honour with our proofs; and if you and your friends are satisfied with them, and will consent to establish our right by the form only of a new trial, then may we be agreed; otherwise not. And I leave you and them to consider of it. I shall hear from you within two or three days. Sir John promised I should; but hoped to have some talk first with the Hartleys, with whom, as well as with me, he declared he would be upon honour.

Wednesday Evening.

I HAD a message from Sir John last night, requesting me to dine with him and the elder Mr Keeling this day, and to bring with me the two Hartleys, and the proofs I had hinted at.

Those gentlemen were so obliging as to go with me, and took the important paper with them which had been deposited with their grandfather as a common friend, and contained a recognition of the Mansfields' right to the estates in question, upon an amicable reference to persons long since departed: An attested copy of which was once in the Mansfields' possession, as by a memorandum that came to hand, but which never could be found. The younger Keeling was not intended to be there; but he forced himself upon us. He behaved very rudely. I had once like to have forgotten myself. This meeting produced nothing; but as the father is a reasonable man, as we have obtained a rehearing of the cause, as he is much influenced by Sir John Lambton, who seems convinced, and to

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whose

whose honour I have submitted an abstract of our proofs, I am in hopes that we shall be able to accommodate.

I have Bolton's proposals before me. The first child is dead, the second cannot live many months. He trembles at the proofs he knows we have of his villainy. He offers, on the death of this second child, to give us possession of the estate, and a large sum of money (but thought not to be half of what the superannuated Calvert left), if we will give him general releases. The wretch is not, we believe, married to the relict of Calvert.

I am loth, methinks, to let him escape the justice which his crimes call for: But such are the delays and chicaneries of the law, when practisers are found who know how to perplex an honest pursuer; and as we must have recourse to low and dirty people to establish our proofs, the vile fellow shall take with him the proposed spoils: They may not be much more than would be the lawyers' part of the estate, were we to push the litigation.

As to our poor Everard, nothing, I fear, can be done for him with the men who are revelling on *his* spoils. I have seen one of them. The unhappy man has signed and sealed to his own ruin. He regrets, that a part of the estate which has been so long in the family and name should go out of it. What an empty pride is that of name! The general tenor of his life was not a credit to it, though he felt not that till he felt distress. The disgrace is actually incurred. Does not all the world know his loss, and the winners triumph? And if the world did *not*, can he conceal from himself those vices, the consequences of which have reduced him to what he is? But perhaps the unhappy man puts a value upon the name, in compliment to me.

Mention not to him what I write. The poor man is sensible enough of his folly to engage pity: Whether from a right sense or not, must be left to his own heart.

As to the woman's claim: What in honour can I do against a promise that he owns may be proved upon him? He did not condition with her, that she was to be a spotless woman. If he thought she was so when he solicited her to yield to his desires, he is the *less* to be excused: Vile as she comes out to be, he had proposed to make her as vile, if he had found her not so. He promised her marriage: Meant he only a promise? *She* is punished in being what she *is*: *His* punishment cannot be condign but by his being obliged to perform his promise. Yet I cannot bear to think that my cousin Grandison should be made for life the dupe of a successful and premeditated villainy; and the less, as in all likelihood the profligate Lord B. would continue to himself, from the merit with her of having vindicated her claim, an interest in the bad woman's favour, were she to be the wife of our poor Everard.

But certainly this claim must be prosecuted with a view only to extort money from my cousin; and they know him to be of a family jealous of its honour. I think she must be treated with for releases. I could not bear to appear in such a cause as this in open court, in support of my cousin, against a promise made by him. He is of age, and thought to be no novice in the ways of the town. I am mistaken in Mr Grandison's spirit, if it do not lead him to think himself very severely punished (were he to have no *other* punishment), by the consequence of those vices which will bring an expence upon *me*.

But if I should be able to extricate the unhappy man from this difficulty, what can next be done for him? The poor remains of his fortune will not support

support one who has always lived *more* than genteelly. Will he be able, think you, to endure the thoughts of living in a constant state of dependence, however easy and genteel I should endeavour to make it to him? There may be many ways (in the public offices for example) of providing for a broken tradesman: But for a man who calls himself, and is a gentleman; who will expect, as such, to rank with his employer; who knows nothing of figures, or business of any kind; who has been brought up in idleness, and hardly knows the meaning of the word *diligence*, and never could bear confinement; what can be done for such a one in the public offices, or by any other employment that requires punctual attendance?

But to quit this subject for a more agreeable one.

I have for some time had it in my thoughts to ask you, my dear friend, Whether your nephew is provided for to *your* liking and his *own*? If not, and he would put it in *my* power to serve *him*, by serving *myself*, I should be obliged to *you* for permitting him so to do, and to *him* for his consent. I would not affront him by the offer of a salary: My presents to him shall be such as besit the services done:—Sometimes as my amanuensis, sometimes as a transcriber and methodizer of papers and letters, sometimes in adjusting servants accounts, and fitting them for my inspection. You need not fear my regard to *myself* in my acknowledgments to be made to *him*, (that, I know, will be all your fear); for I have always considered profusion and parsimony as two extremes equally to be avoided. You, my dear Dr Bartlett have often enforced this lesson on my mind. Can it then ever be forgotten by

Your affectionate friend and servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON?

LETTER XXX.

Signor JERONYMO della PORRETTA, *To* Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, Monday, Sept. 15. N. S.

YOUR kind letters from Lyons, my dearest friend, rejoiced us extremely. Clementina languished to hear from you. How was it possible for you to write with so much warmth of affection to her, yet with so much delicacy, that a rival could not have taken exceptions at it?

She writes to you. It is not for me, it is not for any of us, I think, to say one word to the principal subject of her letter. She shewed it to me, and to her mother only.

Dear creature! *Could* she but be prevailed upon!—But how can *you* be asked to support the family-wishes? Yet if you think them just, I know you will. You know not *self*, when justice and the service of your friend stand in opposition to it. All that I am afraid of is, that we shall be too precipitate for the dear creature's head.

Would to God you could have been my brother! That was the first desire of my heart!—But you will see by her letter (the least flighty that she has written of a long time) that she has no thoughts of that: And she declares to us, that she wishes you happily married to an English woman. Would to Heaven we might plead *your* example to *her*!

I will certainly attend you in your England.—If one thing that we all wish could happen, you would have the whole family as far as I know. We think, we talk of nobody but you. We look out for Englishmen to do them honour for your sake.

Mrs. Beaumont is with us. Surely she is your near relation. She advises caution, but thinks that our present measures are not wrong ones, as we

never

never can give into my sister's wishes to quit the world. Dear Grandison! love not Mrs Beaumont the less for her opinion in our favour.

Mr Lowther writes to you: I say nothing, therefore, of that worthy man.

I am wished to write more enforcing to you on a certain important subject: But I say, I cannot, dare not, will not.

Dear Grandison, love still your Jeronymo! Your friendship makes life worthy of my wish. It has been a consolation to me when every other failed, and all around me was darkness and the shadow of death. You will often be troubled with letters from me. My beloved, my dearest friend, my Grandison, adieu!

JERONYMO della PORRETTA.

L E T T E R XXXI.

Lady CLEMENTINA, To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, Monday, Sept. 15. N. S.

HOW welcome to me was your letter from Lyons! My good Chevalier Grandison, my heart thanks you for it: Yet it was possible that heart could have been still more thankful, had I not observed in your letter an air of pensiveness, though it is endeavoured to be concealed. What pain would it give me to know that you suffer on my account!—But no more in this strain: A complaining one must take place.

O Chevalier, I am persecuted! And by whom? By my dearest, my nearest friends. I was afraid it would be so. Why would you deny me your influence, when I importuned you for it? Why would you not stay among us till you saw me professed? Then had I been happy—In time I should

have been happy!—Now am I beset with entreaties, with supplications, from those who ought to command;—yet unlawfully if they did: I presume to think so: Since parents, tho' they ought to be consulted in the change of condition as to the *person*, yet surely should not oblige the child to marry, who chuses to be single all her life. A more cogent reason may be pleaded, and I do plead it to my relations, as Catholics, since I wish for nothing so much as to assume the veil—But you are a Protestant: You favour not a divine dedication, and would not plead for me. On the contrary, you have strengthened their hands!—O Chevalier! how could you do so, and ever love me! Did you not know there was but one way to escape the grievous consequences of the importunities of those who justly lay claim to my obedience?—And they *do* claim it.

And in what forcible manner claim it?—Shall I tell you! Thus, then: My father, with tears in his eyes, beseeches me! My mother gently reminds me of what she has suffered for me in my illness; and declares, that it is in my power to make the rest of her days happy: Nor shall she think my own tranquillity of mind secured till I oblige her!—O Chevalier, what pleas are these from a father, whose eyes plead more strongly than words; and from a mother, on whose bright days I cast a cloud?—The bishop pleads: How can a Catholic bishop plead, and not for me? The General declares, that he never wooed his beloved wife for her consent with more fervour than he does me for mine to oblige them all. Nay, Jeronymo! Blush, sisterly love! to say it—Jeronymo, your friend Jeronymo is solicitous on the same side—Even father Marescotti is carried away by the example of the bishop.—Mrs. Beaumont argues with me in their favour—And Camilla, who was ever full of your praises, teazes me continually.

They

They name not the man: They pretend to leave me free to chuse through the world. They plead, that, zealous as they are in the Catholic faith, they were *so* earnest for me to enter into the state, that they were desirous to see me the wife even of a Protestant, rather than I should remain single: And they remind me, that it was owing to my scruple only that this was not effected.—But why will they weaken rather than strengthen my scruple? Could I have got over three points—The sense of my own unworthiness after my mind had been disturbed, the *insuperable* apprehension that, drawn aside by your love, I should probably have ensnared my own soul, and that I should be perpetually lamenting the certainty of the loss of his whom it would be my duty to love as my own; their importunity would hardly have been wanted.

Tell me, advise me, my good Chevalier, my fourth brother (you are not now *interested* in the debate), if I may not lawfully stand out? Tell me, as I know that I cannot answer their views, except I marry, and yet cannot consent to marry, whether I may not as well sequester myself from the world, and *insist* upon so doing?

What *can* I do?—I am distressed—O thou, my brother, my friend, whom my heart ever must hold dear, advise me! To you I have told them I will appeal. They are so good as to promise to suspend their solicitations, if I will hold suspended my thoughts of the veil till I have your advice.—But give it not against me—If you ever valued Clementina,

Give it not against her!

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To Lady CLEMENTINA.

London, Monday, Sept. 18.—29.

WHAT can I say, most excellent of women, to the contents of the letter you have honoured me with? What a task have you imposed upon me! You take great, and, respecting your intentions, I will call it, *kind* care, to let me know that I can have no *interest* in the decision of the case you refer to me. I repeat my humble acquiescence; but must again declare, that it would have been next to impossible to do so, had you not made a point of conscience of your scruples.

But what weight is my advice likely to have with a young lady, who repeatedly, in the close of her letter, desires me not to give it *for* her parents?

I, madam, am *far* from being unprejudiced in this case: For, can the man who once himself hoped for the honour of your hand advise you against marriage?—Are not your parents generously indulgent, when they name not any particular person to you? I applaud both their wisdom and their goodness on this occasion. Possibly you *guess* the man whom they would recommend to your choice: And I am sure, Lady Clementina would not refuse their recommendation merely because it was *theirs*. Nor indeed upon any less reason than an unconquerable aversion, or a preference to some other Catholic. A Protestant, it seems, it *cannot* be.

But let me ask my sister, my friend, what answer can I return to the lady who had shewn in *one* instance, that she had not an insuperable aversion to matrimony; yet, on conscientious reasons, refusing one man, and not particularly favouring any

any, can scruple to oblige (*obey* is not the word they use) “a father, who with tears in his eyes beseeches her; a mother, who gently reminds her of what she has suffered for her; who declares, that it is in her power to make the rest of her days happy; and who urges a still stronger plea, respecting them both, and the whole family, to engage the attention of the beloved daughter?”—O madam, what pleas are those [let me still make use of your own pathetic words] from a “father whose eyes plead more strongly than words! and from a mother, over whose bright days you had (though involuntarily) cast a cloud! Your brother the Bishop, a man of piety; your confessor, a man of equal piety; your two other brothers, your disinterested friend Mrs Beaumont; your faithful Camilla;” all wholly disinterested.—What an enumeration against yourself!—Forbidden, as I am, to give the cause *against* you, what can I say? Dearest Lady Clementina, can I, on your own representation, give it *for* you?

You know, madam, the sacrifice I have made to the plea of *your* conscience, not *my* own. I make no doubt but parents so indulgent as yours will yield to your reasons, if you can plead *conscience* against the performance of the *filial duty*; the more a duty, as it is so gently urged: Nay, hardly urged; but by tears and wishes, which the eyes, not the lips, express; and which if you will perform, your parents will think themselves under an obligation to their child.

Lady Clementina is one of the most generous of women: But consider, madam, in this instance of preferring your own will to that of the most indulgent of parents, whether there is not an apparent selfishness, inconsistent with your general character, even were you to be as happy in a convent as you propose. Would you not, in that case, live to yourself, and renounce your parents and family, as
parts

parts of that world which you would vow to despise?—Dear lady! I asked you once before, is there any thing sinful in a sacrament? Such all good Catholics deem matrimony. And shall I ask you, whether, as self-denial is held to be meritorious in your church, there is not a merit in denying yourself in the case before us, when you can by performing the filial duty oblige your whole family?

Permit me to say, that though a protestant, I am not an enemy to such foundations in general. I could wish, under proper regulations, that we had nunneries among us. I would not, indeed, have the obligation upon nuns be perpetual: Let them have liberty at the end of every two or three years, to renew their vows, or otherwise, by the consent of friends. Celibacy in the clergy is an indispensable law of your church: Yet a cardinal has been allowed to lay down the purple and marry. You know, madam, I must mean Ferdinand of Medicis. Family reasons, in that case, preponderated, as well at Rome, as at Florence.

Of all the women I know, Lady Clementina della Porretta should be the last who should be earnest to take the veil. There can be but two persons in the world, besides herself, who will not be grieved at her choice. We know *their* reasons. The will of her grandfather, now with God, is against her; and her living parents, and every other person of her family, those *two* excepted, would be made unhappy, if she sequestered herself from the world and them. Clementina has charity: She wishes, she once said, to take a great revenge upon Laurana. Laurana has something to repent of: Let *her* take the veil. The fondness she has for the world, a fondness which could make her break through all the ties of relation and humanity, requires a check: But are any of those

in convents more pious, more exemplarily pious, than Clementina is out of them?

Much more could I urge on the same side of the question; but what I *have* urged has been a task upon me; a task which I could not have performed, had I not preferred to my own, the happiness of you and your family.

May both earthly and heavenly blessings attend your determination, whatever it be, prays, dearest madam,

Your ever-faithful friend,

Affectionate brother, and

Humble servant,

CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Signor JERONYMO della PORRETTA.*

London, Saturday, Sept. 18.—29.

I HAVE written, my beloved friend, to Lady Clementina; and shall enclose a copy of my letter.

I own, that till I received hers, I thought there was a possibility, though not a probability, that she might change her mind in my favour. I *foresaw* that you would all join, for family-reasons, to press her to marry: And when, thought I, she finds herself very earnestly urged, it is possible that she will forego her scruples, and, proposing some conditions for herself, will honour with her hand the man whom she has avowedly honoured with a place in her heart, rather than any other. The malady she has been afflicted with, often leaves, for some time an unsteadiness in the mind: My absence, as I proposed to settle in my native country,

country, never more, perhaps, to return to Italy; the high notions she has of obligation and gratitude; her declared confidence in my honour and affection; all co-operating, she may, thought I, change her mind: and if she does, I cannot doubt the favour of her friends. It was not, my Jeronymo, presumptuous to *hope*. It was *justice* to Clementina to attend the event, and to wait for the promised letter: But now, that I see you are all of one mind, and that the dear lady, though vehemently urged by all her friends to marry some other man, can appeal to me, only as to her *fourth brother*, and a man *not interested* in the event—I give up all my hopes.

I have written accordingly to your dear Clementina; but it could not be expected, that I should give the argument all the weight that might be given it: Yet, being of opinion that she was in duty obliged to yield to the entreaties of all her friends, I have been honest. But surely no man ever was involved in so many difficult situations as your Grandifon; who yet never, by enterprize or rashness, was led out of the plain path into difficulties so uncommon.

You wish, my dear friend, that I would set an example to your excellent sister. I will unbosom my heart to you.

There is a lady, an English lady, beautiful as an angel, but whose beauty is her least perfection, either in my eyes, or her own: Had I never known Clementina, I could have loved her, and *only* her, of all the women I ever beheld. It would not be doing her justice, if I could not say, I *do* love her; but with a flame as pure as the heart of Clementina, or as her own heart can boast. Clementina's distressed mind affected me: I imputed her sufferings to her esteem for me. The farewell interview denied her, she demonstrated, I thought, so firm an affection for me, at the same time that she was to me, what I may truly

call, a first love; that though the difficulties in my way seemed insuperable, I thought it became me, in honour, in gratitude, to hold myself in suspense, and not to offer to make my addresses to any other woman, till the destiny of the dear Clementina was determined.

It would look like vanity in me to tell my Jeronymo how many proposals, from the partial friends of women of rank and merit superior to my own, I thought myself obliged, in honour to the ladies themselves, to decline: But my heart never suffered uneasiness from the uncertainty I was in of ever succeeding with your beloved sister, but on this lady's account. I presume not, however, to say, I could have succeeded, had I thought myself at liberty to make my addresses to her: Yet, when I suffered myself to balance, because of my uncertainty with your Clementina, I had hopes, from the interest my two sisters had with her (her affections disengaged), that, had I been at liberty to make my addresses to her, I might?

Shall I, my dear Jeronymo, own the truth? The two noblest-minded women in the world, when I went over to Italy, on the invitation of my lord, the bishop, held almost an equal interest in my heart; and I was thereby enabled justly, and with the greater command of myself, to declare to the Marchioness, and the general, at my last going over, that I held myself bound to you; but that your sister, and you all, were free. But when the dear Clementina began to shew signs of recovery, and seemed to confirm the hopes I had of her partiality to me; and my gratitude and attachment seemed of importance to her complete restoration; then, my Jeronymo, did I content myself with wishing another husband to the English lady, more worthy of her than my embarrassed situation could have made me. And when I farther experienced the condescending goodness of your whole family, all

united in my favour, I had not a wish but for your Clementina.

What a disappointment, my Jeronymo, was her rejection of me!—obliged, as I was, to admire the noble lady the more for her *motives* of rejecting me.

And now, my dear friend, what is your wish?—That I shall set your sister an example? How can I? Is marriage in my power? There is but one woman in the world, now your dear Clementina has refused me, that I can think worthy of succeeding her in my affections, though there are thousands of whom I am not worthy. And ought that lady to accept of a man whose heart had been another's, and that other living, and single, and still honouring him with so much of her regard, as may be thought sufficient to attach a grateful heart, and occasion a divided love? Clementina herself is not more truly delicate than this lady. Indeed, Jeronymo, I am ready, when I contemplate my situation, on a *supposition* of making my addresses to her, to give up myself, as the unworthiest of her favour of all the men I know; and she has for an admirer almost every man who sees her—Even Olivia admires her! Can I do justice to the merits of both, and yet not appear to be divided by a double love?—For I will own to all the world my affection for Clementina; and, as once it was encouraged by her whole family, glory in it.

You see, my Jeronymo, how I am circumstanced. The example, I fear, must come from Italy; not from England. Yet say I not this for punctilio-sake: It is not in my *power* to set it, as it is in your Clementina's: It would be presumption to suppose it is. Clementina has not an aversion to the *state*: She cannot to the *man* you have in view, since prepossession in favour of another is over.—This is a hard push upon me. I presume not to say what Clementina *will*, what she *can* do: But she is naturally the most dutiful of children, and has a high sense

sense of the more than common obligations she owes to parents, to brothers, to whom she has as unhappily as involuntarily given great distress: Difference in religion, the motive of her rejecting *me*, is not in the question: Filial duty is an article of religion.

I do myself the honour in writing to the Marchioness, to the general, to Father Marescotti, and to Mr Lowther. May the Almighty perfect your recovery, my Jeronymo; and preserve in health and spirits the dear Clementina!—and may every other laudable wish of the hearts of a family so truly excellent, be granted to them!—prays, my dearest Jeronymo, the friend who expects to see you in England; the friend who loves you as he loves his own heart; and equally honours all of your name, and *will* so long as he is

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mrs REEVES, To Miss BYRON.

Tuesday, Sept. 5.

O My dear cousin! I am now sure you will be the happiest of women! Sir Charles Grandison made us a visit this very day.—How Mr Reeves and I rejoiced to see him! We had but just before been called upon by a line from Lady G. to rejoice with her on her brother's happy arrival. He said he was under obligation to go to Windsor and Hampshire, upon extraordinary occasions; but he could not go, till he had paid his respects to us, as well for our own sakes, as to enquire after your health. He had received, he said, some disagreeable intimations in relation to it. We told him you were not well: but we hoped not dangerously ill.

He said so many kind, tender, yet respectful things of you—O my Harriet! I am sure, and so is Mr Reeves, he loves you dearly. Yet we both wondered that he did not talk of paying you a visit. But he may have great matters in hand.—But what matters can be so great as not to be postponed, if he loves you?—and that he certainly does. I should not have known how to contain my joy before him, had he declared himself your lover.

He condescendingly asked to see my little boy—Was not that very good of him? He would have won my heart by this condescension, had he not had a great share of it before—For *your* sake, my cousin. You know I cannot mean otherwise: And you know, that, except Mr Reeves and my little boy, I love my Harriet better than any body in the world. No-body in Northamptonshire, I am sure, will take exception at this.

I thought I would write to you of this kind visit: Be well now, my dear: All things, I am sure, will come about for good: God grant they may!—I dare say, he will visit you in Northamptonshire: And if he does, what can be his motive? *Not* mere friendship; Sir Charles Grandison is no trifler!

I know you will be sorry to hear that Lady Betty Williams is in great affliction. Miss Williams has run away with an ensign, who is not worth a shilling: He is, on the contrary, *over head and ears*, as the saying is, in debt. Such a mere girl!—But what shall we say?

Miss Cantillon has made as foolish a step. Lord bless me! I think girls, in these days, are bewitched. A nominal captain too! Her mother vows, they shall both starve for her: And they have no other dependence. She cannot live without her pleasures: Neither can he without his. A Ranelagh fop. Poor wretches! What will become of them? For every-thing is in her mother's power as to fortune.—She has been met by Miss Allestree; and looked

so shy! so silly! so flatteringly! Unhappy coquettish thing!

Well, but God bless you, my dear!—My nursery calls upon me: The dear little soul is *so* fond of me! Adieu. Compliments to every-body I have so much reason to love: Mr Reeves's too. Once more, Adieu.

ELIZA REEVES.

LETTER XXXV.

Miss BYRON, To Mrs REEVES.

Selby-house, Friday, Sept. 8.

YOUR kind letter, my dear cousin, has, at the same time, delighted and pained me. I rejoice in the declared esteem of one of the best of men; and I honour him for his friendly love expressed to you and my cousin, in the visit he made you: But I am pained at your calling upon me (in pity to my weakness, shall I call it? a weakness so ill concealed) to rejoice, that the excellent man, when he has dispatched all his affairs of consequence, and has nothing *else* to do, may *possibly*, for you cannot be certain, make me a visit in Northamptonshire.—O my cousin! And were his absence, and the apprehension of his being the husband of another woman, think you, the *occasion* of my indisposition; that I must now, that the other affair seems determined in a manner so unexpected, be bid at once to be well?

Sir Charles Grandison, my dear cousin, may honour us with the *pragnosticated* visit, or not, as he pleases: But were he to declare himself my lover, my heart would not be so joyful as you seem to expect, if Lady Clementina is to be unhappy. What though the refusal of marriage was hers, was not

U 3 that

that refusal the greatest sacrifice that ever woman made to her superior duty? Does she not still avow her love to him? And *must* he not, *ought* he not, ever to love her? And here my pride puts in its claim to attention—Shall your Harriet sit down and think herself happy in a second-place love? Yet let me own to you, my cousin, that Sir Charles Grandison is dearer to me than all else that I hold most dear in this world: And if Clementina could not be *un*-happy [Happy I have no notion she can be without him], and he were to declare himself my lover; affectation, be gone! I would say; I will trust to my own heart, and to my future conduct, to make for myself an interest in his affections, that should enrich my content; in other words, that should make me *more* contented.

But time will soon determine my destiny: I will have patience to wait its determination. I make no doubt but he has sufficient reasons for all he does.

I am as much delighted as you could be, at the notice he took of your dear infant. The brave must be humane: And what greater instances of humanity can be shewn, than for grown persons to look back upon the state they were once themselves in, with tenderness and compassion?

I am very sorry for the cause of Lady Betty's affliction. Pity! the good lady took not—But I will not be severe, after I have said, that children's faults are not always *originally* their own.

Poor Miss Cantillon!—But she was not under age; and *as* her punishment was of her own choosing—I am sorry, however, for both. I hope, after they have smarted, something will be done for the poor wretches. Good parents *will* be placable; bad ones, or such as have not given good example, *ought to be so*.

God continue to you, my dear cousins both, your present comforts, and increase your pleasures! for all your pleasures are innocent ones; prays

Yours, &c.

HARRIET BYRON.
LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

*Miss BYRON, To Lady G.**Selby-house, Wedn. Sept. 20.**My dearest Lady G.*

DO you know what is become of your brother? my grandmamma Shirley has seen his ghost; and talked with it near an hour; and then it vanished. Be not surpris'd, my dear creature. I am still in amaze at the account my grandmamma gives us of its appearance, discourse, and vanishing! Nor was the dear parent in a reverie. It happened in the middle of the afternoon, all in broad day.

Thus she tells it:

"I was sitting, said she, in my own drawing-room, yesterday, by myself; when in came James, to whom it first appeared; and told me, that a gentleman desired to be introduced to me. I was reading *Sherlock upon Death*, with that cheerfulness with which I always meditate the subject. I gave orders for his admittance; and in came, to appearance, one of the handsomest men I ever saw in my life, in a riding-dress. It was a courteous ghost: It saluted me; or at least I thought it did: For it answering to the description that you, my Harriet, had given me of that amiable man, I was surpris'd. But, contrary to the manner of ghosts, it spoke first—Venerable lady, it called me; and said, its name was Grandison, in a voice—so like what I had heard you speak of his, that I had no doubt but it was Sir Charles Grandison himself; and was ready to fall down to welcome him.

"It took its place by me: You, madam, said it, will forgive this intrusion: And it made several fine speeches, with an air *so* modest, *so* manly—It had.

‘ had almost all the talk to itself. I could only
 ‘ bow, and be pleased ; for still I thought it was
 ‘ corporally and indeed Sir Charles Grandison. It
 ‘ said, that it had but a very little while to stay :
 ‘ It must reach, I don’t know what place that
 ‘ night—What, said I, will you not go to Selby-
 ‘ house? Will you not see my daughter Byron?
 ‘ Will you not see her aunt Selby? No, it desired
 ‘ to be excused. It talked of leaving a packet be-
 ‘ hind it ; and seemed to pull out of its pocket a
 ‘ parcel of letters sealed up. It broke the seal, and
 ‘ laid the parcel on the table before me. It refu-
 ‘ sed refreshment. It desired, in a courtly man-
 ‘ ner, an answer to what it had discoursed upon
 ‘ —Made a profound reverence—and—vanished.”

And now, my dear Lady G. let me repeat my question : What is become of your brother ?

Forgive me this light, this amusing manner. My grandmamma speaks of this visit as an appearance, so sudden, and so short, and no body seeing him but she ; that it gave a kind of amusing levity to my pen, and I could not resist the temptation I was under to surprise you, as he has done us all. How could he take such a journey, see nobody but my grandmamma, and fly the country? Did he do it to spare us, or to spare himself?

The direct truth is this : My grandmamma was sitting by herself, as above : James told her, as above, that a gentleman desired to be introduced to her. He *was* introduced. He called himself by his own name ; took her hand ; saluted her—Your character, madam, and mine, said he, are so well known to each other, that though I never before had the honour of approaching you, I may presume upon your pardon for this intrusion.

He then launched out in the praises of your happy friend. With what delight did the dear, the indulgent parent repeat them from his mouth ! I hope she mingled not her own partialities with them,

them, whether I deserve them, or not; for sweet is praise, from those we wish to love us. And then he said, you see before you, madam, a man glorying in his affection to one of the most excellent of your sex! an Italian lady; the pride of Italy! And who, from motives which cannot be withstood, has rejected him, at the very time that, all her friends consenting, and innumerable difficulties overcome, he expected that she would yield her hand to his wishes—And they *were* his wishes. My *friendship* for the dear Miss Byron [*You and she must authorize me to call it by a still dearer name, before I dare do it*] is well known: That *also* has been my pride. I know too well what belongs to female delicacy in general, and particularly to that of Miss Byron, to address myself first to her on the subject which occasions you this trouble. I am not accustomed to make professions, not even to ladies—Is it consistent with your notions of delicacy, madam? Will it be with Mr and Mrs Selby's, to give your interest in favour of a man who is thus situated?—A rejected man! A man who dares to own, that the rejection was a disappointment to him; and that he tenderly loved the fair rejector? If it will, and Miss Byron can accept the tender of a heart that has been divided, unaccountably so (the circumstances, I presume, you know), then will *you*, then will *she*, lay me under an obligation, that I can only *endeavour* to repay by the utmost gratitude and affection.—But if not, I shall admire the delicacy of the *second* refuser, as I do the piety of the *first*, and at least *suspend* all thoughts of a change of condition.

Noblest of men—And my grandmamma was proceeding in high strains, but very sincere ones; when, interrupting her, and pulling out of his pocket the packet I mentioned above; I presume, madam, said he, that I see favour and goodness to
me

me in your benign countenance: But I will not even be *favoured*, but upon your full knowledge of all the facts I am master of myself. I will be the guardian of the delicacy of Miss Byron and all her friends in this important case, rather than the discourager, though I were to suffer by it. You will be so good as to read these letters to your daughter Byron, to her Lucy, to Mr and Mrs Selby, and to whom else you will think fit to call to the consultation: They will be those, I presume, who already know something of the history of the excellent Clementina. If, on the perusal of them, I may be admitted to pay my respects to Miss Byron, consistently, as I hinted, with *her* notions and *yours* of that delicacy by which she was always directed, and at the same time be received with that noble frankness which has distinguished her in my eye above all women but one [excuse me, madam, I must always put these sister-souls upon an equal footing of excellence]; then shall I be a happier man than the happiest. Your answer, madam, by pen and ink, will greatly oblige me; and the more, the sooner I can be favoured with it; because, being requested by my friends abroad to set an example to their beloved Clementina, as you will see in more than one of these letters; I would avoid all punctilio, and let them know, that I had offered myself to Miss Byron, and have not been mortified with absolute denial; if I may be so happy as to be allowed to write so.

Thus did this most generous of men prevent, by this reference to the letters, my grandmamma's heart overflowing to her lips. He should directly, he said, proceed on his journey to London; and was in such haste to be gone, when he had said what he had to say, that it precipitated a little my grandmamma's spirits: But the joy she was filled with, on the occasion, was so great, that she only had a concern upon her, when he was gone, as

if something was left by her undone or unsaid, which she thought should have been said and done to oblige him.

The letters he left on the table were copies of what he wrote from Lyons to the Marquis and Marchioness, the Bishop, and general, and Father Marescotti; as also to Lady Clementina, and her brother, the good Jeronymo*. That to the lady cannot be enough admired, for the tenderness, yet for the acquiescence with her will expressed in it. Surely they were born for each other, however it happens that they are not likely to come together.

A letter from Signor Jeronymo, in answer to his from Lyons, I will mention next. In this Sir Charles is wished to use his supposed influence upon Lady Clementina (what a hard task upon him!) to dissuade her from the thoughts of going into a nunnery, and to resolve upon marriage †.

Next is a letter of Lady Clementina to Sir Charles, complaining tenderly of persecution from her friends, who press her to marry, while she contends to be allowed to take the veil, and replies to Sir Charles for his interest in her behalf.

The next is Sir Charles's reply to Lady Clementina.

Then follows a letter from Sir Charles to Signor Jeronymo. I have copied these three last, and inclosed them in confidence ‡.

By these you will see, my dear, that the affair between this excellent man and woman is entirely given up by both; and also, in his reply to Signor Jeronymo, that your Harriet is referred to as his next choice. And how can I ever enough value him, for the dignity he has given me, in putting it, as it should seem, in my power to lay an obligation

* These Letters are omitted in this collection.

† See Letter xxx. ‡ See Letter xxxi. xxxii. xxxiii.

gation upon him; in making for me my own scruples; and now, lastly, in the method he has taken in the application to my grandmamma, instead of to me; and leaving all to our determination? But thus should the men give dignity, even for their own sakes, to the women whom they wish to be theirs. Were there more Sir Charles Grandisons, would not even the female world (much better, as I hope it is, than the male) be amended?

My grandmamma, the moment Sir Charles was gone, sent to us, that she had some very agreeable news to surprise us with; and therefore desired the whole family of us, her Byron particularly, to attend her at breakfast the next morning. We looked upon one another at the message, and wondered. I was not well, and would have excused myself; but my aunt insisted upon my going. Little did I or any body else think of your brother having visited my grandmamma in person. When she acquainted us that he *had*, my weakened spirits wanted support: I was obliged to withdraw with Lucy.

I thought I could not bear, when I recovered myself, that he should be so near, and not *once* call in, and enquire after the health of the creature for whom he professed so high an esteem, and even affection: But when, on my return to company, my grandmamma related what passed between them, and the letters were read, then again were my failing spirits unable to support me. They all gazed upon me, as the letters were reading, as well as while my grandmamma was giving the relation of what he said; and of the noble, the manly air with which he delivered himself.—With joy and silent congratulation they gazed upon me; while I felt such a variety of sensibilities in my heart, as I never felt before; sensibilities mixed with wonder; and I was sometimes ready to doubt
 || whether

whether I were not in a reverie; whether indeed I was in this world or another; whether I was Harriet Byron—I know not how to describe what I felt in my now fluttering, now rejoicing, now dejected heart—

Dejected!—Yes, my dear Lady G. Dejection was a strong ingredient in my sensibilities. I know not why. Yet may there not be a fulness in joy that will mingle dissatisfaction with it? If there may, shall I be excused for my solemnity, if I deduce from thence an argument, that the human soul is not to be fully satisfied by worldly enjoyments; and that therefore the completion of its happiness must be in another, a more perfect state? You, Lady G. are a very good woman, though a lively one; and I will not excuse *you*, if on an occasion that bids me look forward to a very solemn event, you will not forgive my *seriousness*—That *bids me look forward*, I repeat: for Sir Charles Grandison cannot alter his mind: The world has not wherewith to *tempt* him to alter it, after he has made *such* advances; except I misbehave.

Well, my dear, and what was the result of our conference?—My grandmamma, my aunt, and Lucy, were of opinion, that I ought no more to revolve the notions of a divided or second-placed love: That every point of female delicacy was answered: That he ought not only *still* to be allowed to love Lady Clementina, but that I and all her sex should revere her: That my grandmamma, being the person applied to, should answer for me, for us all, in words of her own chusing.

I was silent. What think *you*, my dear, said my aunt? with her accustomed tenderness.

Think! said my uncle, with his usual facetiousness: Do you think, if Harriet had *one* objection, she would have been silent?—I am for sending up for Sir Charles out of hand. Let him come the

first day of next week, and let them be married before the end of it.

Not *quite* so hasty neither, Mr Selby, said my grandmamma, smiling: Let us send to Mr Deane. His love for my child, and regard for us all, deserve the most grateful returns.

What a duce, and defer an answer to Sir Charles, who gives a generous reason, for the sake of the lady abroad, and her family (and I hope he thinks a little of his *own* sake), for wishing a speedy answer?—

No, Mr Selby: Not defer writing neither. We know enough of Mr Deane's mind already. But, for my part, I don't know what terms, what conditions, what additions to my child's fortune, to propose—

Additions! madam—Why, ay; there must be some to be sure—And we are able, and as willing as able, let me tell you, to make them—

I beseech you, Sir, said I—Pray, madam—No more of this—Surely it is time enough to talk of these subjects.

So it is, niece. Mr Deane is a lawyer. God help me! I never was brought up to any thing but to live on the fat of the land, as the saying is. Mr Deane and Sir Charles shall talk this matter over by themselves. Let us, as you say, send for Mr Deane—But I will myself be the messenger of these joyful tidings.

My uncle then turned out, in his gay manner, a line of an old song; and then said, I'll go to Mr Deane: I will set out this very day—Pull down the wall, as one of our kings said; the door is too far about.—I'll bring Mr Deane with me to-morrow, or it shall cost me a fall.

You know my uncle, my dear. In this manner did he express his joy.

My grandmother retired to her closet; and this that follows is what she wrote to Sir Charles.

Every

Every body is pleased whenever she takes up the pen. No one made objection to a single word in it.

Dear Sir,

RESERVE would be unpardonable on our side, though the woman's, to a man who is above reserve, and whose offers are the result of deliberation, and an affection, that, being founded in the merit of our dearest child, cannot be doubted. We all receive as an honour the offer you make us of an alliance which would do credit to families of the first rank. It will perhaps be one day owned to you, that it was the height of Mrs Selby's wishes and mine, that the man who had rescued the dear creature from insult and distress, might be at liberty to intitle himself to her grateful love.

The noble manner in which you have explained yourself on a subject which has greatly embarrassed you, has abundantly satisfied Mrs Selby, Lucy, and myself: We can have no scruples of delicacy: Nor am I afraid of suffering from yours by my frankness. But as to our Harriet—You may perhaps meet with some (not affectation; she is above it) difficulty with *her*, if you expect her *whole* heart to be yours. She, Sir, experimentally knows how to allow for a double, a divided love.—Dr Bartlett, perhaps, should not have favoured her with the character of a lady whom she prefers to herself; and Mrs Selby and I have sometimes, as we read her melancholy story, thought not unjustly. If she can be induced to love, to honour the man of her choice, as much as she loves, honours, and admires Lady Clementina, the happy man will have reason to be satisfied. You see, Sir, that we, who were able to give a preference to the same lady against ourselves [Harriet Byron is *ourselves*], can have no scruples on *your* giving it to

the same incomparable woman. May that lady be happy! If she were *not* to be so, and her unhappiness were to be owing to our happiness; that, dear Sir, would be all that could pain the heart of us, on an occasion so very agreeable to

Your sincere Friend and Servant,

HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.

But, my dear Lady G. does your brother tell you and Lady L. nothing of his intentions? Why, if he does, do not you?—But I *can* have no doubt. Is not the man Sir Charles Grandison? And yet, methinks, I want to know what the contents of his next letters from Italy will be.

You will have no scruple, my dear Lady G. to shew my whole letter to Lady L. and, if you please, to my Emily—But only mention the contents, in your own way, to the gentlemen. I beg you will yourself shew it to Mrs Reeves: She will rejoice in her *prognostications*. Use that word to her: She will understand you. Your brother must now, less than ever, see what I write. I depend upon your discretion, my dear Lady G.

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVII.

Lady G. to Miss BYRON.

Wednesday, Sept. 23.

EXCELLENT Mrs Shirley! Incomparable woman! How I love her! If I were such an excellent ancient, I would no more wish to be young, than she has so often told us she does. What my brother once said, and you once wrote to your Lucy, is true (in *her* case at least), that the matronly and advanced time of life in a woman,

man, is far from being the *least* eligible part of it; especially, I may add, when health and a good conscience accompany it. What a spirit does she, at her time of life, write with!—But her heart is in her subject—I hope I may say *that*, Harriet, without offending you.

Not a word did my brother speak of his intention, till he received that letter; and then he invited Lady L. and me, and our two honest men, to afternoon tea with him—[O but I have not reckoned with you for your saucy rebukes in your last of the 7th; I owe you a spite for it; and, Harriet, depend on payment—What was I writing?—I have it]—And when tea was over, he, without a blush, without looking down, as a girl would do in this situation—[But why so, Harriet? Is a woman, on these occasions, to act a part as if she supposed herself to be the greatest gainer by matrimony; and therefore was ashamed of consenting to accept of an honourable offer? As if, in other words, she was to be the self-denying receiver rather than conferrer of an obligation?—Lord, how we ramble-headed creatures break in upon ourselves!] with a good grace he told us of his intention to marry; of his apparition to Mrs Shirley; of his sudden vanishing; and all that—And then he produced Mrs Shirley's letter, but just received.

And do you think we were not overjoyed?—Indeed we were. We congratulated him: We congratulated each other: Lord L. looked as he did when Caroline gave him his happy day: Lord G. could not keep his seat: He was tipsy, poor man, with his joy: Aunt Nell pranced herself, stroked her ribbands of pink and yellow, and chuckled and mumped for joy that her nephew at last would not go out of Old England for a wife. She was *migh-*
tily pleased too with Mrs Shirley's letter. It was

just such a one as she herself would have written upon the occasion.

I posted afterwards to Mrs Reeves, to shew her, as you requested, your letter : And when we had read it, there was, Dear madam, and dear Sir ; and now this, and now that ; and thank God—three times in a breath ; and we were cousins, and cousins, and cousins : And, O blessed ! And, O be joyful !—And, Hail the day !—And, God grant it to be a short one !—And how will Harriet answer to the question ? Will not her frankness be tried ? He despises affectation : So he thinks does she !—Good Sirs ! and, O dears !—How things are brought about !—O my Harriet, you never heard or saw such congratulations between three gossips, as were between our two cousins Reeves and me : And not a little did the good woman pride herself in her *prognostics* ; for she explained that matter to me.

Dr Bartlett is at Grandison-hall with our unhappy cousin. How will the good man rejoice !

Now you will ask, what became of Emily ?—

By the way, do you know that Mrs O'Hara is turned *Methodist* ? True as you are alive. And she labours hard to convert her husband. Thank God she is any thing that is serious ! Those people have really great merit with me in *her* conversion—I am sorry that our own clergy are not as zealously in earnest as they. They have really, my dear, if we may believe aunt Eleanor, given a face of religion to subterranean colliers, tinnerns, and the most profligate of men, who hardly ever before heard either of the word or thing. But *I* am not turning *Methodist*, Harriet. No, you will not suspect me.

Now Emily, who is at present my visitor, had asked leave before my brother's invitation (and was gone, my Jenny attending her) to visit her mother, who is not well. My brother was engaged

gaged to sup abroad with some of the Danbys, I believe: I therefore made Lord and Lady L. cousin Reeves and cousin Reeves, and my aunt Grandison, sup with me.

Emily was at home before me—Ah the poor Emily!—I'll tell you how it was between us—

My lovely girl, my dear Emily, said I, I have good news to tell you about Miss Byron—

O thank God!—And is she well? Pray, madam, tell me, tell me; I long to hear good news of my dear Miss Byron.

Why, she will shortly be married, Emily!

Married, madam!—

Yes, my love!—And to your guardian, child!—

To my guardian, madam!—Well, but I hope so—

I then gave her a few particulars.

The dear girl tried to be joyful, and burst into tears!

Why weeps my girl?—O fie! are you sorry that Miss Byron will have your guardian? I thought you loved Miss Byron.

So I do, madam, as my own self, and more than myself, if possible—But the surprise, madam—Indeed I am glad!—What makes me such a fool? Indeed I am glad!—What ails me to cry I wonder? It is what I wished, what I prayed for night and day. Dear madam, don't tell anybody. I am ashamed of myself.

The sweet April-faced girl then smiled through her tears.

I was charmed with her innocent sensibility, and if you are not, I shall think less of you than ever I did yet.

Dear madam, said she, permit me to withdraw for a few minutes: I must have my cry out—And I shall then be all joy and gladness.

She

She tript away; and in half an hour came down to me with quite another face.

Lady L. was then with me. I had told her of the girl's emotion. We are equally lovers of you, my dear, said I; you need not be afraid of Lady L.

And have you told, madam?—Well but I am not a hypocrite. What a strange thing! I who have always been so much afraid of another lady, for Miss Byron's sake, to be so oddly affected as if I were sorry!—Indeed I rejoice.—But if you tell Miss Byron, she won't love me: She won't let me live with her and my guardian when she is happy, and has made him so. And what shall I do then? for I have set my heart upon it.

Miss Byron, my dear, loves you so well, that she will not be able to deny you any thing your heart is set upon, that is in her power to grant.

God blefs Miss Byron as I love her, and she will be the happiest of women!—But what was the matter with me?—Yet I believe I know—My poor mother had been crying sadly to me for her past unhappy life. She kissed me, as she said, for my *father's* sake: She had been the worst of wives to the best of husbands.

Again the good girl wept at her mother's remembred remorse—My guar—my guardian's goodness, my mother said, had awakened her to a sense of her wickedness. My poor mother did not spare herself: And I was all sorrow; for what could I say to her on such a subject?—And all the way that I came home in the coach I did nothing but cry. I had but just dried my eyes, and tried to look chearful when you came in. And then, when you told me the good news, something struck me all at once, struck my very heart; I cannot account for it: I know not what to liken it to—and had I not burst into tears, I believe it would have been worse for me. But now I am myself;

and

and if my poor mother could pacify her conscience, I should be a happy creature—*because* of Miss Byron's happiness. You look at each other, ladies: But if you think I should *not*, bid me begone from your presence for a false girl, and never see you more.

Now, Harriet, this emotion of Emily appears to me as a sort of phenomenon. Do you account for it as you will, but I am sure Emily is no hypocrite; she has no art; she *believes* what she says, that her sudden burst of tears was owing to her heart being affected by her mother's contrition: And I am also sure that she loves you above all the women in the world. Yet it is possible that the subtle thief, ycleped love, had got very near her heart, and just at the moment threw a dart into one angle of it, which was the *something* that struck her all at once, as she phrased it, and made her find tears a relief. This I know, my dear, that we may be very differently affected by the same event, when judged of at a distance, and near. If you don't already, or if you soon will not, experience the truth of this observation in the great event before you, I am much mistaken.

But you see, Harriet, what joy this happy declaration of my brother, and the kind reception it has met with from Northamptonshire, has given us all. We will keep your secret, never fear, till all is over; and, when it is, you shall let my brother know, from the letters we have had the favour of seeing, as much as *we* do. Till he does, excellent as he thinks you, he will not know one half of your excellencies, nor the merit which your love and your suspenses have made you with him.

But, with you, I long for the arrival of the next letters from Italy. God grant that Lady Clementina hold her resolution, now that she sees it is almost impossible for her to avoid marrying!

If

If she should relent, what would be the consequence to my brother, to herself, to you! And how shall all we, his friends and yours, be affected! You think the lady is obliged, in duty to her parents, to marry. Lady L. and I are determined to be wise, and not give our opinions till the events which are yet in the bosom of Fate, disclosing themselves, shall not leave us a possibility of being much mistaken. And yet, as to what the filial duty requires of her, we think she ought to marry. Mean time I repeat, "God grant that Lady Clementina now hold her mind!"

LADY L. sends up her name. Formality in *her* surely. I will chide her. But here she comes—I love, Harriet, to write to the moment; that's a knack I had from you and my brother: And be sure continue it on every occasion: No *pathetic* without it.

Your servant, Lady L.

And *your* servant, Lady G.—Writing? To whom?

To our Harriet—

I will read your letter—Shall I?

Take it, but read it out, that I may know what I have written.

Now give it me again. I'll write down what you say to it, Lady L.

Lady L. I say you are a whimsical creature. But I don't like what you have *last* written.

Charlotte: *Last written*—'Tis down—But why so, Lady L.

Lady L. How can you thus tease our beloved Byron with your conjectural evils?

Ch. Have I supposed an impossibility?—But 'tis down—*Conjectural evils*.

Lady L. If you are so whimsical, write—"My dear Miss Byron"—

Ch. *My dear Miss Byron*—'Tis down.

Lady,

Lady L. [looking over me]. "Do not let what this strange Charlotte has written grieve you:"—

Ch. Very well, Caroline!—*grieve you.*—

Lady L. "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof."

Ch. Well observed—Words of scripture, I believe—Well—*evil thereof.*—

Lady L. Never, surely, was there such a creature as you, Charlotte—

Ch. That's down, too.—

Lady L. Is that down? laughing—That should not have been down—Yet 'tis true.

Ch. Yet 'tis true—What's next?

Lady L. Pish—

Ch. Pish.—

Lady L. Well, now to Harriet—"Clementina cannot alter her resolution; her objection still subsisting. Her love for my brother"—

Ch. Hold, Lady L. Too much at one time—*her love to my brother*—

Lady L. "On which her apprehensions that she shall not be able, if she be his wife"—

Ch. Not so much at once, I tell you: It is too much for my giddy head to remember—*if she be his wife*—

Lady L. —"to adhere to her own religion, are founded"—

Ch. —*founded.*

Lady L. "Is a security for her adherence to a resolution so glorious to herself."

Ch. Well said, Lady L.—May it be so, say, and pray I.—Any more, Lady L.?

Lady L. "Therefore"—

Ch. *Therefore*—

Lady L. "Regard not the perplexing Charlotte"—

Ch. I thank you, Caroline—*perplexing Charlotte*—

Lady

Lady L. "Is the advice of your ever-affectionate sister, friend, and servant,"—

Ch. So!—*friend and servant*—

Lady L. Give me the pen—

Ch. Take another. She did—and subscribed her name, "C. L."

With all my heart, Harriet. And here, after I have repeated my hearty wishes that nothing of this that I have so sagely apprehended may happen (for I desire not to be dubbed a witch so much at my own, as well as at your expence), I will also subscribe that of

Your no less affectionate sister,

Friend and servant,

CHARLOTTE G.

My brother says, he has sent you a letter, and your grandmamma another—Full of grateful sensibilities, both, I make no question.—But no flight, or goddess-making absurdity, I dare say. You will give us copies, *if you are as obliging as you used to be.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Monday, Sept. 25.

WHAT have I done to my Charlotte? Is there not something cold and particular in your stile, especially in that part of your letter preceding the entrance of my good Lady L. and in your postscript?—*You will give us copies, if you are as obliging as you used to be.*—Why should I, when likely to be more obliged to you than ever, be less obliging than before? I can't bear it from Lady G. Are you giving me a proof of the truth of

||

your

your own observation? "That we may be very differently affected by the same event, when judged of at a distance and near."—I could not support my spirits, if the sister of Sir Charles Grandison loved me the less for the distinction her brother pays me.

And what, my dear, if Lady Clementina *should* RELENT, as you phrase it!—My *friends* might be now grieved—Well, and I might be affected too, more than if the visit to my grandmamma had not been made. I own it.—But the high veneration I truly profess to have for Lady Clementina, would be parade and pretension, if, whatever became of your Harriet, I did not resolve, in that case, to try at least to make myself easy, and give up to her prior and worthier claim: And I should consider her *effort*, though unsuccessful, as having intitled her to my highest esteem. To what we know to be right we ought to submit; the more difficult the more meritorious: And, in this case, your Harriet would conquer or die. If she conquered, she would then, in *that* instance, be greater than even Clementina. O my dear, we know not till we have the trial, what emulation will enable a warm and honest mind to do.

I will send you inclosed the two letters transcribed by Lucy*. I am very proud of them both; perhaps too proud; and it may be necessary that I should be pulled down, though I expected it not from my Charlotte. "To be complimented in so noble and sincere a manner as you will see I am, with the power of laying an obligation on him" (instead of owing it to his compassionate consideration for a creature so long labouring in suspense, and then despairing that her hopes could be answered),

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swered),

* These letters do not appear. The contents may be gathered from what she here says of them.

swered), is enough at the same time to flatter her vanity, and gratify the most delicate sensibility.

You will see “how gratefully he takes my grand-mamma’s hint, that I knew how by experience to account for a double, a *divided* love, as she is pleased to call it—and the preference my aunt, and herself, and I, have given to the claim of Lady Clementina.” You, my dear, know our sincerity in this particular. There is some merit in owning a truth when it makes against us. To do justice in another’s case, against one’s self, is, methinks, making at least a *second* merit for one’s self. “He asks my leave to attend me at Selby-house.”—I should rejoice to see him—But I could wish, methinks, that he had first received letters from abroad. But how can I hint my wishes to him without implying either doubt or reserve?—*Reserve*, in the delay of his visit implied by such hint; *doubt*, of his being at liberty to pursue his intentions: That would not become me to shew; as it might make him think that I wanted protestations and assurances from him, in order to *bind* him to me; when, if the situation be such as obliges him to balance but in *thought*, and I could know it, I would die before I would accept of his hand: He has confirmed and established, as I may say, my pride (I had always some) by the distinction he has given me: Yet I should despise myself, if I found it gave me either arrogance, or affectation. “He is so considerate as to dispense with my answering his letters;” for he is pleased to say, “That if I do not *forbid* him to come down, by my aunt Selby, or my grandmamma, he will presume upon my leave.”

My uncle set out for Peterborough, in order to bring Mr Deane with him to Selby-house. Poor Mr Deane kept his chamber for a week before; yet had not let us know he was ill. He was forbid to go abroad for two days more; but was so overjoyed at what my uncle communicated to him,
that

that he said, he was not sensible of ailing any thing; and he would have come with my uncle next day; but neither he nor the doctor would permit it: But on Tuesday he came—Such joy! Dear good man! Such congratulations!—How considerable to their happiness, do they all make that of their Harriet!

They have been in consultation often; but they have excluded me from some particular ones. I guess the subject; and beg of them that I may not be *too much* obliged. What critical situations have I been in! When will it be at an end?

Mr Deane has written to Sir Charles. I am not to know the contents of his letter.

The hearts of us women, when we are urged to give way to a *clandestine* and *unequal* address, or when inclined to favour such a one, are apt, and are pleaded with, to rise against the notions of bargain and sale. *Smithfield bargains*, you Londoners call them: But unjust is the intended odium, if preliminaries are necessary in all treaties of this nature. And surely previous stipulations are indispensably so among us changeable mortals, however promising the sun-shine may be at our setting out on the journey of life; a journey too that will not be ended but with the life of one of the travellers.

If I ever were to be tempted to wish for great wealth, it would be for the sake of Sir Charles Grandison; that I might be a means of enlarging his power: Since I am convinced, that the necessities of every worthy person within the large circle of his acquaintance, would be relieved, according to his ability.

My dear Emily!—Ah Lady G.! Was it *possible* for you to think, that my pity for the amiable innocent should not increase my love for her! I will give you leave *indeed* to despise me, if you ever find any-thing in my behaviour to Emily, let me be circumstanced as I will, that shall shew an abate-

ment to that tender affection which ever must warm my heart in her favour. Whenever I can promise any-thing for myself, then shall Emily be a partaker of my felicity, in the way her own heart shall direct. I hope, for *her own* sake, that the dear girl puts the matter right, when she attributes her sudden burst of tears to the weakness of her spirits occasioned by her mother's remorse: But let me say one thing: It would grieve me as much as it did Sir Charles in the Count of Belvedere's case, to stand in the way of any-body's happiness. It is not, you see, your *Brother's* fault, that he is not the husband of Lady Clementina: She wishes him to marry an English woman.—Nor is even the hope of Lady Olivia frustrated by me. You know I always pitied her; and that before I knew, from Sir Charles's letter to Signor Jeronimo, that she thought kindly of me.—Lady Anne S.; Do you think, my dear, that worthy woman could have hopes, were it *not* for me? And could my Emily have any, were I out of the world?—No, surely: The very *wardship*, which he executes with so much indulgent goodness to her, would exclude all such hopes, considerable enough as his estate is, to answer a larger fortune than even Emily's. Were her's not half so much as it is, it would perhaps be more likely than now, that his generous mind might be disposed in her favour, some years hence.

Let me, however, tell you, that true sisterly pity overwhelmed my heart, when I first read that part of your letter which so pathetically describes her tender woe. Be the occasion her duty, or her love, or owing to a mixture of both, I am charmed with her beautiful simplicity: I wept over that part of your letter for half an hour; and more than once I looked round and round me, wishing for the dear creature to be near me, and wanting to clasp her to my bosom.

—*And as I was reading you my dear Emily's letter I was thinking of you and your dear mother.* Love

Love me still, and that as well as ever, my dear Lady G. or I shall want a great ingredient of happiness, in whatever situation I may be. I have written to thank my dear Lady L. for her goodness to me, in dictating to your pen; and I thank you, my dear, for being dictated to. I cannot be well. Send me but one line; ease my overburdened heart of one of its anxieties, by telling me that there has nothing passed of littleness in me, that has abated your love to

Your ever grateful, ever affectionate

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXIX.

Lady G. To Miss BYRON.

Grosvenor-Square, Wedn. Sept. 27.

FLY *Script*, of one line; on the wings of the wind, fly, to acquaint my Harriet, that I love her above all women—and all *men* too; my brother excepted. Tell her, that I now love her with an increased love; because I love her for his sake, as well as for her own.

Forgive, my dear, all the carelessnesses, as you always did the slippancies of my pen. The happy prospect that all our wishes would be succeeded to us, had given a levity, a wantonness, to it. Wicked pen!—But I have burnt the whole parcel from which I took it!—Yet I should correct *myself*, for I don't know whether I did not intend to teaze a little: I don't know whether my compassion for Emily did not make me more silly. If that were so (for really I suffered my pen to take its course at the time; therefore burnt it) I know you will the more readily forgive me.

Littlefness, Harriet! you are all that is great and good in woman. The *littlefness* of others add to your greatness. Have not *my* foibles always proved this?—No, my dear! you are as great as—Clementina herself: And I love you better, if possible, than I love myself.

A few lines more on other subjects; for I can't write a short letter to my Harriet.—

The Countess of D. has made my brother a visit. I happened to be at his house. They were alone together near an hour. At going away, he attending her to her chair, she took my hand: All my hopes are over, said she; but I will love Miss Byron for all that. Nor shall *you*, Sir Charles, in the day of your power, deny me my correspondent: Nor must you, madam, and Lady L. a friendship with Sir Charles Grandison's two sisters.

Lady W. and my sister and I correspond. I want you to know her, that you may love her as well as we do. Love matches, my dear, are foolish things. I know not how you will find it some time hence: No general rule, however, without exceptions, you know. Violent love on one side is enough in conscience, if the other party be not a fool, or ungrateful: The *lover* and *loved* make generally the happiest couple. Mild, sedate convenience is better than a stark staring-mad passion. The wall-climbers, the hedge and ditch-leapers, the river-forders, the window-droppers, always find reason to think so. Who ever hears of darts, flames, Cupids, Venus's, Adonis's, and such like nonsense in matrimony?—Passion is transitory; but discretion, which never boils over, gives durable happiness. See Lord and Lady W. Lord G. and his good woman for instances.

O my mad head! And why, think you, did I mention my corresponding with Lady W.?—Only to tell you (and I had like to have forgot it) that she felicitates me in her last, on the likelihood
of

of a happy acquisition to our family, from what my brother communicated of his intention to make his addressee to somebody—I warrant you guess to whom.

Lady Anne S.—Poor Lady Anne S!—I dare not tell my brother how much she loves him: I am sure it would make him uneasy.

Beauchamp desires his compliments to you. He is in great affliction. Poor Sir Harry is thought irrecoverable. Different physicians have gone their rounds with him: But the new ones only ask what the old ones did, that they may *guess* at something else to make trial of. When a patient has money, it is difficult, I believe, for a physician to be honest, and to say, till the last extremity, that the parson and sexton may take him.

Adieu, my love!—Adieu, all my grandmamas, aunts, cousins, and kin's kin in Northamptonshire—Adieu!!

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XL.

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

Tuesday, Oct. 3.

A THOUSAND thanks to you, my dear Lady G. for the favour of your last: You have reassured me in it. I think I could not have been happy even in the affection of Sir Charles Grandison, were I to have found an abatement in the love of his two sisters. Who, that knows you both, and that had been favoured with your friendship, could have been satisfied with the least diminution of it?

I have a letter from the Countess of D.*. She is

* This letter does not appear.

is a most generous woman. "She even congratulates me on your brother's account, from the conversation that passed between him and her.

"She gives me the particulars of it. Exceedingly flattering are they to my vanity." I *must*, my dear, be happy, if you continue to love me; and if I can know that Lady Clementina is not unhappy. This latter is a piece of intelligence, necessary, I was going to say, for my tranquillity: For can your brother be happy if *that* lady be otherwise, whose grievous malady could hold in suspense his generous heart, when he had no prospects at that time of ever calling her his?

I pity from my heart Lady Anne S. What a dreadful thing is hopeless love; the object so worthy, that every mouth is full of his praises! How many women will your brother's preference of *one*, be she who she will, disappoint in their first loves! Yet out of a hundred women, how few are there, who, for one reason or other, have the man of their first choice!

I remember you once said, it was well that love is not a passion absolutely invincible: But however, I do not, my dear, agree with you in your notions of all love-matches. Love merely *personal*, that sort of love which commences between the years of fifteen and twenty, and when the extraordinary *merit* of the object is not the foundation of it, may, I believe, and perhaps generally *ought* to be subdued. But love that is founded on a merit that every body acknowledges—I don't know what to say to the vincibility of *such* a love. For myself, I think it impossible that I ever could have been the wife of any man on earth but one, and given him my affection in so *entire* a manner, as should, on reflection, have acquitted my own heart, though I hope I should not have been wanting in my general duties—And why impossible? Because I must have been conscious, that there was another

man

man whom I would have preferred to him. Let me add, that when prospects were darkest with regard to my wishes, I promised my grandmamma and aunt to make myself easy, at least to endeavour to do so, if they never would propose to me the Earl of D. or any other man. They *did* promise me.

Lady D. in her letter to me, "is so good as to claim the continuance of my correspondence." Most ungrateful, and equally self-denying must I be, if I were to decline my part of it.

I have a letter from Sir Rowland Meredith*. You who have seen his former letters to me, need not be shewn this. The same honest heart appears in them all, the same kind professions of paternal love.

You love Sir Rowland, and will be pleased to hear that his worthy nephew is likely to recover his health. I cannot, however, be joyful that they are resolved to make me soon one more visit. But you will see that Mr Fowler thinks, if he could be allowed to visit me once more, he should, though hoping nothing from the visit, be easier for the rest of his life. A strange way of thinking! supposing love to be his distemper: Is it not?

I have a letter from Mr Fenwick. He has made a very short excursion abroad. He tells me in it, that he designs me a visit on a particular subject. If it be, as I suspect, to engage my interest with my Lucy, he shall *not* have her: He is not worthy of her.

The friendship and favour of Lady W. is one of the greatest felicities which seem to offer to bless my future lot:

Mr Greville is the most persevering, as well as most audacious of men. As other men endeavour to gain a woman's affections by politeness, he makes pride, ill-nature, and impetuosity, the proofs

* This letter appears not.

of his love; and thinks himself ill used, especially since his large acquisition of fortune, that they are not accepted as such. He has obliged Mr Deane to hear his pleas, and presumed to hope for his favour. Mr Deane frankly told him that his interest lay quite another way. He then insolently threatened with destruction the man, be he who he will, that shall stand in his way. He doubts not, he says, but Sir Charles Grandison is the man designed: But if so *cool* a lover is to be encouraged against so *servent* a one as himself, he is mistaken in all the notions of women's conduct and judgment in love-matters. A *discreet* lover, he says, is an unnatural character: Women, the odious wretch says, love to be devoured [Is he not an odious wretch?]; and if Miss Byron can content herself with another woman's *leavings*, (for that, he says, he is well informed is the case,) he knows what he shall think of her spirit. And then he threw out, as usual, reflections on our sex which had malice in them.

This man's threats disturb me. God grant that your brother may not meet with any more embarrassments from insolent men on my account!

If these men, this Greville in particular, would let me be at peace, I should be better, I believe, in my health: but Lady Frampton is his advocate by letter. He watches my footsteps, and in every visit I make, throws himself in the way: And on Sundays he is always ready with his officious hand, as I alight to enter the church, and to lead me back to my uncle's coach. My uncle cannot affront him, because he will not be affronted by him. He rallies off, with an intrepidity that never was exceeded, all that my aunt says to him. I repulse him with anger everywhere but in a place so public and so sacred. He disturbs my devotion with his bold eyes always fixed on our pew, which draw every one's after them. He has the assurance,

when

when he intrudes himself into my company, to laugh at my anger, telling me, that it is what he has long wished for, and that now he is so much used to it, that he can live on my frowns, and cannot support life without them. He plainly tells me, that Mr Fenwick's arrival from abroad, and another certain person's also, are the occasion of his resumed-fidelity.

Every body about us, in short, is interested for or against him. He makes me appear coy and ridiculous. He——But no more of this bold man. Would to Heaven that some one of those who like such, would relieve me from him!

Visitors and the post oblige me sooner than I otherwise should, to conclude myself, my dear Lady G.

Ever Yours,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLI.

Mr DEANE, *To Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.*

Selby-house, Tuesday, Oct. 3.

AN alliance more acceptable, were it with a prince, could not be proposed, than that which Sir Charles Grandison, in a manner so worthy of himself, has proposed with a family who have thought themselves under obligation to him ever since he delivered the darling of it from the lawless attempts of a savage libertine. I know to whom I write, and will own, that it has been *my* wish in a most particular manner.

As to the surviving part of the family, *exclusive* of Miss Byron (for I will mention her parents by-and-by), it is in all its branches worthy: Indeed, Sir, your wish of a relation to *them* is not a discre-

dit

dit to your high character. As to the young lady—I say nothing of her—Yet how shall I forbear—O Sir, believe me! she will dignify your choice. Her duty and her inclination through every relation of life were never divided.

Excuse me, Sir—No parent was ever more fond of his child than I have been, from her infancy, of this my daughter by adoption. Hence, Sir, being consulted on this occasion, as my affection I will say for the whole family deserves, I take upon me to acquaint you, before any further steps are taken, what our dear child's fortune will be: For it has been always my notion, that a young gentleman, in such a case, should, the moment he offers himself, if his own proposals are acceptable, be spared the *indelicacy* of asking questions as to fortune. We know, Sir, yours is great: But as your spirit is princely, you ought to have something worthy of your own fortune with a wife. But here, alas! we must fail I doubt, at least in hand.

Mr Byron was one of the best of men; his lady a most excellent woman: There never was a happier pair. Both had reason to boast of their ancestry. His estate was upwards of Four thousand pounds a-year; but it was entailed, and, in failure of male heirs, was to descend to a second branch of the family, which had made itself the more unworthy of it, by settling in a foreign country, renouncing, as I may say, its own. Mr Byron died a young man, and left his lady *ensient*; but grief for losing him occasioned first her miscarriage, and then her death; and the estate followed the name. Hence be pleased to know, that Miss Byron's fortune, in her own right, is no more than between Thirteen and Fourteen thousand pounds. It is chiefly in the funds. It has been called 15,000 £. but is not much more than thirteen. Her grandmother's jointure is between 4 and 500 £. a-year. We none of us wish to see

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my god-daughter in possession of it: She herself least of all. Mrs Shirley is called by every one that knows her, or speaks of her, The ornament of old age. Her husband, an excellent man, desired her to live always in the mansion-house, and in the hospitable way he had ever kept up, if what he left her would support her in it. She has been longer spared to the prayers of her friends, and to those of the poor, than was apprehended; for she is infirm in health. She therefore can do but little towards the increase of her child's fortune. But Shirley-manor is a fine old seat, Sir: And there is timber upon the estate, which wants but ten years' growth, and will be felled to good account. Mr Selby is well in the world. He proposes, as a token of his love, to add 3000 *l.* in hand to his niece's fortune; and by his will something very considerable further expectant on his lady's death; who, being Miss Byron's aunt by the father's side, intends by her will to do very handsomely for her. —By the way, my dear Sir, be assured, that what I write is absolutely unknown to Miss Byron.

There is a man who loves her as he loves himself. This man has laid by a sum of money every year for the advancing her in marriage, beginning with the fifth year of her life, when it was seen what a hopeful child she was: This has been put at accumulated interest; and it amounts, in sixteen years, or thereabouts, to very near 8000 *l.* This man, Sir, will make up the Eight Thousand Ten, to be paid on the day of marriage: And I hope, without promising for what this man will do further at his death, that you will accept of this Five or Six-and-twenty Thousand pounds, as the cheerfullest given and best-bestowed money that ever was laid out.

Let not these particulars pain you, Sir: They should not: The subject is a necessary one. You, who ought to give way to the increase of that

power which you so nobly use, must not be pained at this mention, once for all. Princes, Sir, are not above asking money of their people as free-gifts, on the marriage of their children. He that would be greater than a prince, may, before he is aware, be less than a gentleman. Of this ten thousand pounds, eight is Miss Byron's due, as she is likely to be so happy with all our consents; else it would not: For that was the man's *reserved* condition; and the sum, or the designation of it, was till this day only known to himself.

As to settlements in return, I would have acted the lawyer, but the *honest* lawyer, with you, Sir, and made demands of you; but Mr and Mrs Selby, and Mrs Shirley, unanimously declare, that you shall not be prescribed to in this case. Were you not Sir Charles Grandison? was the question. I was against leaving it to you, for that *very* reason. It will be, said I, to provoke such a man as Sir Charles to do too much. Most other men ought to be spurred; but *this* must be held in. But, however, I acquiesced; and the more easily, because I expect that the deeds shall pass through my hands; and I will take care that you shall not, in order to give a proof of love where it is not wanted, exert an inadequate generosity.

These matters I thought it was absolutely necessary to apprise you of: You will have the goodness to excuse any imperfections in my manner of writing: There are none in my heart, when I assure you, that no man breathing can more respect you, than, Sir,

*Your most faithful and
obedient humble Servant,*

THOMAS DEANE.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, To THO. DEANE, Esq;

Thursday, Oct. 5.

YOU know not, my dear Mr Deane, upon what an unthankful man you would bestow your favours. I pretend not to be above complying with the laudable customs of the world. Princes are examples to themselves. I have always, in things indifferent, been willing to take the world as I find it; and conform to it.

To say Miss Byron is a treasure in herself, is what every man would say, who has the honour to know her: Yet I would not, in a vain ostentation, as the interest of a man and his wife is one, make a compliment to my affection, by resigning or giving from her her natural right; especially as there is no one of her family that wants to be benefited by such gifts or resignations. But then I will not allow that any of her friends shall part with what is theirs, to supply—what? A *supposed* deficiency in her fortune. And by *whom*, as implied by you, supposed a deficiency—By me; and it is left to me to *confirm* the imputation, by my acceptance of the addition so generously, as to the *intention*, offered. Had I incumbrances on my estate, which, undischarged, would involve in difficulties the woman I love, I know not what, for *her* sake, I might be tempted to do. But avarice only can induce a man, who wants it not, to accept of the bounty of a lady's friends, in their lifetime especially—When those friends are not either father or mother; one of them not a relation by blood, though he is by a nearer tie, that of love: And is not the fortune which the lady possesses in her own right an ample one?

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I am as rich as I wish to be, my dear Mr Deane. Were my income *less*, I would live within it; were it *more*, it would increase my duties. Permit me, my good Sir, to ask, Has the MAN, as you call him (and a MAN indeed he appears to me to be, who intends to make so noble a present to a stranger), no relations, no friends, who would have reason to think themselves unkindly treated, if he gave from them such a large portion of his fortune?

I would not be thought romantic; neither aim I at ostentation. I would be as glad to *follow*, as to *set* a good example. Can I have a nobler, if Miss Byron honours me with her hand, than she, in *that* case, will give, in preferring me to the Earl of D. a worthy man, with a much more splendid fortune than mine? Believe me, my dear Mr Deane, it would, on an event so happy, be a restraint to my own joy before friends so kindly contributing to the increase of her fortune, lest they should imagine that their generosity, on the occasion, was one of the motives of my gratitude to her for her goodness to me.

You tell me, that Miss Byron knows nothing of your proposals: I beseech you, let her *not* know any thing of them: Abase not so much, in her eyes, the man who presumes on her favour for the happiness of the rest of his life, by supposing (*your* supposition, Sir, may have weight with *her*) he could value her the more for such an addition to her fortune. No, Sir: Let Miss Byron (satisfied with the consciousness of a worth which all the world acknowledges), in one of the most solemn events of her life, look round among her congratulating friends with that modest confidence, which the sense of laying a high obligation on a favoured object gives to diffident merit, and which the receiving of favours from all her friends, as if to supply a supposed defective worth, must either abate;

abate; or, if it do not, make her think less of the interested man, who could submit to owe such obligations.

If these friendly expostulations conclude against the offer of your *generous friend*, they equally do so against that of Mr Selby. Were that gentleman and his lady the *parents* of Miss Byron, the case would be different: But Miss Byron's fortune is an *ascertained* one; and Mr Selby has relations who stand in an equal degree of consanguinity to him, and who are all intitled, by their worthiness, to his favour. My best respects and thanks are however due; and I beg you will make my acknowledgments accordingly, as well to your *worthy friend*, as to Mr Selby.

I take the liberty to send you down the rent-roll of my English estate. Determine for *me* as you please, my dearest Mr Deane: Only take this caution—Affront me not a second time; but let the settlements be such, as may be fully answerable to my fortune; although, in the common methods of calculation, it may exceed that of the dear lady. That you may be the better judge of this, you will find a brief particular of my Irish estate subjoined to the other.

I was intending, when I received yours to do myself the honour of a visit to Selby-house. I am impatient to throw myself at the feet of my dear Miss Byron, and to commend myself to the favour of Mr and Mrs Selby, and every one of a family I am prepared by their characters, as well as by their relation to Miss Byron, to revere and love: But as you seem to chuse that the requisite preliminaries should be first adjusted by pen and ink, I submit, though with reluctance, to that course; but with the less, as I may, in the interim, receive letters from abroad, which, though they can now make no alteration with regard to the treaty so happily begun, may give me an opportunity of

laying the whole state of my affairs before Miss Byron; by which means she will be enabled to form a judgment of them, and of the heart of, dear Sir,

Her and your most affectionate,

obliged, and faithful humble Servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XLIII.

Miss BYRON, To Lady G.

[With the two preceding Letters.]

Selby-house, Sat. Oct. 7.

WELL did you observe, my dear, that we may be very differently affected by the same event, when judged of at a distance and near. May I, in the present situation, presume to say near? Mr Deane has entered into the particulars of my fortune with Sir Charles. The letter was not shewn me before it went; and I was not permitted to see the copy of it till your brother's answer came; and then they shewed me both.

O my dear Mr Deane! my ever-kind uncle and aunt Selby! was not your Harriet Byron too much obliged to you before?—As to your brother, what, my love, shall I do with my *pride*? I did not know I had so much of that bad quality. My poverty, my dear, has added to my pride. Were my fortune superior to that of your brother, I am sure I should not be so proud as I now, on this occasion, find I am. How generously does he decline accepting the goodness that was offered to give me more consideration with him (as kindly intended by them)! What can I say to him, but that

that his heart, still prouder than my own, and more generous than that of any other person breathing, will not permit me to owe common obligations to any but himself.

He desires that I may not know any thing of this transaction: But they thought the communication would give me pleasure. However, they wish me not to take notice to him, when he visits Selby-house, that they have communicated it to me. If I did, I should think myself obliged to manifest a gratitude that would embarrass me in my present situation, and seem to fetter the freedom of my will. Millions of obligations should not bribe me to give up even a corner of my heart, to a man to whom I could not give the whole. Your brother, my dear, is in possession of the whole.

You know that I hate affectation: But must I not have great abatements in my prospects of happiness, because of Lady Clementina? And must they not be still greater, should she be unhappy, should she repent of the resolution she so nobly took, for his saying, that whatever be the contents of his next letters from Italy, they can make no alteration with regard to the treaty begun with us?—Dear, dear Clementina! most excellent of women! Can I bear to stand in the way of your happiness?—I cannot—*My* life, any more than yours, may not be a long one; and I will not sully the whiteness of it (pardon my vanity; I presume to call it so, on retrospecting it, regarding my *intentions* only, by giving way to an act of injustice, though it were to obtain for me the whole heart of the man I love.

Yet think you, my dear, that I am not mortified? “How can I look round upon my congratulating friends, in one of the most solemn events of my life, with that modest confidence which the sense of laying an obligation on a favoured object” (You know in whose generous words I express

express myself) "gives to diffident merit?" O my Charlotte! I am *afraid* of your brother! How shall I look up to him when I next see him?—But I will give way to this new guest, my *pride*. What other way have I!—Will you forgive me, if I try to look upon your brother's generosity to me and my friends, in declining so greatly their offers, as a bribe to make me sit down satisfied with half, nay *not* half a heart?—And now will you not say that I am proud indeed? But his is the most delicate of human minds: And shall not the woman pretend to some delicacy who has looked up to him?

I thought of writing but a few lines in the cover of the two letters. I hope I should not incur displeasure from any body here, were they to know I send them to you for your perusal. But let only Lord G. your other self, and Lord and Lady L. read them, and return them by the next post. I know you four will pity the poor and proud girl, who is so inexpressibly obliged almost to every one she knows; but who believe her, proud as she is, never will be ashamed to own her obligations to you and Lady L.

Witness,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLIV.

Lady G. To Miss BYRON.

Grosvenor-Square, Tuesday, Oct. 10.

I RETURN your two letters: Very good ones both. I like them. Lord L. and Lord G. thank you for allowing them to peruse them. We will know nothing of the matter. My

My brother will soon be with you, I believe. I wish Dr Bartlett were in town: One should then know something of the motions of my brother—Not that he is reserved neither. But he is so much engaged, that I go four times to St James's-square, and perhaps do not see him once. My lord had the assurance to say, but yesterday, that I was there more than at home. He is very impertinent: I believe he has taken up my sauciness. I laid it down, and thought to resume it occasionally; but when I came to look for it, behold! it was gone!—But I hope, if he has it not, it is only mislaid. I intend, if it come not soon to hand, to set the parish-crier to proclaim the loss, with a reward for the finder. It might be the ruin of some indiscreet woman, should such a one meet with it, and try to use it. Aunt Eleanor [there I remembered myself: No more aunt Nell!] is as joyful, to think her nephew will soon be married, and to an *English* woman, as if she were going to be married herself. Were there to be a wedding in the family, or among her acquaintance once a year, what with preparation, what with solemnization, good old soul! she would live for ever. Chide again, Harriet; I value it not. Yet in your last chiding you were excessively grave: But I forgive you. Be good, and write me every thing how and about it; and write to the moment: You cannot be too minute. I want you to see Lady Olivia's presents: They are princely. I want to see a letter she wrote to my brother: He mentioned it as something extraordinary. When you are his, you must shew me all he writes that you are permitted to have in your power long enough to transcribe. He and she correspond. Do you like that, Harriet?—Lady L. writes: Emily writes. So I have only to say, I am
 Your humble Servant, and so forth,
 C. G.
 LETTER

LETTER XLV.

*Miss BYRON, To Lady G.**Selby-house, Thursday, Oct. 12.**My dear Lady G.*

I EXPECT your brother every hour. I hope he comes in pursuance of letters from Italy—May it be so! and such as will not abate his welcome!

We heard by accident of his approach, by a farmer, tenant to my uncle, who saw a fine gentleman, very handsomely attended, alight, as he left Stratford, at the *very* inn where we baited on our return from London. As a dinner was preparing for him, perhaps, my dear, he will dine in the *very* room we dined in at that time. The farmer had the curiosity to ask who he was; and was answered by the most courteous gentleman's servants he ever spoke to, that they had the honour to serve Sir Charles Grandison. And the farmer having said he was of Northampton, one of them asked him, how far Selby-house was from that town? The farmer was obliged to hurry home on his own affairs; and meeting my uncle with Mr Deane, and my cousin James Selby, taking an airing on horseback, told him the visiter he was likely to have. My uncle instantly dispatched his servant to us with the tidings, and that he was gone to meet him, in hopes of conducting him hither.

This news gave me such emotion, being not well before, that my aunt advised me to retire to my closet, and endeavour to quiet my spirits.

—Here then I am, my dear Lady G. and the writing-implements being always at hand in this place, I took up my pen. It is not possible for me to write at this time, but to you, and on this sub-

ject.

jest. It is good for a busy mind to have something to be employed in; and I think, now I am amusing myself on paper, my heart is a little more governable than it was.

I am glad we heard of his coming before we saw him. But surely Sir Charles Grandison should not have attempted to *surprize* us; Should he, my dear? Does it not look like the pride of a man assured of a joyful welcome? I have read of Princes, who, acquainted with their ladies by picture only, and having been married by proxy, have set out to their frontiers *incognito*, and in disguise have affected to surprize the poor apprehensive bride.—But here, not only circumstances differ, since there has been no betrothment; but were he of princely rank, I should have expected a more delicate treatment from him.—

How will the consciousness of inferiority and obligation set a proud and punctilious mind upon hunting for occasions to justify its caprices!—A servant of Sir Charles is just arrived with a billet directed for my uncle Selby. My aunt opened it. It is dated from Stratford. The contents are, after compliments of enquiry of our healths, to acquaint my uncle, that he shall put up at the George at Northampton this night; and hopes to be allowed to pay his compliments to us to-morrow morning at breakfast: So he did not *intend* to give himself the consequence, of which my capricious heart was so apprehensive. Yet then, as if resolved to find fault, is not this a little too parading for his natural freedom? thought I: Or does he think we should not be able to outlive our joyful surprize, if he gave us not notice of his arrival in these parts before he saw us? O Clementina! Goddess! Angel! What a mere mortal, what a woman, dost thou make the poor Harriet Byron appear in her own eyes! How apprehensive of coming

coming after thee! The sense I have of my own littleness will make me little indeed!

Well, but I presume, that if my uncle and Mr Deane meet him, they will prevail upon him to come hither this night: Yet I suppose he must be allowed to go to the proposed inn afterwards. But here, he is come!—Come indeed! My uncle in the chariot with him! My cousin and Mr Deane, Sally tells me, just alighted. Sally adores Sir Charles Grandison—Begone, Sally. Thy emotions, foolish girl, add to those of thy mistress!

THAT I might avoid the appearance of affectation, I was going down to welcome him, when I met my uncle on the stairs. Niece Byron, said he, you have not done justice to Sir Charles Grandison. I thought your *love-sick heart* [what words were these, my dear! and at that moment too!] must have been partial to him. He prevailed on me to go into his chariot. You may think yourself very happy. For fifteen miles together did he talk of nobody but you. Let me go down with you: Let me present you to him.

I had before besought my spirits to befriend me, but for one half-hour. Surely there is nothing so unwelcome as an unseasonable jest. *Present me to him! Love-sick heart!* O my uncle! thought I. I was unable to proceed. I hastened back to my closet, as much disconcerted as a child could be, who, having taken pains to get its lesson by heart, dashed by a chiding countenance, forgot every syllable of it when it came to say it. You know, my dear, that I had not of some time been well. My spirits were weak, and joy was almost as painful to me as grief could have been.

My aunt came up—My love, why don't you come down?—What now! Why in tears?—You

will appear, to the finest man I ever saw in my life, very particular!—Mr Deane is in love with him: Your cousin James—

Dear madam, I am already, when I make comparisons between him and myself, humbled enough with his excellencies. I did *intend* to avoid particularity; but my uncle has quite disconcerted me—Yet he always means well: I ought not to complain. I attend you, madam.

Can you, Lady G. forgive my pride, my petulance?

My aunt went down before me. Sir Charles hastened to me, the moment I appeared, with an air of respectful love.

He took my hand, and bowing upon it, I rejoiced to see my dear Miss Byron; and to see her so well. How many sufferers must there be when you suffer!

I bid him welcome to England. I hope he heard me: I could not help speaking low: He must observe my discomposure. He led me to a seat, and sat down by me, still holding my hand. I withdrew it not presently, lest he should think me precise: But, as there were so many persons present, I thought it was free in Sir Charles Grandison. Yet perhaps he could not well quit it, as I did not withdraw it; so that the fault might be rather in my passiveness, than in his forwardness.

However, I asked my aunt afterwards, if his looks were not those of a man assured of success; as indeed he might be from my grandmother's letter, and my silence to *his*. She said, there was a manly freedom in his address to me; but that it had such a mixture of tenderness in it, that never, in *her* eyes, was freedom so becoming. While he was restrained by his situation, added she, no wonder that he treated you with respect only as a *friend*; but now he finds himself at liberty to ad-

dress you, his behaviour ought, as a *lover*, to have been just what it was.

Sir Charles led me into talk, by mentioning you and Lady L. your two lords, and my Emily.

My uncle and aunt withdrew, and had some little canvassings, it seems [all their canvassings are those of assured lovers], about the propriety of my uncle's invitation to Sir Charles to take up his residence, while he was in these parts, at Selby-house. My uncle, at coming in, had directed Sir Charles's servants to put up their horses: But they not having their master's orders to do so, held themselves in readiness to attend him; as they knew that Sir Charles had given directions to his gentleman, Richard Saunders, who brought the billet to my uncle, to go back to Northampton, and provide apartments for him at the George inn there.

My aunt, who you know is a perfect judge of points of decorum, pleaded to my uncle, that it was too well known among our select friends, by Mr Greville's means, that Sir Charles had never before made his addresses to me; and that therefore, though he was to be treated as a man whose alliance is considered as an honour to us; yet that some measures were to be kept, as to the *look* of the thing; and that the world might not conclude that I was to be won at this very first appearance; and the rather, as Mr Greville's violence, as well as virulence, was so well known.

My uncle was petulant. *I*, said he, am always in the wrong: You women never. He ran into all those peculiarities of words, for which you have so often rallied him—His *adfsheart*, his *female scrupulosities*, his *what a pize*, his hatred of *shilly-shally's* and *fiddle-faddles*, and the rest of our *female nonsenses*, as he calls them. He hoped to salute his niece, as Lady Grandison, in a fortnight:

What

What a *duce* was the matter it could *not* be so, both sides now of a mind?—He warned my aunt, and bid her warn me, against affectation, now the crisis was at hand. Sir Charles, he said, would think meanly of us, if we were *filly*: And then came in another of his odd words: Sir Charles, he said, had been so much already *bamboozled*, that he would not have patience with us; and *therefore*, and for all these *reasons*, as he called them, he desired that Sir Charles might not be suffered to go out of the house, and to an inn; and this as well for the *propriety* of the thing, as for the credit of his own invitation to him.

My aunt replied, that Sir Charles *himself* would expect delicacy from us. It was evident, that he expected not (no doubt for the sake of the world's eye) to reside in the house with *me* on his *first* visit, by his having ordered his servant who brought the billet to take apartments for him at Northampton, even not designing to visit us over night, had he not been met by Mr Deane and himself, and *persuaded* to come. In short, my dear, said my aunt, I am as much concerned about Sir Charles's *own* opinion of our conduct, as for that of the world: Yet you know, that every genteel family around us expects examples from us and Harriet. If Sir Charles is not with us, the oftener he visits us, the more respectful it will be construed. I hope he will live with us all day, and every day: But indeed it must be as a visiter, not as an inmate.

Why then bring me off some-how, that I may not seem the blunderer you are always making me by your *documents*—Will you do *that*?

When my uncle and aunt came in, they found Sir Charles, and Mr Deane, and me talking. Our subject was, the happiness of Lord and Lady W. and the whole Mansfield family, with whom Mr Deane, who began the discourse, is well acquainted. Sir Charles arose at their entrance. The

night draws on, said he—I will do myself the honour of attending you, madam, and this happy family, at tea in the morning—My good Mr Selby, I had a design upon you and Mr Deane, and upon you, young gentleman (to my cousin James), as I told you on the road; but it is now too late. Adieu, till to-morrow—He bowed to each, to me profoundly, kissing my hand, and went to his chariot.

My uncle whispered my aunt, as we all attended him to that door of the hall which leads into the court-yard, to invite him to stay. Hang punctilio! he said.

My aunt wanted to speak to Sir Charles; yet, she owned, she knew not what to say: Such a conscious awkwardness had indeed possession of us both, as made us uneasy: We thought all was not right, yet knew not that we were wrong. But when Sir Charles's chariot drove away with him, and we took our seats, and supper was talked of, we all of us shewed dissatisfaction; and my uncle was quite out of humour. He would give a thousand pounds, he said, with all his heart and soul, to find in the morning, Sir Charles, instead of coming hither to breakfast, had set out on his return to London.

For my part, Lady G. I could not bear these recriminations. I begged to be excused sitting down to supper. I was not well; and this odd situation added *uneasiness* to my indisposition: A dissatisfaction that I find will mingle with our highest enjoyments: Nor were the beloved company I left happier. They canvassed the matter with so much good-natured earnestness, that the supper was taken away as it was brought at a late hour.

What, my dear Lady G. in your opinion, should we have done? Were we right or were we wrong? Over-delicacy, as I have heard observed, is under-delicacy.

‘ long to see the man of whom we have heard so much. We will dine with you. Tell Sir Charles, before we come, that you love us dearly: It shall make us redouble our endeavours to deserve your love. Your declared friendship, and love of us, will give consequence to

LUCY }
NANCY } SELBY.”

We are now in expectation—My aunt and I, though early risers, hurried ourselves to get every thing that however is never out of order in high order. Both of us have a kind of consciousness of defect, where yet we cannot find reason for it: If we did, we should supply it. Yet we are careful that every-thing has a natural, not an extraordinary appearance—Ease, with propriety, shall be our aim. My aunt says, that were the king to make us a visit, she is sure she could not have a greater desire to please—I will go down, that I may avoid the appearance of parade and reserve when he comes.

HERE, in her closet again, is your poor Harriet. Surely the determined single state is the happiest of lives to young women, who have the greatness of mind to be above valuing the admiration and flatteries of the other sex. What tumults, what a contrariety of passions break the tranquillity of the woman who yields up her heart to love?—No Sir Charles Grandison, my dear!—Yet ten o’clock!—He is a very prudent man!—No expectations hurry or discompose him!—Charming *steadiness of soul*! A fine thing for himself, but far otherwise for the woman, when a man is *secure*! He will possibly ask me, and hold again my passive hand, in presence of half a score of my friends, Whether I was *greatly uneasy* because of his absence?

But

But let me try to *excuse* him. May he not have *forgot* his engagement? May he not have *overslept* himself?—Some *agreeable dream* of the Bologna family—I am offended at him—Did he learn his tranquillity in Italy?—O no, no, Lady G.

I now cannot help looking back for *other* faults in him with regard to me. My memory is not, however, so malicious as I would have it be. But do you think every man in the like situation would have stopt at Stratford to dine by himself?—Not but your brother can be very happy in his *own* company. If *he* cannot, who can? But as to that, his horses might require rest as well as baiting: One knows not in how short a time he might have prosecuted his journey so far. He who will not suffer the noblest of all animals to be deprived of an ornament, would be merciful to them in greater instances. He says, that he cannot bear indignity from superiors. Neither can we. In that light he appears to us. But why so?—My heart, Lady G. begins to swell, I assure you; and it is twice as big as it was last night.

My uncle, before I came up, sat with his watch in his hand, from half an hour after nine, till near ten, telling the minutes as they crept. Mr Deane often looked at me and at my aunt, as if to see how we bore it. I blushed, looked silly, as if your brother's faults were mine.—Over in a fortnight! cried my uncle, *ads-heart*, I believe it will be half a year before we shall come to the question. But Sir Charles, to be sure, is offended. Your confounded female niceties!

My heart rose—Let him, if he *dare*, thought the proud Harriet.

God grant, added my uncle, that he may be gone up to town again!

Perhaps, said Mr Deane, he is gone, by mistake, to Mrs Shirley's.

We

We then endeavoured to recollect the words of his self-invitation thither. My cousin James proposed to take horse and go to Northampton, to inform himself of the occasion of his not coming: Some misfortune, perhaps.

Had he not servants, my aunt asked, one of whom he might have sent?—Shall my cousin Jemmy go, however, Harriet, said she?

No indeed, answered I, with an air of anger. My teasing uncle broke out into a loud laugh, which, however, had more of vexedness than mirth in it.—He is certainly gone to London, Harriet! *Just* as I said, dame Selby!—Certainly tearing up the road; his very horses resenting for their master your *scrupulosities*. You'll hear from him next at London, my life for yours, niece—Hah, hah, hah! What will your *grandmamma* say, by and by? Lucy, Nancy, how will *they* stare! Last night's supper, and this day's dinner, will be alike served in, and taken away.

I could not stand all this: I arose from my seat. Are you not unkind, Sir? said I to my uncle, courtesying to him however, and desiring his and Mr Deane's excuse, quitted the breakfasting parlour. Teazing man! said my aunt. Mr Deane also blamed him; gently, however; for every body acknowledges his good heart, and natural good temper.

My aunt followed me to the door; and, taking my hand, Harriet, said she, speaking low, Not Sir Charles Grandison himself shall call you his, if he is capable of treating you with the least indifference. I understand not this, added she: He cannot surely be offended.—I hope all will be cleared up before your grandmamma comes: She will be very jealous of the honour of her girl.

I answered not: I could not answer: But hastened up to my place of refuge; and, after wiping from my cheeks a few tears of real vexation,

took

took up my pen. You love to know my thoughts as occasions arise. You bid me continue to write to the moment—Here comes my aunt.

My aunt came in with a billet in her hand—Come down to breakfast, my dear: Sir Charles comes not till dinner-time. Read this: It was brought by one of his servants. He left it with Andrew. The dunce let him go. I wanted to have asked him a hundred questions.

To Mrs SELBY.

Dear madam,

I AM broken in upon by a most *impertinent* visiter. Such, at this time, must have been the dearest friend I have in the world. You will be so good as to excuse my attendance till dinner-time. For the past two hours I thought every moment of disengaging myself, or I should have sent sooner.

Ever Yours, &c.

What visiter, said I, can make a man stay against his mind? Who can get rid politely of an *impertinent* visiter, if Sir Charles Grandison cannot, on a previous engagement?—But come, madam, I attend you.—Down we went.

My uncle was out of patience. I was sorry for it. I tried to make the best of it; yet, but to pacify him, should perhaps have had petulance enough myself to make the worst of it. Oy, oy, with all my heart, said he, in answer to my excuses, let us hear what Sir Charles Grandison has to say for himself. But, old as I am, were my dame Selby to give me another chance, no man on earth, I can tell you, should keep me from a previous engagement with my mistress. It is kind
of

of *you*, Harriet, to excuse him, however: Love hides a multitude of faults.

My aunt said not one syllable in behalf of Sir Charles. She is vexed and disappointed.

We made a very short breakfasting, and looked upon one another as people who would have helped themselves if they could. Mr Deane, however, would engage, he said, that we should be satisfied with Sir Charles's excuses when we came to hear them.

But my dear, this man, this visiter, whoever he is, must be of *prodigious* importance, to detain him from an engagement that I had hoped might have been thought a *first* engagement;—yet owned to be *impertinent*. And must not the accident be very uncommon, that should bring such a one, stranger as Sir Charles is, in his way? Yet this might very well happen, my uncle observes, at an *inn*, whither we thought fit to send him.

Now I think of it, I was strangely disturbed last night in my imperfect slumbers: Something, I thought, was to happen to prevent me ever being his. But hence, recollection! I chase thee from me. Yet when realities disturb, shadows will officiously intrude on the busy imagination *as* realities.

Friday, 12 o'Clock.

My grandmamma is come.—Lucy, Nancy are come—O how vexed at our disappointment and chagrin are my two cousins! But my grandmamma joins with Mr Deane to think the best. I have sullen up. But here he is come! how shall I do to *keep* my anger? He shall find me below. I will see how he looks at entrance among us—*If* he be careless—*If* he makes slight excuses—

LETTER

L E T T E R XLVI.

*Miss BYRON. In Continuation.**Friday, Two o' Clock.*

I AM stolen up again, to tell you how it is. I never will be petulant again—Dear Sir, forgive me! How wicked in us all, but my grandmamma and Mr Deane, to blame a man who cannot be guilty of a wilful fault! The fault is all my aunt's and mine—Was my aunt ever in fault before?

We were all together when he entered. He addressed himself to us in that noble manner which engages every body in his favour at first sight. How, said he, bowing to every one, have I suffered, in being hindered by an unhappy man, from doing myself the honour of attending you sooner!

You see, my dear, he made not apologies to *me*, as if he supposed me disappointed by his absence. I was afraid he would. I know I looked very grave.

He then particularly addressed himself to each; to me first; next to my grandmamma; and taking one of her hands between both his, and bowing upon it, I rejoice to see you, madam, said he—Your last favours will ever be remembered by me with gratitude. I see you well, I hope. Your Miss Byron will be well if *you* are; and *our* joy (looking round him) will then be complete.

She bowed her head, pleased with the compliment. I was still a little sullen, otherwise I should have been pleased too, that he made my health depend on that of my grandmamma.

Madam, said he, turning to my aunt, I am afraid I made you wait for me at breakfast. A most impertinent visiter! He put me out of humour. I dared not to let you and *yours* (looking at me) see how much I *could* be out of humour. I am
naturally

naturally passionate : But passion is so ugly, so deforming a thing, that if I can help it, I will never, by those I love, be seen in it.

I am sorry, Sir, said my aunt, you met with any thing to disturb you.

My uncle's spirit had not come down : He, too, was fullen in behalf of the punctilio of the girl whom he honours with his jealous love. How, how is that, Sir Charles ? said he.

My aunt presented Lucy and Nancy to him : But before she could name either—Miss Selby, said he, Miss Byron's *own* Lucy, I am sure. Miss Nancy Selby !—I know your characters, ladies ! saluting each ; and I know the interest you have in Miss Byron—Honour me with *your* approbation, and that will be to give me hope of *hers*.

He then turning to my uncle and Mr Deane, and taking a hand of each—My dear Mr Deane smiles upon me, said he—But Mr Selby looks grave.

At-ten-tive only, Sir Charles, to the *cause* of your being put out of humour, that's all.—

The cause, Mr Selby !—Know then, I met with a man at my inn, who would force himself upon me : Do you know I am a quarrelsome man ? He was so hardy as to declare, that he had pretensions to a lady in this company, which he was determined to assert.

O that Greville ! said my aunt—

I was ready to sink. Wretched Harriet ! thought I at the instant : Am I to be for ever the occasion of embroiling this excellent man !

Dear, dear Sir Charles, said one, said another, all at once, How, how was it ?

Both safe ! both unhurt, replied he. No more of the rash man at this time. He is to be pitied. He loves Miss Byron to distraction.

This comes of nicety ! whispered my uncle to my aunt ; *foolish* nicety !—To let such a man as

this

this go to an inn!—Inhospitable! vile punctilio! Then turning to Sir Charles—Dear Sir, forgive me! I *was* a little serious, that I must own. [I pulled my uncle by the sleeve, fearing he would say too much by way of atonement for his seriousness]: I, I, I, *was* a little serious, I must own—I, I, I, was afraid something was the matter—turned he off what he was going to say—*too* freely, shall I add?—Hardly so! had he said what he would; though habitual punctilio made me almost involuntarily twitch my uncle by the sleeve; for my heart would have directed my lips to utter the kindest things; but my concern was too great to allow them to obey it.

I must go down, Lady G.—I am enquired after; 'tis just dinner-time.—Let me only add, that Sir Charles waved further talk of the affair between him and that wretch while I staid—Perhaps they have got it out of him since I came up.

I SHALL be so proud, my dear!—A thousand fine things he has said of your Harriet in her little absence! How is he respected, how is he admired by all my friends! My grandmamma, with all her equanimity, has much ado to suppress her joyful emotions: And he is so respectfully tender to her, that had he not my heart before, he would have won it now.

He had again waved the relation of the insult he met with: Mr Greville himself, he supposed, would give it. He had a mind to see if the gentleman, by his report of it, was a gentleman. Thank God, said he, I have not hurt a man who boasts of his passion for Miss Byron, and of his neighbourhood to his family!

OUR places were chosen for us at table: Sir Charles's next me. Cannot I be too minute, do
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you say?—So easy, so free, so polite; something so happily addressed occasionally to each person at table—O my dear! I am abundantly kept in countenance; for every one loves him as well as I. You have been pleased to take very favourable notice of our servants—They *are* good and sensible. What reverence for him, and joy for their young mistress's sake, shone in their countenances as they attended.

My cousin James, who has never been out of England, was very curious to be informed of the manners, customs, diversions, of the people in different countries—Italy in particular—Ah the dear Clementina! What abatement from recollection! “The sighing heart,” I remember he says, in one of his letters to Dr Bartlett, “will remind us of imperfection in the highest of our enjoyments.” And he adds, “It is fit it should be so.” And on what occasion did he write this?—O my Charlotte, *I* was the occasion. It was in kind remembrance of me. He could not, at that time, have so written, had he been indifferent, even then, to your Harriet.

I am so apprehensive of my uncle's after-remarks, that I am half afraid to look at Sir Charles: And he must by and by return to this wicked inn—They wonder at my frequent absences. It is to oblige you, Lady G. and indeed myself: There is vast pleasure in communicating one's pleasures to a friend who interests herself, as you do, in one's dearest concerns.

You know and admire my grandmamma's cheerful compliances with the innocent diversions of youth. She made Lucy give us a lesson on the harpsichord, on purpose, I saw, to draw me in. We both obeyed.

I was once a little out in an Italian song. In what a sweet manner did he put me in! touching the

the keys himself, for a minute or two. Every one wished him to proceed; but he gave up to me, in so polite a manner, that we all were satisfied with his excuses.

My poor cousin Jemmy is on a sudden very earnest to go abroad, as if, silly youth! travelling would make him a Sir Charles Grandison.

I have just asked your brother if all is over between Mr Greville and him! He says, he hopes and believes so. God send it may, or I shall hate that Greville!

My uncle, Mr Deane, and my cousin James, were too much taken with Sir Charles to think of withdrawing, as it might have been expected they would; and after some general conversation, which succeeded our playing, Sir Charles drew his chair between my grandmamma and aunt, and taking my grandmamma's hand, May I not be allowed a quarter of an hour's conversation with Miss Byron in your presence, ladies? said he, speaking low. We have indeed only friends and relations present: But it will be most agreeable, I believe, to the dear lady, that what I have to say to her and to you, may be rather reported to the gentlemen than heard by them.

By all means, Sir Charles, said my grandmamma. Then whispering to my aunt, No man in this company *thinks* but Sir Charles. Excuse me, my dear.

The moment Sir Charles applied himself in this particular manner to them, my heart, without hearing what he said, was at my mouth. I arose, and withdrew to the cedar-parlour, followed by Lucy and Nancy. The gentlemen, seeming to recollect themselves, withdrew likewise to another apartment. My aunt came to me—Love!—But ah! my dear, how you tremble!—You must come
B b 2 with

with me. And then she told me what he had said to my grandmamma and her.

I have no courage—None at all, said I, if apprehension, if timidity, be signs of love, I have them all. Sir Charles Grandison has not one.

Nay, my dear, said Lucy, impute not to him want of respect, I beseech you.—*Respect*, my Lucy! what a poor word!—Had I only respect for him, we should be nearer an equality. Has he said any thing of Lady Clementina?

Don't be silly, Harriet, said my aunt. You used to be—

Used to be!—Ah, madam! Sir Charles's heart at best a divided heart! I never had a trial till now.

I tell you all my fables, Lady G.

My aunt led me in to Sir Charles and my grandmamma. He met me at my entrance into the room, and in the most engaging manner, my aunt having taken her seat, conducted me to a chair which happened to be vacant between her and my grandmother. He took no notice of my emotion, and I the sooner recovered myself; and still the sooner, as he himself seemed to be in some little confusion. However, he sat down, and with a manly, yet respectful air, his voice gaining strength as he proceeded, thus delivered himself:

Never, ladies, was man more particularly circumstanced than he before you. You know my story: You know what once were the difficulties of my situation with a family that I must ever respect; with a lady of it whom I must ever revere: And you, madam (to my grandmamma), have had the goodness to signify to me, in a most engaging manner, that Miss Byron has added to the innumerable instances which she has given me of her true greatness of mind, a *kind*, and even a *friendly* concern for a lady who is the Miss Byron of

of Italy. I ask not excuse for the comparison. The heart of the man before you, madam (to me), in sincerity and frankness, emulates your own—

You want not excuse, Sir, said my grandmamma—We all reverence Lady Clementina: We admire her.

He bowed to *each* of us; as my aunt and I looked, I believe, assenting to what my grandmamma said. He proceeded.

—Yet in so particular a situation, although what I have to say may, I presume, be collected from what you know of my story; and though my humble application to Miss Byron for her favour, and to you, ladies, for your interest with her, have not been discouraged; something, however, may be necessary to be said, in this audience, of the state of my own heart, for the sake of this dear lady's delicacy and yours. And I will deliver myself with all the truth and plainness which I think are required in treaties of this nature, equally with those set on foot between nation and nation.

I am not insensible to beauty; but the beauty of person *only* never yet had power over more than my eye; to which it gave a pleasure like that which it receives from the flowers of a gay parterre. Had *not* my heart been out of the reach of *personal* attractions, if I may so express myself, and had I been my own master, Miss Byron, in the first hour that I saw her (for her beauty suffered not by her distress), would have left me no other choice: But when I had the honour of conversing with her, I observed in her mind and behaviour that true dignity, delicacy, and noble frankness, which I ever thought characteristic in the sex, but never met with, in equal degree, but in *one* lady. I soon found, that my admiration of her fine qualities was likely to lead me into a

gentler, yet a more irresistible passion: For of the lady abroad I then could have no reasonable, at least no *probable* hope: Yet were there circumstances between her and me, which I thought, in strict justice, obliged me to attend the issue of certain events.

I called myself therefore to account, and was alarmed when I found that Miss Byron's graces had stolen so imperceptibly on my heart, as already to have made an impression on it too deep for my tranquility. I determined therefore, in honour, in justice, to both ladies, to endeavour to restrain a passion so new, yet likely to be so fervent.

I had avocations in town, while Miss Byron was with my sisters in the country. Almost afraid of trusting myself in her presence, I pursued the *more* willingly those avocations in person, when I could have managed some of them, perhaps, near as well, by other hands. Compassion for the one lady, because of her calamity, might at that time, I found, have been made to give way, *could those calamities have been overcome*, to love for the other. Nor was it difficult for me to observe, that my sisters and Lord L. who knew nothing of my situation, would have chosen for a sister the young lady present, before every other woman.

Sometimes, I will own to you, I was ready, from that self-partiality and vanity which is too natural to men of vivacity and strong hopes, to flatter myself, that I might, *by my sisters' interest*, have made myself *not unacceptable* to a lady, who seemed to be wholly disengaged in her affections: But I would not permit myself to dwell on such hopes: Every look of complaisance, every smile, which used to beam over that lovely countenance, I attributed to her natural goodness and frankness of heart, and to that grateful spirit which made her over-rate a common service that I had been

been so happy as to render her. Had I even been free, I should have been careful not to deprive myself of that animating sunshine, by a too early declaration. For well did I know, by *other* men's experience, that Miss Byron, at the same time that her natural politeness, and sweetness of manners, engaged every heart, was not, however, easily to be won.

But, notwithstanding all my efforts to prevent a competition which had grown so fast upon me, I still found my uneasiness increase with my affection for Miss Byron. I had then but one way left—It was, to strengthen my heart in Clementina's cause, by Miss Byron's assistance: In short, to acquaint Miss Byron with my situation; to engage her generosity for Clementina, and thereby deprive myself of the encouragement my fond heart might have hoped for, had I indulged my wishes of obtaining her favour. My end was answered as to the latter. Miss Byron's generosity was engaged for the lady; but was it possible that my obligations to her for that generosity should not add to my admiration of her?

At the time I laid before her my situation (it was in Lord L.'s study at Colnebrooke), she saw my emotion. I could not conceal it. My abrupt departure from her must convince her, that my heart was too much engaged for that situation. I desired Dr Bartlett to take an airing with me, in hopes, by his counsels, to compose my disordered spirits. He knew the state of my heart: He knew, with regard to the proposals I had formerly made to the family at Bologna, relating to religion and residence (as I had also declared to the brothers of the lady), that no worldly grandeur should ever have induced me to allow, in a *beginning* address, the terms I was willing, as a compromise, to allow to that lady; for thoroughly had I weighed the inconveniencies which must attend

tend such an alliance: The lady zealous in her religion; the confessor who was to be allowed her equally zealous; the spirit of making proselytes so strong, and held by Roman Catholics to be so meritorious; and myself no less earnest in my religion; I had no doubt to pronounce, I told the good doctor in confidence, "that I should be much more happy in marriage with the lady of Selby-house, were she to be induced to honour me with her hand, than it was possible I could be with Lady Clementina, even were they to comply with the conditions I had proposed; as I doubted not but that lady would *also* be, were her health restored, with a man of her own nation and religion." And I owned to him besides, "that I could have no hope of conquering the opposition given me by the friends of Clementina; and that I could not at times but think hardly of the indignities cast upon me by some of them."

The doctor, I knew, at the same time that he lamented the evil treatment Clementina met with from her mistaken friends, and her unhappy malady admired her for her manifold excellencies; next to adored Miss Byron: And he gave his voice accordingly. "But here, doctor, is the case, said I—Clementina is a woman with whom I had the honour of being acquainted before I knew Miss Byron: Clementina has infinite merits: She herself refused me not: *She* consented to accept of the terms I offered: She even besought her friends to comply with them: She has an opinion of my honour and of my tenderness for her. Till I had the happiness of knowing Miss Byron, I was determined to wait either her recovery or release; and will Miss Byron herself, if she knows that, forgive me (the circumstances not changed) for the change of a resolution of which Clementina was so worthy?"

"The

“The treatment the poor lady has met with, *for my sake*, as once she wrote, though virgin modesty induced her to cross out those words, has heightened her disorder: She still, to this moment, wishes to see me: While there is a possibility, though not a probability of my being made the humble instrument of restoring an excellent woman, who in herself deserves from me every consideration of tenderness, *ought* I to wish to engage the heart (were I able to succeed in my wishes) of the *equally* excellent Miss Byron?— Could I be happy in my own mind, were I to try, and to succeed? And if not, must I not be as ungrateful to her, as ungenerous to the other?—Miss Byron’s happiness cannot depend on *me*. She *must* be happy in the happiness she will give to the man of her choice, *whoever* shall be the man!”

We were all silent. My grandmamma and aunt seemed determined to be so; and I *could* not speak. He proceeded:

You know not, dear Miss Byron, I wished you *not* to know, the conflicts my mind laboured with, when I parted with you on my going abroad. My destiny was wrapt up in doubt and uncertainty. I was invited over: Signor Jeronymo was deemed irrecoverable: He wished to see me, and desired but to *live* to see me. My presence was requested as a last effort to recover his noble sister. You yourself, madam, applauded my resolution to go: But, that I might not be thought to wish to engage you in my favour (so circumstanced as I was, that to have done so would have been to have acted unworthily to *both* ladies), I insinuated my hopelessness of ever being nearer to you than I was.

I was not able to take a formal leave of you. I went over. Success attended the kind, the soothing treatment which Clementina met with from

her friends. Success also attended the means used for the recovery of the noble Jeronymo. Conditions were again proposed. Clementina, on her restoration, shone upon us all even with a brighter lustre than she did before her disorder. All her friends consented to reward with the hand of their beloved daughter the man to whom they attributed secondarily the good they rejoiced in. I own to you, ladies, that what was before *honour* and *compassion* now became *admiration*; and I should have been unjust to the merits of so excellent a woman, if I could not say *love*. I concluded myself already the husband of Clementina; yet it would have been strange, if the welfare and happiness of Miss Byron were not the next wish of my heart. I rejoiced that (despairing as I did of such an event before I went over, because of the articles of religion and residence) I had not sought to engage more than her friendship; and I devoted myself wholly to Clementina—*I own it, ladies*—And had I thought, angel as she came out, upon proof, that I could not have given her my heart, I had been equally unjust and ungrateful. For, dear ladies, if you know all her story, you must know, that occasion called her out to act gloriously; and that gloriously she answered the call.

He paused. We were still silent. My grand-mamma and aunt looked at each other by turns. But their eyes, as well as mine, at different parts of his speech, shewed their sensibility. He proceeded, gracefully looking down, and at first with some little hesitation;

I am sensible, it is with a very ill grace, that, *refused*, as I must in justice call it, though on the noblest motives, by Clementina, I come to offer myself, and so soon after her refusal, to a lady of Miss Byron's delicacy. I should certainly have acted more laudably, respecting my own character *only*, had I taken at least the usual time of a

widower-

widower-love. But great minds, such as Miss Byron's, and yours, ladies, are above common forms, where decorum is not neglected. As to myself, what do I but declare a passion, that would have been, but for one obstacle, which is now removed, as fervent as man ever knew? Dr Bartlett has told me, madam [*to me*], that you and my sisters have seen the letters I wrote to him from Italy: By the contents of some of those, and of the letters I left with you, madam [*to my grandmother*], you have seen Clementina's constant adherence to the step she so greatly took. In this letter, received but last Wednesday [taking one out of his bosom], you will see (my last letters to them unreceived, as they must be) that I am urged by all her family, for the sake of setting her an example, to address myself to a lady of my own country. This impels me, as I may say, to accelerate the humble tender of my vows to you, madam. However hasty the step may be thought in my situation, would not an inexcusable neglect, or seeming indifference, as if I were balancing as to the person, have been attributable to me, had I, for dull and cold form's sake, been capable of postponing the declaration of my affection to Miss Byron? And if, madam, you can so far get over observances, which perhaps, on consideration, will be found to be punctilious only, as to give your heart, with your hand, to a man who himself has been perplexed by what some would call (particular as it sounds) a double love (an embarrassment, however, not of his own seeking, or which he could possibly avoid), you will lay him under obligation to your goodness (to your magnanimity, I will call it), which all the affectionate tenderness of my life to come will never enable me to discharge.

He then put the letter (a translation of it inclosed) into my hand. I have already answered it, madam, said he, and acquainted my friend,
that

that I have actually tendered myself to the acceptance of a lady worthy of a sisterly relation to their Clementina; and have not been rejected. Your goodness must enable me (I humbly hope it will) to give them still stronger assurances of your favour: On my happiness they have the generosity to build a part of their own.

Not well before, I was more than once apprehensive of fainting, as he talked; agreeable as was his talk, and engaging as was his manner. My grandmamma and aunt saw my complexion change at his particular address to me, in the last part of his speech. Each put her kind hand on one of mine, and held it on it, as my other hand held my handkerchief, now to my eyes, and now as a cover to myself-felt-varying cheek.

At the same moment that he ceased speaking, he took our triply-united hands in both his, and in the most respectful, yet graceful manner, his letter laid in my lap, pressed each of the three with his lips; mine twice. I could not speak. My grandmamma and aunt, delighted, yet tears standing in their eyes, looked upon each other, and upon me; each as expecting the other to speak. I have, perhaps (said he, with some emotion), taken up too much of Miss Byron's attention on this my first personal declaration: I will now return to the company below. To-morrow I will do myself the honour to dine with you. We will for this evening postpone the important subject. Miss Byron, I presume, will be best pleased to have it so. I shall to-morrow be favoured with the result of your deliberations. Mean time may I meet with an interceding friend in every one I have had the pleasure to see this day! I must flatter myself with the honour of Miss Byron's *whole* heart, as well as with the approbation of all her friends. I cannot be thought at *present* to deserve it; but it shall be the endeavour of my life so to do.

He withdrew, with a grace which was all his own.

The moment he was gone from us, my grand-mamma threw her arms about her Harriet, then about my aunt; and they congratulated me, and each other.

We were all pained at heart when we read the letter. It is from Signor Jeronymo urging your brother to set the example to his sister, which they so much want her to follow. I send you the translation. Poor Lady Clementina! Without seeing the last letters he wrote to them, she seems to be tired into compliance. I will not say one half that is upon my mind on this occasion, as you will have the letter before you. His last written letters will not favour her wishes. Poor lady! Can I forbear to pity her? and still the more is she to be pitied, as your brother's excellencies rise upon us.

I besought my aunt to excuse me to the company.

Sir Charles joined his friends [*his* friends indeed they all are!] with a vivacity in his air and manner which charmed every body, while the silly heart of your Harriet would not allow her to enter into company the whole night. Indeed it wanted the inducement of his presence; for, to every one's regret, he declined staying supper; yet my uncle put it to him—What, Sir, do you chuse to sup at your inn? My uncle will have it, that Sir Charles *looked* an answer of displeasure for suffering him to go to it at all. My uncle is a good-natured man. He will sometimes concede, when he is not convinced; and on every appearance which makes for his opinion, we are sure to hear of it.

I shall have an opportunity to-morrow morning early [this morning I *might* say] to send this long letter by a neighbour, who is obliged to ride post to town on his own affairs.

Had I *not* had this agreeable employment, rest, I am sure, would not have come near me. Your brother, I hope, has found it. Remember, I always mean to include my dear Lady L. in this correspondence: Any body else but discretionally. My dear ladies both, adieu.

HARRIET BYRON.

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